WEEK ENDING MARCH 5, 1927

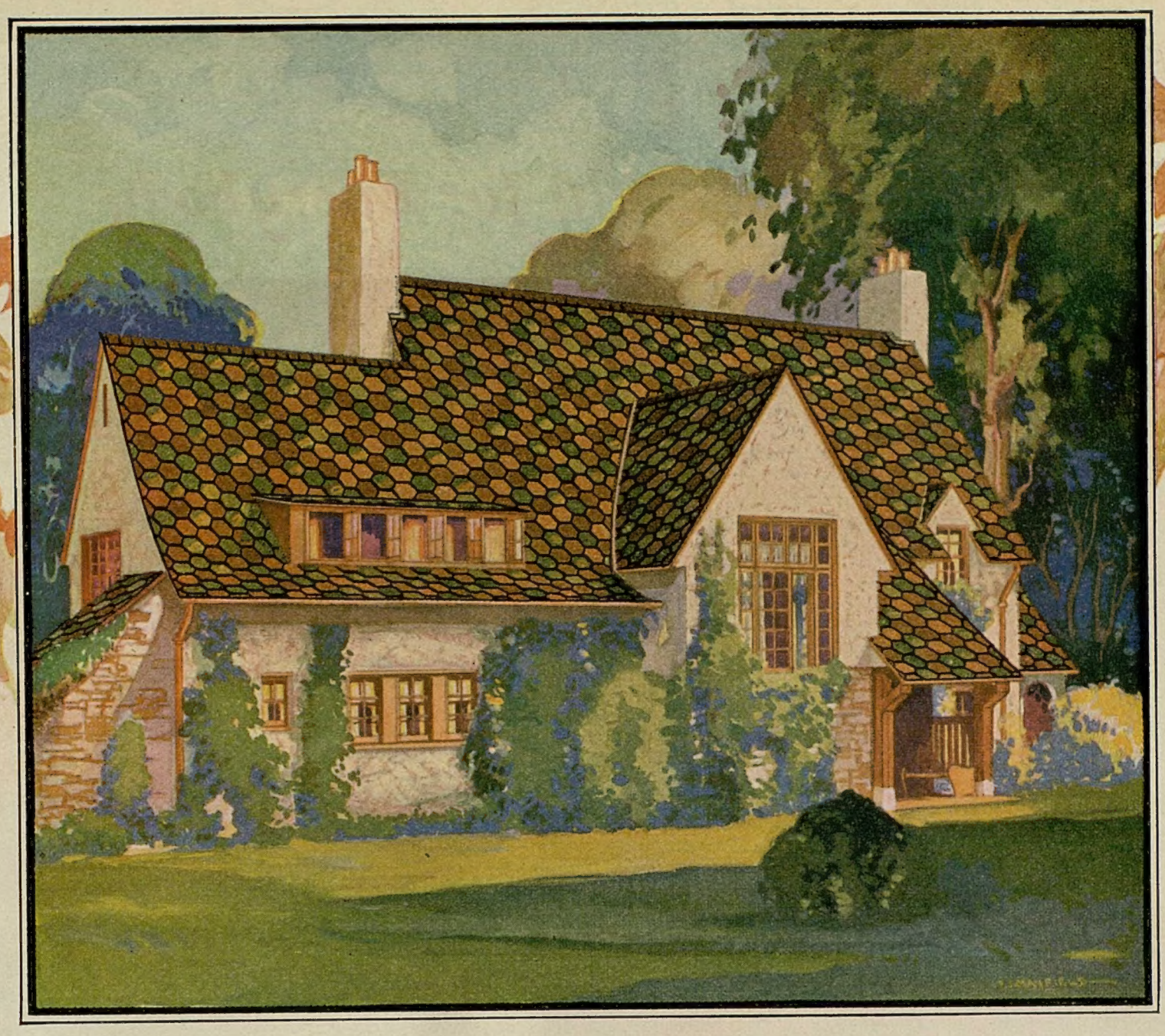
5c

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

In this Issue **A NEW SHERLOCK HOLMES STORY** *by* **SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE**

also **TOM GIBBONS, SAX ROHMER, CAROLYN WELLS, FREDERIC ARNOLD KUMMER** *and* **OTHERS**



Demand beauty *plus* durability on your roof

A BEAUTIFUL roof is the crowning glory of your home. But beauty that is merely "skin deep" *has no place on your roof.* You need *durability,* too. For a roof leads a hard, rough life.

Today, it is not necessary to sacrifice either beauty or durability. Just insist upon one of the new Beaver VULCANITE Blended Roofs. They combine both.

Fire-safe! Water-proof! Sun-proof! Hail, sleet, snow and wind-proof! This new, exclusive line of Colorblend shingles will give you a roof good for years of protection. Double thick throughout. Triple thick above the butts—with deep shadow lines that add the character of heavy tile.

Then consider this: Because of the distinctive hexagon slab design these beautiful roofs can be laid *in less time* and *at less cost. They save you money.*

Investigate! There are four Colorblend combinations for your choice—Garnet Blend, Tawny Blend, Verdant Blend and Autumn Blend. Get samples from the Beaver dealer. Make the 6 Daring Tests of Durability. *Prove* the greater beauty and quality. If you do not know the Beaver dealer write us for samples, literature and his name, THE BEAVER PRODUCTS CO., INC., Dept. 1203, Buffalo, N.Y.; Thorold, Ontario, Canada; London, England.

"Consult the Beaver Products dealer in your town."

BEAVER

VULCANITE

BLENDED ROOFS

A bottle of Zonite
(Its day at home)

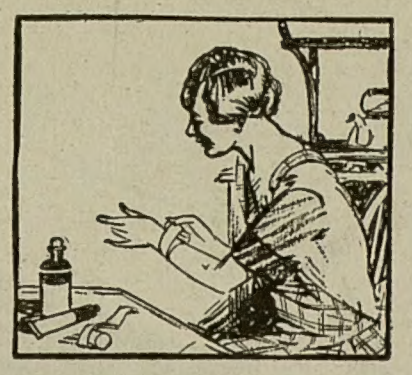
7 A. M. My first caller this morning was Dad himself. He must have had important business ahead for he went twice over with the razor and steered extra-carefully in all the little bays and inlets. Then his eye fell on the tube of Zonite Ointment and I noted his pleasure and satisfaction as he rubbed the smooth, antiseptic cream over the razored surface. He certainly went away with a glowing skin.

◆ ◆ ◆

8 A. M. Noboby knows how Betty picked up that sore throat. It isn't serious yet, but Mother is not taking any chances this morning, so Betty is getting a Zonite spray treatment. Also, it serves as a treatment for Mother's peace of mind.

◆ ◆ ◆

11 A. M. That's a nasty burn on the cook's arm. Of course she's is going to bandage it up with my Zonite and prevent any infection. Yes, she's reading my directions now to find the right dilution. Or there's my cousin, Zonite Ointment. She could put that on and have a *continuing antiseptic* action.



◆ ◆ ◆

3 P. M. Now little Jackie is getting his Zonite shampoo. Did you know that there's a germ that always accompanies dandruff? Well, there is, and my Zonite of course makes short work of germs, thus protecting Jackie against scalp infection and eventual loss of hair.

◆ ◆ ◆

10 P. M. It's a fine thing to brush teeth. I'm glad there's so much tooth-brushing in this country. But I'd like to go deeper. I'd like to have every man, woman and child take some of my Zonite and get it right down around the gums where the germs hide. We would soon rout these gum diseases, I can tell you. Here comes Miss Katherine. Look at *her* teeth. She uses my Zonite for the gums—regularly.

ZONITE PRODUCTS COMPANY
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Use Zonite Ointment for chapped hands, cracked lips, cold sores and windburn. Also as a powerful deodorant in vanishing cream form.

In bottles
25c, 50c and $1

Zonite
the Great family Antiseptic

ZONITE
PRODUCTS
COMPANY
250 Park Ave.,
New York, N. Y.

Please send me free copy of the Zonite booklet or booklets checked below.

☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home
☐ Feminine Hygiene

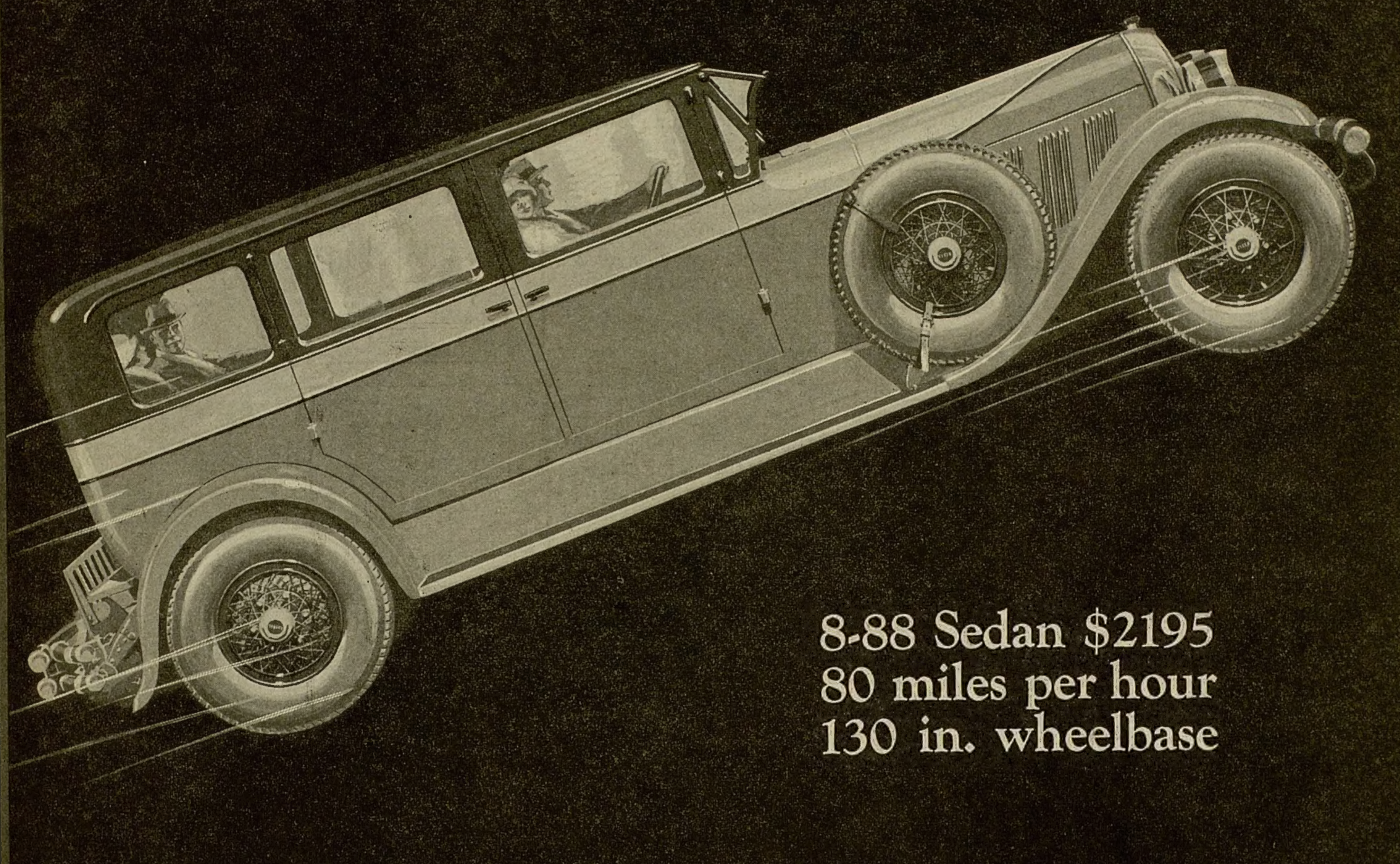
10—C

Please print name

Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____

(In Canada: 165 Dufferin St., Toronto)

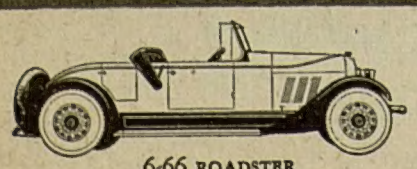
Drive this



8-88 Sedan $2195
80 miles per hour
130 in. wheelbase

A U B

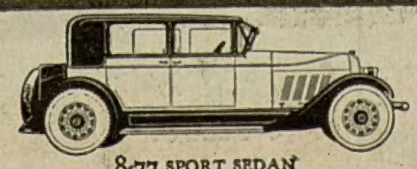
YOUR NEXT CAR



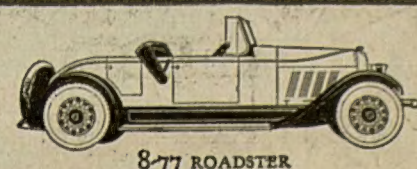
6-66 ROADSTER
120-inch wheelbase
$1095

6-66 SEDAN
120-inch wheelbase
$1295

6-66 SPORT SEDAN
120-inch wheelbase
$1195



8-77 SPORT SEDAN
125-inch wheelbase
$1495



8-77 ROADSTER
125-inch wheelbase
$1395

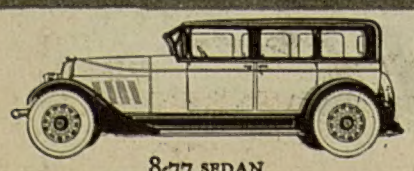
Straight Eight

What a salesman says is fine, but what the *car itself says is final.* Go to an Auburn dealer. Tell him you want to drive the new Auburn 8-88. You want to see *what* it does and *how* it does it. You want to drive 5 or 50 or more miles per hour—on good roads and bad ones, on hills and round sharp curves. You want to see for yourself how easily it steers, how well it holds the road, how it does not tip, how smoothly it performs, and how comfortably it rides. Tell the dealer you know Auburn *must* be good, you hear so much favorable comment, and see so many thousands on the streets, but that you want to see if *it meets your requirements. You want the car to sell itself.* If it does not, you will not be asked to buy.

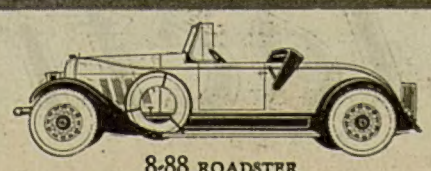
Auburn Automobile Company, Auburn, Indiana

U R N

YOUR NEXT CAR



8-77 SEDAN
125-inch wheelbase
$1695

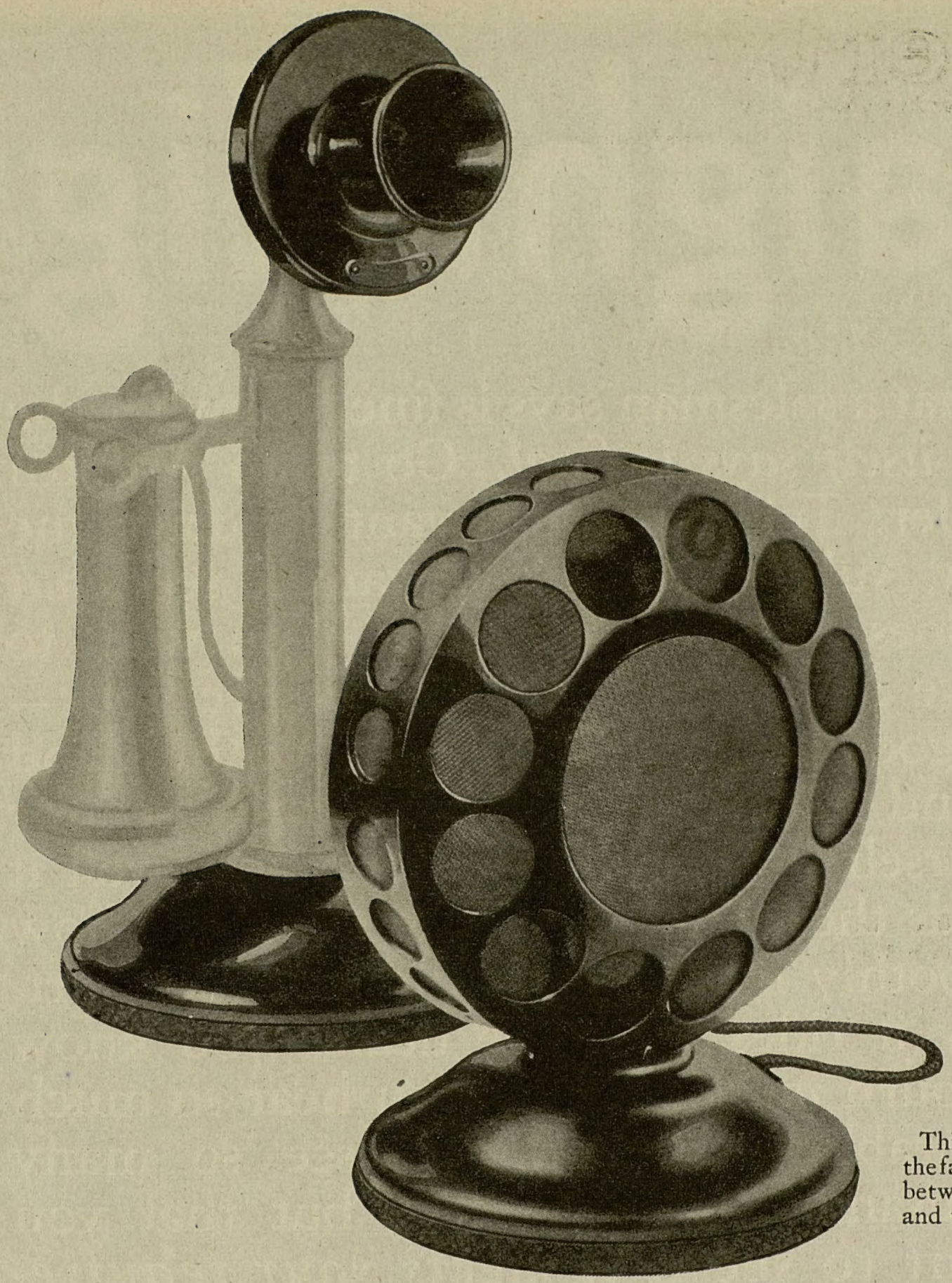


8-88 ROADSTER
130-inch wheelbase
$1995

8-88 SPORT SEDAN
130-inch wheelbase
$2095

8-88 SEDAN
130-inch wheelbase
$2195

8-88 7 PASSENGER SEDAN
147-inch wheelbase
$2595



This picture suggests the family resemblance between the telephone and the microphone.

The younger brother of the telephone —

THERE'S reason a-plenty for family resemblance between the telephone and the microphone, familiar symbol of radio.

Each is a gateway of sound. Through the telephone transmitter, your voice starts on its narrow path. So a radio voice first enters the microphone, later to spread far and wide to every tuned-in receiver. Or the orator's voice, in a Public Address System, passes through the microphone to a vast auditorium's remote corners.

But the "speaking likeness" doesn't end there. Back of microphone and telephone is the same engineering skill, the same care in making, the same great factory—the Western Electric telephone works.

It is quite natural, then, that you and countless millions should have come to depend for information and entertainment on the telephone's younger brother, the Western Electric microphone.

Western Electric

SINCE 1882 MANUFACTURERS FOR THE BELL SYSTEM

MARCH 5, 1927

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

THE LAND OF MAKE-BELIEVE

An Editorial

Wynant Hubbard, who, according to Bill Roper, Princeton's coach, was the only Harvard football player on the teams of 1919 and 1920 who "had any guts," resumed his fighting methods recently by charging Princeton with playing "dirty" football. His accusation was followed by an uproar. Thousands of columns of newspaper space were devoted to him. The controversy raged from coast to coast and men and women who never saw Nassau Hall or the Harvard Yard joined in the argument.

At that same time the Chinese were massing, intent upon driving all whites out of China, and the governments of the world were rushing warships there to protect their nationals. Relations between the United States and Mexico were seriously strained and threatening to drag us into war. Yet the great majority of citizens of the United States were far more wrought up and interested in Hubbard's charges that the young gentlemen of Princeton purposely mussed up the features of the young gentlemen of Harvard than they were over the prospect of massacre in China or war with Mexico.

A young American girl, in the face of wind and wave, swam the English Channel and, when she returned home triumphant, passed through cheering mobs while banners waved and confetti filled the air. A youthful Canadian swam from Catalina Island to the mainland of California—the only one of 101 starters to triumph over the sea—and a whole continent rose excitedly to cheer him. The captain and crew of a liner made a gallant rescue at sea, and the entire nation greeted these unknown seamen with a demonstration greater than Cæsar ever received in Rome. A man, of whom the most charitable thing that can be said is that he is a silly old fool, and a rather brazen young girl, backed by her mother, appeared in a divorce suit. Surprisingly, a great portion of the American public was more interested in Trudy Ederle, in George Young, and in the emotional eccentricities of Peaches and Browning than in our public affairs.

We are living in the greatest land of make-believe the world has ever known. This interest in Hubbard's charges against Princeton and in Peaches' suit against Bunny is another example of the vicariousness of the modern American. Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney fight, and tens of thousands of stoop-shouldered, anæmic clerks, who never doubled a fist or struck a blow, scream: "Knock him out!" "Kill the big bum!" Yale and Princeton teams of rugged young giants strain and batter at each other on the football field and 80,000 narrow-chested, coonskin-swathed intellectuals scream encouragement to them. Peaches and Bunny recite their erotic marital experiences, and we leer, peep, whisper, and titter.

We live in our imaginations—and we have become one of the most imaginative of peoples, as volatile as the Latin in many ways; no longer the "practical, hard-headed Yankee." Horse sense has given way to imagination, because in the United States, where any boy may be President or multimillionaire, there are no limits to imagination.

Every girl imagines herself a Mary Pickford, and the reason for the astounding attraction of Valentino for women was not that Valentino was so attractive, but that every woman who saw him imagined he was making love to her. Which explains why men also raved over him in another way.

The child's game of "let's pretend" has become a national characteristic. The secret of what we call "showmanship" and "appeal" probably lies in catering to the daydreamers.

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

Beginning a Series on College Morals

NOW that the battle which has raged about the "younger generation" is being fought with clearer eyes, and people are beginning to realize that our sheiks and shebas are *not* going to upset the apple cart of morality, it is time to ask just how much fire there was, and is, beneath the smoke of controversy. CATHARINE BRODY has just completed an exhaustive survey of present-day college morals. From educators, the clergy, police officers, and students themselves she has gathered data that point to some surprising conclusions. Don't miss the first article in this series.

Sh-h-h! A secret straight from P. G. WODEHOUSE! It's that photographers, though they don't know it, are the funniest people on earth. If you want it proved to you, read THE ROMANCE OF A BULB-SQUEEZER.

"The cleanest influence in the legitimate theater." That's what they're calling FRED STONE. BURNS MANTLE tells us the story of this famous clown and his nimble-footed daughter in A ROLLING STONE THAT GATHERED NO MUD.

ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS smashes another fast one over in REUNION. It's a crackajack tale of a war bird who stepped into trouble with a girl who stepped out.

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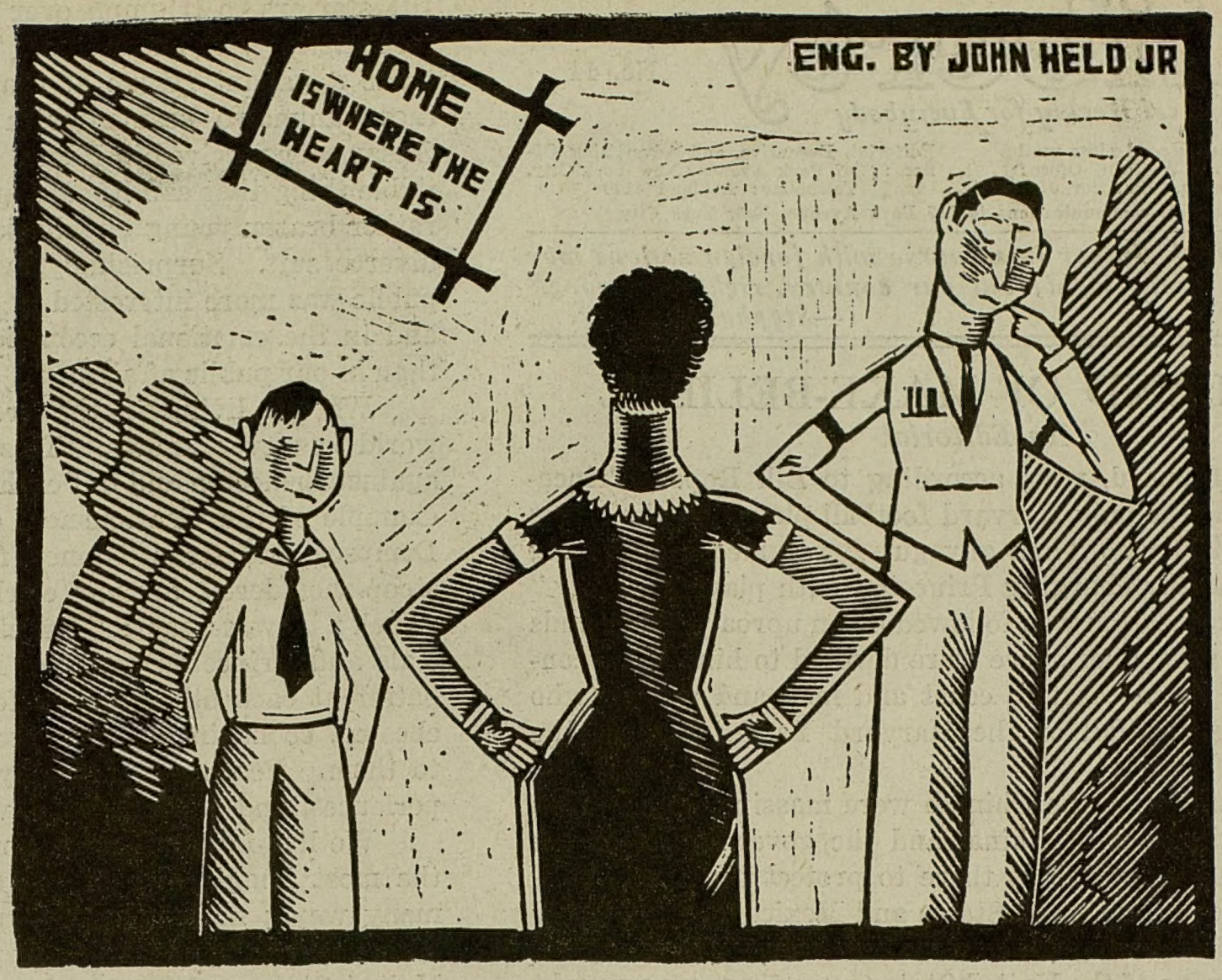


The male members of the household of Glemby are here caught in the act of sticking together. Johnny, not yet of an age to crave the soothing balm of Hinds Cream after shaving, is building his defense on the sole point that he did *not* take the bottle to lubricate his bike. He is pointing no suspicion toward Father, however. He doesn't have to. Look at the crimson of Father's blush, spreading over the petal-texture of his well Hindsed cheek! "I should have got my own bottle long before this," he mutters to himself. That makes it unanimous.

"Which of you stole my Hinds Cream?"

Of course it was father who snitched it! It happens every day even in the best regulated families.

For husbands are discovering that the same Hinds Cream which keeps their wives' skins silky smooth and soft is great for soothing shave-worn skins, too.

And men! It's marvelous! Put a little in one hand (to cover the space of a quarter is enough). Just rub it on both hands. Then apply to your razor-worn face. Work it in until your fingers begin to cling to your skin and you are all set.

If you've been stealing Hinds Cream from your wife, steal a minute now to send for this free ten-shave sample bottle and the clever little non-theft device that comes with it.

A word to the wives:

It's not husbands alone who steal Hinds Cream. Wives do it, too. Keep peace in the family for good and all by buying a personal bottle of Hinds for *each* of you.

HINDS
Honey & Almond
CREAM

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

LEHN & FINK, Inc., *Sole Distributors*
Dept. 17, Bloomfield, N. J.

Send along your sample bottle of Hinds Cream for a comfortable after-shave, and be sure to include that non-theft device, too.

Name_____

Address_____

Made by A. S. HINDS CO., *a division of* Lehn & Fink Products Company

Moon of Madness

Pictures by WILL FOSTER

A Short Story of a Girl Who Risked Her Honor for the Man She Loved

By SAX ROHMER

I DOUBLED up with Jack in scowling at Mr. Julian Macalister, who had monopolized Nanette.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: You undoubtedly will recall these people—or, if you have never met them before, you will enjoy doing so now. Major Edmond O'Shea—The O'Shea of World War renown—last figured in the dramatic episode at Madeira involving a black dispatch box filled with dire papers incriminating British royalty. This had been stolen by Gabriel da Cunha, agent of the sinister S Group of political radicals who planned to use its contents in the overthrow of the British throne. Then there was Nanette, the lovely little English society girl who became entranced by the mysterious major; young Jack Kelton, her shadow, hungry for any crumbs of love she might drop to him; her parents, even more a shadow on her gay, reckless horizon; and George Decies. It was Decies who told of the dispatch-box episode, and of how O'Shea, having achieved his ends, sailed off to Britain, leaving Nanette half angry and heartsore. He had told her she was a mere child. And now Decies reports another episode in the life of this strange company which Fate had drawn together.]

"TELEGRAM, sir!"

I sat up with a start. Morning sunlight flooded the large, bare room. Wild canaries were singing outside my window. I had been dreaming that I was taking tea at Stewart's with the Duchess of York and Mr. Cook, amiable secretary of the Miners' Federation. Now I realized that actually I was in bed at Reid's Hotel, Funchal.

The radio message that the boy had brought up was crisp enough, but it effectually banished my drowsiness:

> Please call on British Consul at once. Vitally urgent. Am holding you to our bargain.
> O'SHEA.

A bargain based upon the survival of so old an institution as the British Empire is not lightly denied. I thought that perhaps my dream had been prophetic. Nor was Edmond O'Shea the man to send such a message except under stress extraordinary.

I seemed to see him as he had looked on the occasion of our first meeting: less like a

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[MOON OF MADNESS
Continued from Page Nine]

Guards officer than any man I have known, his wavy hair worn rather long; dressed in a well cut suit of white drill; his cold gray eyes surveying a world which apparently Edmond O'Shea found unamusing.

As I hurriedly bathed, shaved, and dressed, I reviewed the position. There was O'Shea, homeward bound with a packet of letters whose publication would have furthered political unrest a number of points. There was myself, George Decies, who in a neutral way had helped him to secure these. There was Gabriel da Cunha, agent of the nightmare organization known as the "S Group," nursing a broken jaw as a result of foregoing transactions. And there was Nanette.

Even as her name brought the dainty image to my mind, from under the open window came a soft call:

"Coo—oo!"

I crossed, struggling with an intractable tie; and there on the balcony below was Nanette.

To know that the most provocatively pretty girl one has ever met is madly in love with a better man, and to behave sanely in her company is an acid test of what I have heard termed "British poise."

Nanette shaded her eyes with her hands, looking up at me. Her arms were a delicate brown on their outer curves where the sun had tanned them, and by comparison ivory white beneath. With a background of flowers against distant sea blue, Nanette made a picture exquisite to remember in old age, but disturbing to a comparatively young bachelor.

"What a horrid tie," she said. "Please wear the gray one with silver stripes, as it's our last day in Madeira."

THERE was a wistful note in her appeal, and, looking down at little Nanette, slowly a memory came: I had worn that gray tie on the day we had met O'Shea.

I suppressed a sigh, "admirin' how the world was made." At eighteen there are many things that even Miss 1926 doesn't know. There was one that Nanette did not even suspect. There was another that I knew of; but this was not my own secret. I was unselfish enough to wish I could tell her.

"Very well, Nanette," I replied, and lingered, looking down.

"Are you going to swim this morning—for the last time?"

"No; I have to go into the town."

"I don't think I shall swim, then," said Nanette. "May I come with you? Or is it a stag party?"

Before I could reply:

"Please remember your packing!" came a voice from below.

Nanette's mother stepped out on the balcony and looked up at me in mock severity. Seeing her beside her daughter, I reflected that the lucky man who won Nanette would acquire a bride who would always be beautiful.

"Pop is doing his tonight," Nanette protested.

I visualized Pop, sole occupant of the family table in the dining-room, dealing with a solid English breakfast, regardless of flies, temperature, and the indifferent quality of the bacon.

"He has none to do, dear," was the reply; "I do it for him."

"But, darling," Nanette wheedled, bobbed head pressed against her mother's shoulder, "there are hours and hours. Please let me off."

In the end she had her way, and we set out together along the dusty road. There would be disappointment this morning down at the bathing-pool, I mused, peering aside at the piquant face shaded by a Japanese parasol. Nanette wore no hat, and I said to myself that if all the women who were bobbed had such shapely heads as Nanette's, the world would be very beautiful.

"Did you tell Jack you were going?" I asked.

"No." Nanette aroused herself from a reverie. "I forgot."

Poor Jack Kelton. He had become Nanette's shadow and would have sold his Blue for a smile from her.

That road to the town is very picturesque; and I might have counted George Decies a happy man had I not known that my charming companion loved to be with me only because I formed a link with her memories of someone else.

I forced myself to think of my real mission. Sense of duty demanded that I should conceal the nature of my business from Nanette.

"Shall you be long with the Consul?" she asked.

"I don't expect to be," I replied.

"Then I will go along and have a simply perfect shawl I saw sent up to Mum," said Nanette. "She won't like it; but *I* love it."

We were just about to turn into that steep and narrow street which leads to the square, when:

"Hi! hi! Hullo, there!" we were hailed.

We turned. Bumping along in a sledge behind two sweating, patient oxen, was Jack.

"Hullo, Jack," said Nanette. "Mr. Decies has to see the Consul and I'm going shopping. Want to come along?"

"Rather!" cried Jack. "*Jump* in."

We proceeded to the consulate in the bullock cart.

"Meet you at the Golden Gate," called Jack, when I left him with Nanette and climbed the narrow stairs to the Consul's office.

The British Consul was a quiet little official automaton who had buried his heart in somebody's grave and had nothing left to hope for.

"Good morning, Mr. Decies," he said, and smiled rather sadly as I plumped an ornamental object down on the table.

"Good Lord!" said I.

It was Nanette's hand bag, a frivolous trifle from Paris, which she had asked me to take care of as we got into the bullock car.

"You are early," the Consul went on, "and I have not quite finished decoding a dispatch that I am instructed to deliver to you. The main point, however, is this: Major O'Shea arrives in Madeira tomorrow night and——"

"Oh!" A faint cry interrupted him. "I'm so sorry——"

Nanette stood in the doorway, her blue eyes so widely opened as to convey an impression of fear.

"I came for my bag," she said. "I didn't mean to intrude."

II

FIFTEEN minutes later I was in possession of the facts—and faced with a problem.

"This chap da Cunha," said the Consul, "isn't Portuguese, in spite of his name. He's some kind of what not. He has the biggest radio outfit in the island up at his summer bungalow."

"He's a political agitator."

"I know," the other returned quietly, "but it wasn't my business to mention it first. He crashed in his car the other day, and he's dry-docked for repairs in a house he owns down here in the town. I know the surgeon who's attending."

I did not contradict him, for I was reading once again the body of the decoded message:

> Arrive Funchal Harbor 2 A. M. Friday morning. Please meet me. Arrange for accommodation privately. No one must know. Letters have all been photographed. See da Cunha does not slip away. Watch Arundel Castle. Try to learn if any associate of da C. sails. Prevent if possible. I count on you.
> O'SHEA.

"Not a ship has cleared for European ports since Major O'Shea left," said the Consul. "So there's a good chance."

"He's returning in the destroyer?"

"I don't think so." He glanced at a list of shipping. "Although this dispatch came from her. My idea is that they intercepted the Yeoward boat and put him on board. She's due here at the time stated."

"Devilish awkward," I murmured. "It's late to cancel my sailing. I'm booked in the Arundel Castle."

"I'll step across to Blandy's with you," said the Consul, reaching for his hat. "We can get you transferred to a later boat. Leave the finding of private accommodation to me, too."

"Do you know of anyone associated with da Cunha?"

"No. Da Cunha has property in Madeira, but he's rarely here. Nearly all I know about him I have learned officially."

We settled our business at the steamship agent's, thanks to consular aid, and, the morning growing insufferably hot, my friend agreed that something icy through a straw was indicated. When we arrived at the Golden Gate a party from Reid's, which included Nanette's mother, had arrived, and Jack was sharing Nanette with a stranger whose ancestors had known more about how the Pyramids were built than you or I can ever hope to learn.

He reminded me of my London stockbroker until he was introduced as Macalister. He had a real-estate smile which was not unattractive, and my first natural impression was that he had recently purchased the island from the Portuguese and was running his eye over the property. Presently, however:

"And how is our friend Gabriel?" Nanette asked. Then, turning to me: "I met Mr. Macalister with Gabriel da Cunha," she explained.

I forget how Macalister replied, for I was exchanging glances with the Consul. A few moments later that competent official took the floor.

"So you are leaving Madeira, Mr. Macalister?" he asked.

"No," the other replied, sharing an appreciative look between the cigar that he had just lighted and Nanette. "I had hoped to sail in the Arundel Castle, but I have been delayed."

The Consul put several more leading questions to Macalister in a chatty way, but I rather lost track of the conversation. Nanette was in a mood of feverish animation that I knew, from experience, meant mischief. The party had been over to Blandy's apparently, and had learned that accommodation in the Arundel Castle was limited. Nanette and Jack talked happy nonsense about camping out in boats and what not.

"Somebody is lucky," I said. "My berth will be vacant."

"You surely can't mean that you are not coming with us?" Nanette's mother exclaimed.

Two pairs of eyes I particularly noted at this moment: the heavy-lidded brown eyes of Mr. Macalister and the wide-open blue eyes of Nanette.

"Unhappily, yes," I replied. "Unfortunate—very; but I must wait for the Royal Mail boat."

THERE was a sort of farewell dance at Reid's that night. Quite a number of people were leaving in the Arundel.

Nanette persistently avoided me; and I doubled up with Jack in a scowling competition, having for target Mr. Julian Macalister, who had dropped in after dinner and monopolized Nanette.

Once, pausing near me:

"Do you know what they call the crescent moon here?" she asked.

"No."

"Moon of Madness."

She laughed and danced away. Jack scowled. I wondered.

At the cocktail bar, during an interval, things bordered on the hectic. I have been honored in the friendship of some of Mr. Macalister's race who were very courtly gentlemen. Mr. Macalister was not as one of these.

"Don't look so gloomy, my lad," he said to Jack. "It takes a man of experience to please a young girl."

Jack had boxed for his college and was no mean craftsman. I took in the powerful but fleshy form of Macalister and prepared to mourn his passing.

"Mr. Decies!" said someone at my elbow.

Jack was just descending in a leisurely way from his tall stool. He paused as I turned. The British Consul stood behind us.

"A word in private," said he.

I grabbed Jack's arm.

"Come along, too," I urged.

He hesitated, then came with manifest reluctance.

Out in the lounge, the Consul handed me a scribbled note.

"Received in code tonight," he explained.

Detain Julian Macalister at any cost.

Jack had left us, going to look for Nanette.

"From O'Shea?" I asked.

"No. From Scotland Yard!"

"But he's not sailing!"

The Consul met my gaze of inquiry.

"That radio set of da Cunha's is very well informed," he said. "Macalister knew of this move before *I* did. He canceled only today."

III

I CANNOT pretend that I was a happy man as I climbed the ladder of the Arundel Castle the following morning. All my friends were leaving, and even the affection and admiration I had for Edmond O'Shea could not recompense me for their loss. My only consolation lay in the knowledge that, unhonored and unsung though I should be, yet in a modest way I was doing my job of work toward saving Great Britain from political disaster.

An inward-bound liner, by the time she makes Madeira, offers a ripe crop of studies for the psychologist: the gay *Conrads* who have learned the truth of Leonard Merrick's unmoral dictum, "A man is young as often as he falls in love"; the anxious-eyed women who have lost what their men have found; a score of flirtations and two or three intrigues, followed with interest by the midnight watch and reported in routine to the purser. The odd men out, too, are always rather pathetic. It was wonderful how many lonely eyes lighted up when Nanette stepped on the deck. Even some of the *Conrads* prepared to change their minds.

Baggage was missing, of course. Nanette's mother was lamenting a lost wardrobe trunk.

"Don't worry," said Nanette's father, in his imperturbable way; "it will turn up."

"It will be Nan's turn to worry," was the reply. "All her things are in it!"

Nanette, the irresponsible, had disappeared with Jack in quest of her new quarters.

Coffee-colored boys were diving off the boat-dock; venders of lace shouted themselves hoarse from a flotilla of small craft that clung to the steamer like wasps to a honey pot; Portuguese lightermen shrieked amiable execrations at one another. Nobody could find the missing trunk, nobody could find Nanette. Nanette's father said both would turn up—and the Bay of Funchal embraced it all with peaceful beauty.

When the last shore signal went, I found Jack beside me. He was plainly in a panic.

"Here—I say!" he exclaimed. "I thought Nanette was with you!"

"And I thought she was with you!"

"But she came back to fetch *you!*"

"She didn't arrive."

"Hurry up, please," urged the officer on the gangway. "You're last for the shore, sir."

Jack turned and ran in at the saloon entrance. I could see no one else I knew; so there was nothing for it but to tumble down the ladder. Reid's launch had gone, and I took the boat in which some customs people, office men, and others, were going ashore.

They had turned steam on the anchor, and the ladder was swinging up as we drew away. I stood in the boat, searching the decks far above me, their rails lined with unfamiliar faces. I caught a momentary glimpse of some folks I knew, and waved automatically; but of Nanette's party I could see nothing.

Then sounded faintly a bell. Straggling boats seemed to be drawn astern of the liner by some powerful current. There was movement in the placid water; a swell rocked us. One could see the churning of the screw in clear blue sea. Renewed waving—and the Arundel Castle was homeward bound for Southampton, with mails, mixed cargo, several potential weddings, and a broken heart or so.

As I stepped from the boat to the stone stairs and went up to the jetty, I paused, looking back. I was shortly to meet Edmond O'Shea, and the thought was pleasurable; but I would have given much to be aboard the liner now headed for the open sea.

I walked up the tree-lined street, sighing when I passed the shop where Nanette had found that wonderful shawl. The square, you may recall, is planted with those trees that flourish principally in South Africa and bear a light blue blossom. In the sunshine of early morning it seemed to me that all the streets were dim with an azure haze born of the flowers.

Only two tables had been placed outside the Golden Gate. At one of them a girl was seated, her elbows on the table, her chin propped upon her clenched hands.

Nanette.

I stood stock still. Then I began to run. Nanette looked up.

She was pale. Her widely opened eyes were the color of those flowers—misty blue; and they said:

"I am afraid. I am ashamed. Don't be angry with me."

"Nanette!" I whispered.

She bit her lip and turned her head aside quickly; then:

"I was mad to do it," she confessed. "I am sorry—now. Please send a message to the ship. They will be frantic."

"But—your things? You will have to wait for a whole week."

"They are in the small wardrobe trunk. I bribed Pedro to leave it behind. Oh, please, Mr. Decies!" She clutched my arm and I felt how she trembled. "Look after me. I am so frightened."

IV

THE steamer Aguila of Messrs. Yeoward Brothers dropped her anchor on the rocky bottom of Funchal Harbor at fifteen minutes after 2 A. M. under a perfect moon like the crescent of Islam—a true Moon of Madness.

They had the ladder down in a trice, and my boat drew alongside. I ran up to the deck—and there was Edmond O'Shea in a white drill suit, looking more like John Barrymore than he usually did with the moonlight gleaming on his wavy hair.

We shook hands in silence, while his searching gray eyes looked into mine and mine told him all that I was helpless to conceal. Then:

"It was good of you, Decies," he said. "My message has put you out?"

"I had booked on the Arundel; but it didn't matter. My time is my own."

Indeed, already the spell of The O'Shea was on me. There are many names honored in connection with the Big Parade, but ask one of the men who knows what happened on the Retreat when Smith Dorrien sent for O'Shea, a company commander then and only a major now. We all won the war, according to our own accounts. The old Irish Guards—what's left of them—would convince you that Edmond O'Shea helped.

"What has happened?" I asked him.

While we enjoyed the hospitality of the Captain, who was delighted to have been instrumental in helping so distinguished a passenger, O'Shea gave me the facts:

"The original letters are safe in Whitehall, Decies. But I found pinholes showing where they had been stuck on a board—obviously to be photographed! We sent a radio to Captain McPhee, here, and I doubled back. The mails will be watched at Southampton; but I don't fear the mails. Some trusted agent of the Group will carry the photographs. I wired headquarters for likely birds."

"Scotland Yard replied," said I. "One Julian Macalister is under surveillance."

O'Shea's cold eyes fixed me.

"Who's watching him?" he asked.

This brought me to it, and I gulped a quick drink before replying:

"Nanette."

His expression changed; then:

"So they are still here?" he said.

"*She* is still here."

The Captain excused himself gracefully, on a plea of duty; and I told O'Shea.

"You think she overheard you in the Consul's office?"

"I know she did. She admitted it."

"And so you told her—the rest?"

"Was I wrong?"

O'Shea stood up and paced the room a couple of times; then:

"I don't know," said he. "Let's go ashore."

Fate has playfully set me in some queer situations, but I can recall none stranger than that in which I found myself now.

O'Shea occupying a room in the Consul's house, and engaged in private consultations with the military governor and others; Nanette studiously declining to meet him—al-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

FISTS clenched, he stood watching a girl of eighteen doing the work he had come to do.

[MOON OF MADNESS Continued from Page Eleven]

though his return to Funchal was the reason of her being there; da Cunha, incapacitated, and able to act only through Macalister; the latter gentleman dancing attendance on Nanette.

"He doesn't know that I know anything," she said to me. "And he doesn't know that Major O'Shea is here."

We were taking tea on the terrace of Reid's—the adorably pretty girl who had "missed" the boat and my innocent self subjects of much inaccurate speculation. Two frantic radio messages had been brought out to Nanette: one from her mother and one from Jack.

"Please answer them for me," was all she had said.

"Nanette!" I looked into the childish blue eyes, in which, when O'Shea was mentioned, I had seen the woman-light shine. "I feel responsible for you. In playing with a dangerous man like Macalister you take risks that you don't understand."

"I'm going to find out where those photographs are!"

"Because of—O'Shea?"

She looked at me very bravely.

"No," she lied—yet did not know she lied. "Because Major O'Shea insulted my intelligence. I am going to find out for my own sake."

I dined with O'Shea in the town that night. He was frantically worried. That Macalister was the man to whom the task had been assigned of getting the photographs to the headquarters of the S Group, he could not doubt. But where were they? And how did Macalister propose to smuggle them through?

"Where is Nanette?" he asked suddenly.

"Dining with Macalister at Reid's."

"Damn!" said O'Shea; then: "Go back and look after her," he begged. "I can't stand it, Decies. You shouldn't leave her."

"She dismissed me!"

"Report yourself for duty. Phone me here."

I arrived at the hotel fifteen minutes later. The hall porter handed me a note as I ran in. I tore the envelope open in a sort of frenzy. This was the message:

> Photographs are on board a motor cruiser belonging to Gabriel da Cunha. I can't find out where it is. But Macalister goes in it tomorrow morning to Las Palmas and from there by steamer to England. Have gone with him to the Casino. Will keep him as long as possible. Can't do any more.
>
> NANETTE.

When I phoned to O'Shea, I heard him groan. "Send someone from the hotel to stand by her," he said—or, rather, it was an order. "I can find out where da Cunha's boat lies by using the military wires. It's hell, Decies, but I daren't take chances. Join me here. But make sure she is safe."

V

THE Governor's car was driven by the chauffeur over what I took to be the edge of a sheer precipice. I inhaled noisily. Then we were gliding down a cobbled road which, serpentine, embraced a fairy port.

O'Shea spoke to the chauffeur in Portuguese. The brakes were applied and our switchback descent ceased. We proceeded on foot.

Where a low stone wall prevented the traveler from falling through the roof of a villa some twenty feet below, O'Shea pulled up, grasped my arm, and pointed.

Displaying her graceful, creamy shape like a courtesan stretched upon blue velvet, a fine-lined motor boat rode in the tiny harbor. Lights shone out from her cabin ports.

"There is da Cunha's boat," said he; "and there, no doubt, is what we are after. But it looks——"

"As though Nanette had failed to keep Macalister?"

O'Shea turned to me, and his eyes gleamed very coldly in the moonlight.

"Decies," he said, "you remind me of an unpleasant truth: that if I succeed in this matter I shall be indebted to a girl."

His words set me thinking. I am not of those who approve of women dabbling in dangerous jobs. That formidable political conspiracy represented by the S Group, against which O'Shea had pitted himself, was not likely to be diverted from its aims by considerations of chivalry.

I began to wonder if Macalister had awakened to the fact that he was being cunningly played by a girl. And I began to wonder what had become of Nanette.

"You don't know, Decies," said O'Shea suddenly—"you don't realize what a big move in the game is represented by these photographs. These charming fellows on two separate occasions attempted my assassination in Buenos Aires——"

"What!"

"They are utterly without scruples of any kind. This is not a game of political chess. It is open warfare—all weapons allowed. In future, Decies, Nanette must have no part in it. If, as a result of her help, we win tonight——"

"She will have done a big thing for England," I interrupted.

"I don't begrudge her that. It would hurt me to think she had done it for me."

For a moment I hesitated; then:

"I think she knows it," I ventured, "and wants to hurt you."

"Why?"

"Because you hurt *her*. You think of her as a child. She thinks of herself as a woman scorned."

He stared very fixedly out over the harbor for some minutes.

"If I had married very young, Decies," he said at last, "and God had been good to me, I might have had a daughter like Nanette. Even if there were no other reason, shouldn't I be a blackguard to think of her otherwise than as a child—a willful child?"

But I could find no answer. This man's

codes were beyond me. Young though he was in the days of the Big Push, he had won a name that had outlasted those of a score of general officers and more than one field marshal.

"Suppose we go and look for a boat," I said.

O'Shea aroused himself—for he had his dreams, even as you and I.

"A boat it is," said he. "As I have no official status whatever, there's nothing for it but frank piracy. Are you game?"

"Every time."

We went down the sloping cobbled street, through the heart of the little town, where shuttered windows told of citizens asleep and only a zealous dog broke the silence. This until, as we were about to come out on the water front, from a high balcony stole the strains of a guitar.

O'Shea paused, looking up. A dim light might be discerned. He glanced at me, smiled, and we passed on. Love is an art with the southerners.

I HAVE wondered since, reviewing that journey—during which both our minds, I think, were busied with plans for boarding the motor boat and securing the incriminating photographs—that no premonition touched me. "Nanette has failed to keep Macalister," I had said, noting the lighted cabin. Yet Nanette had dared to slip away from the Arundel Castle and to remain alone in Funchal. I should have known my Nanette.

Drawn up beside a quay, a red blotch in the moonlight, was a long-nosed French car.

"Da Cunha's car!" I exclaimed. "Macalister *is* on board."

But O'Shea did not reply. He was staring out in the direction of the lighted craft.

"I am wondering," he murmured, finally.

"What?"

"Why is he lying out there and not alongside? There is no boat at the stair."

At first the full significance of his remark missed me. Then something in the quality of that fixed stare with which my companion watched the lighted ports, his poise as if listening, prepared me for what was to come.

The tones of a coarse voice, raised hilariously, reached my ears, coming from the cruiser's cabin. A trill of laughter followed, youthful, musical. My heart missed a beat. I clutched O'Shea's arm.

"My God!" I said. "*He has Nanette with him!*"

Involuntarily my gaze went upward to where, in cold serenity, the Moon of Madness raised her crescent lamp.

O'Shea, from the pocket of his light coat, took a revolver. He placed it in his soft hat and crammed the hat tightly on his head. He began to peel his dinner jacket.

"I'm going for a swim," said he. "Coming?"

But he was not alone in the idea. Before I could frame any reply, there came sounds of louder laughter, a scuffling of feet—and I saw Nanette run out on the after deck. She wore a filmy dance frock. I heard Macalister call to her, and I heard her laughing answer; but I could not distinguish a word.

I saw her raise her arms as if to unfasten a string of beads around her neck. She stooped swiftly, stood upright again—and Macalister was beside her.

There was a shrill cry—half laughter, half hysteria. Nanette disappeared in the shadow of the awning. I heard the man's voice, his heavy tread.

Nanette reappeared, at the bow of the boat.

Heroism is always beautiful, whether it springs from love of country or love of man. The dance frock had vanished, shed like the sheath of a chrysalis when the moth is born. A silver moon-goddess stood at the prow. She stooped once, twice—I thought, to discard her shoes. Then, as Macalister came stumbling forward, Nanette dived almost soundlessly into the still blue sea!

"IF I never see you again, at least think I was not such a fool as you supposed."

And Nanette could swim like a seal.

Macalister craned over the side. For a moment I think he contemplated following. Then the bobbed head came up two lengths away. Behind the swimmer, on a towline of beads, floated a square, flat portfolio.

I glanced once at O'Shea—and that man of action was stricken to stone. Fists clenched, he stood watching a girl of eighteen doing the work he had come to do—and doing it for *him*.

Macalister was hauling in his anchor. The motor started with a roar. Then Nanette saw us. She was halfway to shore.

"Please throw one of the rugs on the steps," came gaspingly. "And go away! Start the car up!"

When, a few minutes later, a very wet Nanette, wrapped in a light topcoat, confronted O'Shea, I don't know quite what happened.

"There are your photographs," I heard her say. "If I never see you again, at least think I was not such a fool as you supposed."

With all her dear bravado, she could not still the trembling of her voice. I saw O'Shea's pale face, and turned aside. That meeting was one I can never forget. Yet the details will always be hazy.

Macalister was in the picture somewhere. I think I knocked him down. I don't remember why. But I fancy it was not because of any attempt to recover the portfolio, but because he grossly misunderstood the situation.

Then, I recall, O'Shea stooped, lifted Nanette, and walked up the sloping cobbled street under a smiling moon. He had suffered as only the few can suffer to make her forget him. His sacrifice had been rejected by the Great Goddess.

Once Nanette peeped up at him, swiftly. I saw her eyes. Then she hid her face against his shoulder. I think Nanette was crying. But I know Nanette was happy.

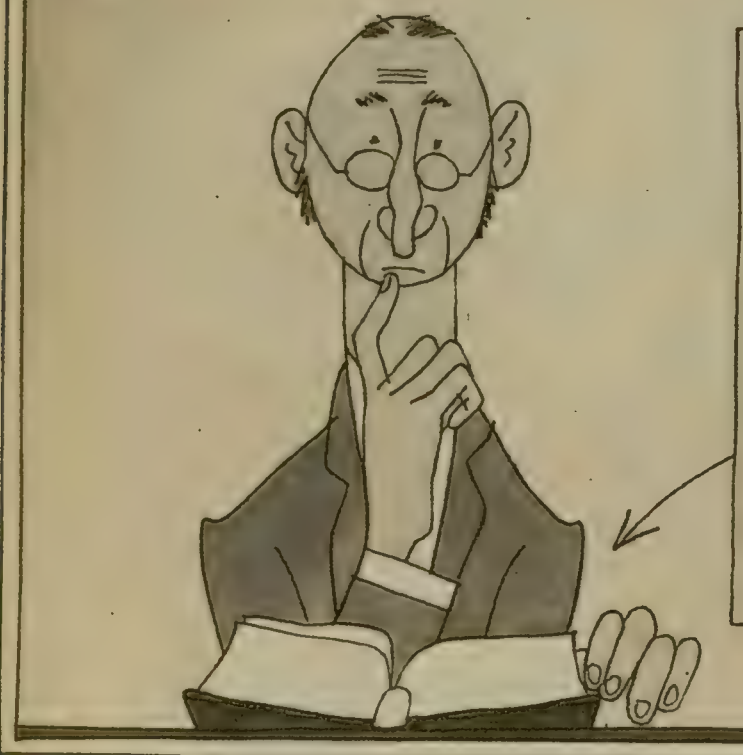
THE END

The Grass Orphan, another thrilling adventure of The O'Shea and Nanette, will appear in an early issue of LIBERTY. Watch for it.

GRAPHIC SECTION

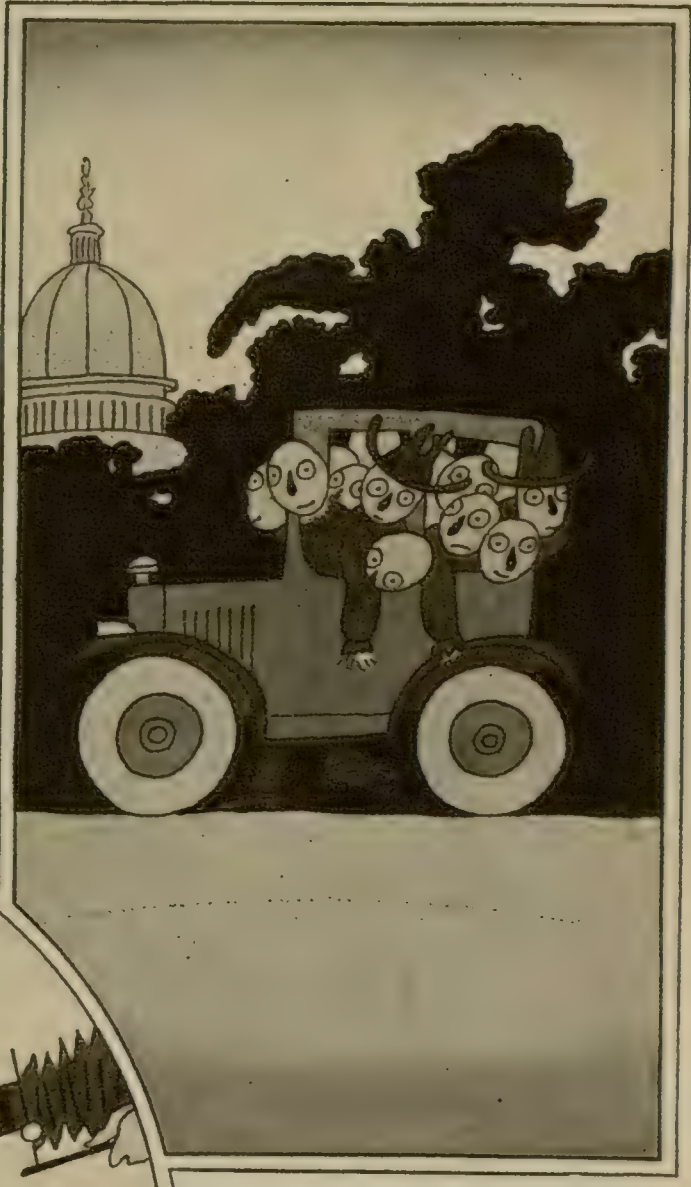
News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

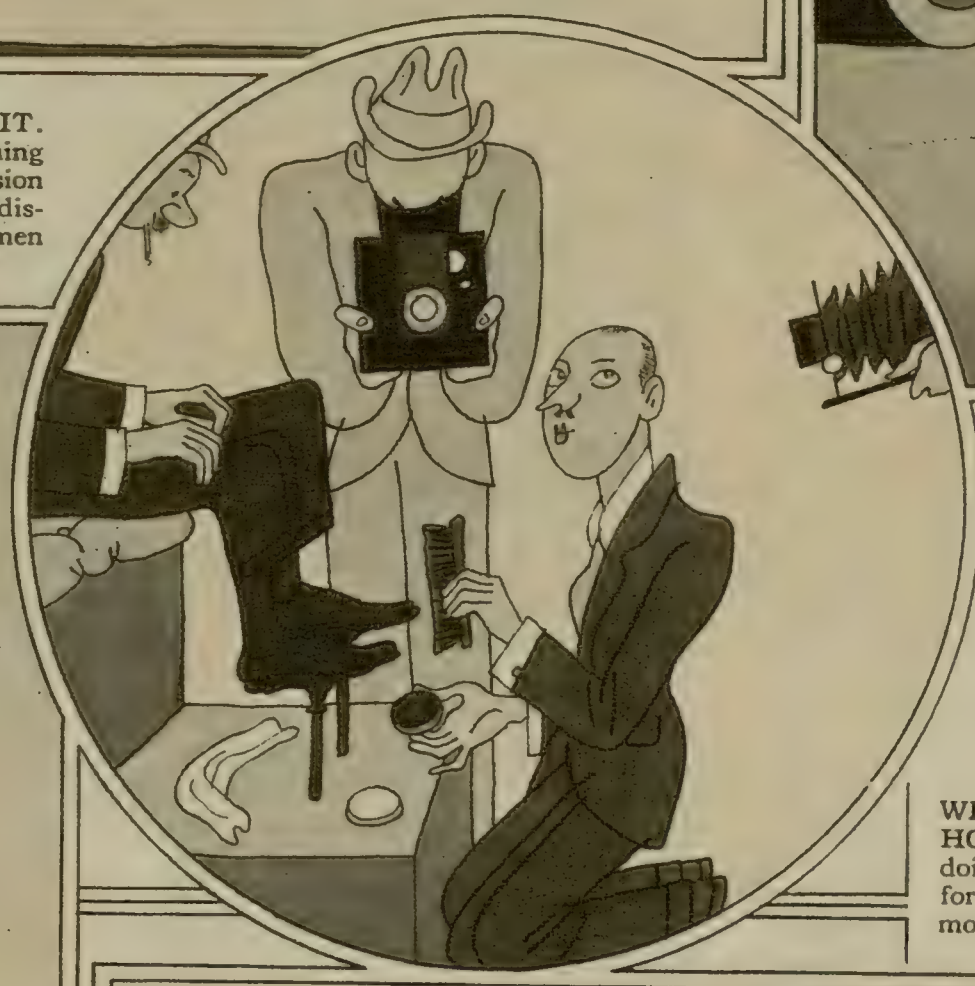


HOMICIDE RATES PER 100,000 POPULATION	
UNITED STATES	7.2
ITALY	3.6
IRELAND	0.9
SPAIN	0.9
NORWAY	0.8
ENGLAND	0.8
FRANCE	0.8
SCOTLAND	0.4
HOLLAND	0.3
SWITZERLAND	0.2

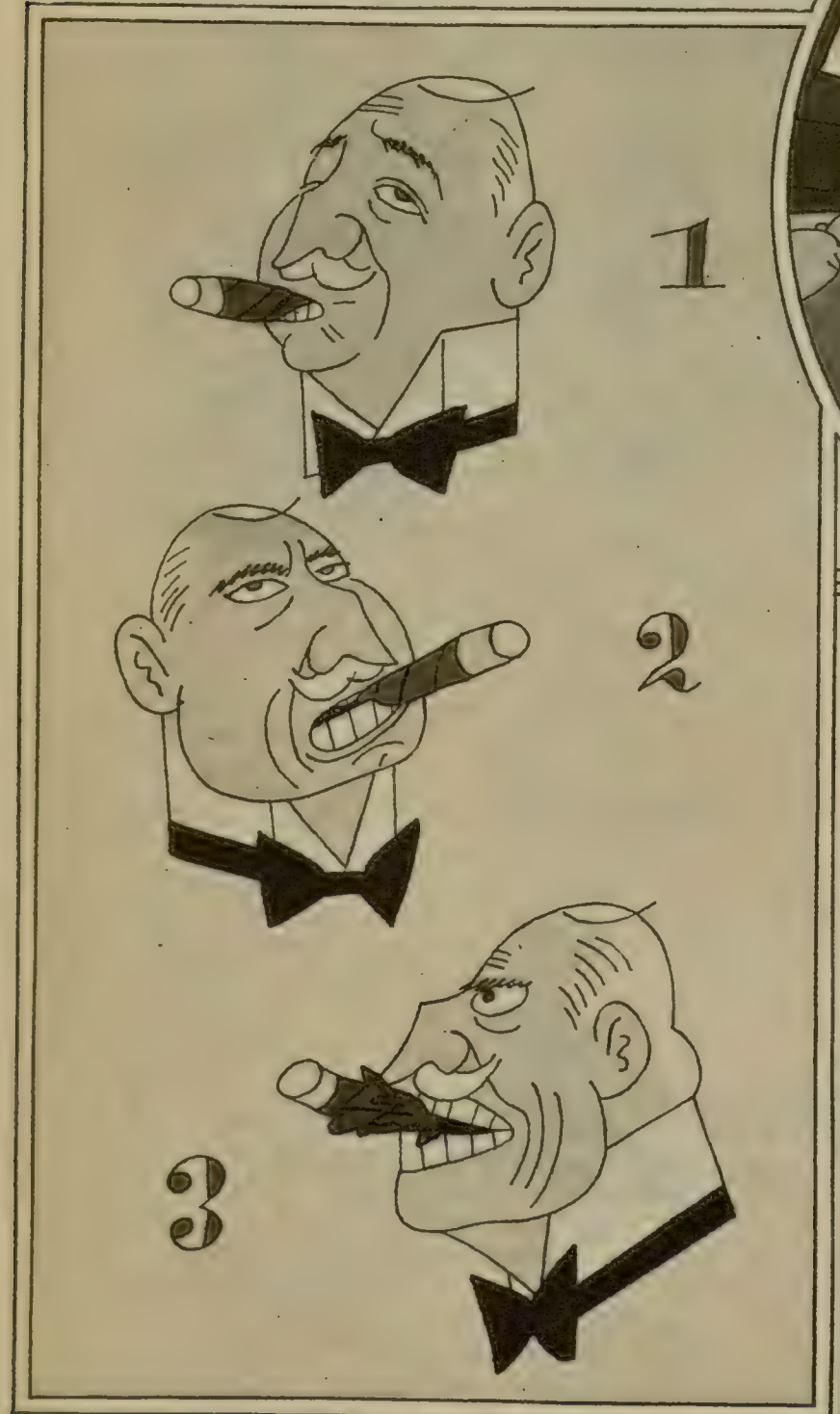
THERE MUST BE SOME OTHER REASONS FOR IT. Vice-Chairman Wilmot M. Moss, of the Thursday Evening Subcommittee of the Ladies' and Gentlemen's Commission for the Study of Crime and Its Causes, discovers a few disturbing facts while preparing a paper on "Our Gunmen Are All Ignorant Foreigners."



TRYING TO MAKE IT LOOK LIKE A LOT. Wayne B. Wheeler, disguised as a taxicab full of Senators, parades Washington streets to explain away Senator Bruce's statement that one taxicab would hold all Senators who never took a drink.



WHAT PRINCES MUST DO TO HOLD JOBS: A Royal Highness doing menial and democratic stunts for the camera men on Monday mornings from ten to twelve.



CIGAR-CHEWING AND CHARACTER IN THE MOVIES: 1. How the cigar is chewed to express a man worth $5,000,000; 2. a man worth $10,000,000; 3. a man worth $50,000,000 and self-made.

APPLYING OUR OWN STANDARDS? China, considered half civilized through thirty centuries of artistic and scientific achievement, is suddenly recognized as highly civilized when Occidental observers see their efficient implements of war and destruction.

What STARS Are MADE OF

Analyzing the Ingredients that Make Women Succeed on the Stage

Geraldine Farrar and (above) Ruth Chatterton.

Fay Bainter and (above) Julia Marlowe.

An Article by

JOHN K. WINKLER

LENORE ULRIC made an unforgettable picture. The privileged visitor backstage paused in astonishment near the open door of her dressing-room.

The actress, a dark, tense, scantily clothed figure, was hurling articles into a suitcase that lay upon the floor.

Brushes, shoes, underwear, dresses, stockings—a perfect cascade of clothing flew through the air, any which way, and thudded into the bag.

Ina Claire.

"Ah," mused the onlooker, "I must have stumbled upon something not on the bill. Perhaps the star is quitting the show."

Just then a soft voice came out of the semidarkness:

"Your cue, Miss Ulric."

Lenore, apparently oblivious, rolled a mound of fluttering lingerie into a ball, hurled it into the suitcase, snapped down the top, clicked the lock, and, waving her arms, rushed upon the stage.

The absorbed observer followed, and from the wings saw her flow like quicksilver through the identical performance he had just witnessed.

Miss Ulric put so much action, so smooth a punch, into the simple act of packing a suitcase that the audience burst into applause as she made her exit.

That's the way one great star maintains her tempo—keeps up the speed, the vital spark of her performance. For years Miss Ulric has gone through a double portrayal of her part at each appearance. She gives one show before the footlights, another behind the scenes. Watching her execute the complete "business" of her part in pantomime offstage, puzzled sceneshifters and electricians shake their heads dubiously and remark:

"Great girl, that Ulric; but what a strain she puts on herself!"

From her early days, fifteen years ago, as an extra in tawdry Western stock companies, Lenore has "put a strain on herself." She has always been like a conscientious child who was going to do her lessons right or pop!

"I am a total loss unless I keep my blood in circulation when I am playing," she says.

Though not so strenuous as Miss Ulric, all the stars have worked out methods of keeping the blood in circulation. Most of them have trained themselves to shut out every thought save the character they are projecting. The moment they step within the stage door, often hours before, they begin to think and feel in terms of the one they are to be that afternoon or evening.

To this day, after a full half-century of flowering talent, Minnie Maddern Fiske, the marvel of the modern American theater, comes to the playhouse—even when she is on tour—two hours before her first cue call in order to steep herself, literally, in the atmosphere of the part. Some years ago Mrs. Fiske broke her hip. Even after the bones had knit she suffered constant pain. Yet, so remarkable was her will power and her ability to fuse her personality into that of her stage character that she actually forgot the grinding pain when she was playing.

A Guild Theater official remarked recently that Lynn Fontanne begins actually to *look* like *Eliza Doolittle* in Pygmalion the moment she leaves her car at the Fifty-second Street curb. Yet Miss Fontanne is in her forty-fifth year and the *'Liza* of Shaw's creation is a cockney flower girl in her teens!

Until the very moment of her first entrance, opening night, in Barrie's whimsical comedy, What Every Woman Knows, Helen Hayes sat entranced in her dressing-room while her mother read passages from Barrie's beautiful book about his mother, Margaret Ogilvy. Next day a newspaper critic wrote:

"There were moments in Helen Hayes' play-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[WHAT STARS ARE MADE OF
Continued from Page Fifteen]

ing last night when I had the notion that *Margaret Ogilvy* had been whispering to her. Indeed, there were moments when I had the notion that *Margaret Ogilvy* had run back through the years and somehow strayed through the stage door of the Bijou Theater."

Feminine adaptability to complete transposition of personality explains, perhaps, why so many more talented young women than men are coming to our stage. The girls, producers tell me, are more receptive than men.

"A girl who is really in earnest," says David Belasco, "doesn't care the value of a faded flower where or from whom she learns. All she cares for is to learn. She represents the prime interest of the world upon which the wise producer bases his whole scheme of management.

"That interest—the interest that drives the wheels and looms of industry throughout the earth; that animates the trapper near the frozen poles and the hunter lost in the blazing tropics; that makes railroad trains to run and keeps the great ships coming and going upon the desolate seas; that breathes life into every form of commerce and art and even into science itself—is the interest in woman."

GIRLS who show even a modicum of talent are made welcome upon the stage. And if a player of no broad experience contributes a bit of business that enhances the value of a scene —why, bugles are blown!

Recently, Ruth Dayton, a promising young actress under Mr. Belasco's management, was cast in a part requiring sudden entrance into a ranch-house living-room after a thirty-mile drive over the prairie. Rouge applied high on the cheeks, and a certain nervous manner and gesture, did not give the exact wind-blown appearance required.

One day at rehearsal, just before her scheduled entrance, Miss Dayton had an inspiration. She dashed up two flights of stairs to her dressing-room, then ran down as fast as she could and rushed into the room full of cowboys. The effect was perfect. She had worked out the problem of "keeping the blood up," just as had the experienced Lenore Ulric.

The story of the stars is so strikingly similar as almost to form a pattern: honest-to-goodness courses in starvation, eating crusts salted with tears, long years of trouping or technical study, generally both; then opportunity and—overnight fame.

Beauty is a minor element. The majority of our greatest actresses are not only unbeautiful, but some are positively homely! One star has a nose so long and so large that special hats have to be fashioned for her and special shadowed lights played upon her. Another star wears a number seven shoe, and yet her "small, slender, flashing feet" have been praised by poets. A third is bow-legged to a painful degree, and yet she is one of the most popular of our artistes, and her stage personality is so impelling that no one notices she weaves as she walks and keeps her limbs hidden as much as possible.

Who pays the slightest attention to Helen Menken's pointed chin and tapering jaw while under the spell of her bewitching performance in The Captive? Who heeds thin, enthusiastic Eva Le Gallienne's dot of a nose and tiny chin? Or Pauline Lord's forlorn eyes and rather sloppy hair? Or Alice Brady's large, friendly mouth and generous nose?

The lovely blue eyes, pure lyric voice, and spiritual quality of our "second Maude Adams" softly erase the morsel of a mouth and rather expansive nose of little Helen Hayes.

These stars and many others that could be named have found it not at all difficult to overcome physical handicaps by the warmth of their art and the perfection of their technique.

The girl who yearns for fame on the stage need not be beautiful, but she must not be dumb. She must possess her share of that mysterious effluvium called charm. And she must have a passion for the stage.

"A girl who has charm and is willing to work slavishly at the trade of acting," says Ina Claire, "ought to become a fairly capable actress in five years. That is, if she is lucky enough to receive proper technical instruction. She must know the meaning, literally, of every step she takes and every gesture she makes. I have been on the stage since I was eleven and it was not until a few years ago that I really knew what it was all about! I am still studying gesture, expression, voice control, as well as dresses, hats, hair, and a million other things."

ONE characteristic of all the stars is their sedulous devotion to detail. In Come Out of the Kitchen, Ruth Chatterton cooked an entire chicken dinner. This required weeks of preparation. Sothern once spent a month teaching a certain actress in If I Were King properly to read the line: "My lord, a man has come to court." Belasco once held a twenty-six-hour rehearsal of The Easiest Way. In her barnstorming burlesque days, Fannie Brice—"a cartoonist working in the flesh"—used to follow Willie Weston and other comedians into stores, restaurants — everywhere — to learn their mannerisms.

THE high-strung, flaming Lenore Ulric.

Eva Le Gallienne, in the summer of 1924, ran away and spent her vacation in a little suburban theater near Philadelphia playing The Master Builder. Miss Le Gallienne thinks and lives for the theater.

"The stage should be the actors' cloister," she says. "We should dedicate ourselves completely to the art of the theater, like a community living under religious vows."

In order to study, a brown-eyed mite with a fuzzy yellow head starved some years ago in New York. Three thousand miles from home, she made the rounds of Broadway drug stores one afternoon, asking faintly:

"Have you hot chocolate or anything for five cents?"

"One man told me he could give me Jamaica ginger!" she smiled. "Cold and hungry as I was, I just had to lean against the fountain and laugh."

The mite's name was Fay Bainter. Now, season after season, she fills the largest theaters in the land.

An infinite capacity for taking pains is most assuredly a prime attribute of all stage geniuses. After a year's steady grind in a successful musical comedy, a young actress recently noticed that her much-admired limbs were thinned down a little. She promptly abandoned the deep flesh-tinted silk stockings that had always proved so flattering to her legs and shifted to white stockings.

"The change added an evenly distributed pound, in appearance, to each of my limbs," she laughed. "Legs are a proposition, particularly if one's part calls for much dancing."

In the sixty-third year of his age, the late Henry Miller went to Frances Robinson-Duff, a famous coach, and worked like any beginner to correct a slight tightness of the tongue. For years this disability had interfered somewhat with his diction. The distinguished actor felt the fault and in his youthful days had submitted to a slight operation upon his soft palate by the young physician with whom he lived, Dr. Holbrook Curtis.

Picture Henry Miller, at the top of his profession, practicing tongue twisters and other grotesque exercises to eradicate a tiny defect noticeable on'y to experts!

But then, Sarah Bernhardt—faultless, divine Sarah, who could play a barefoot peasant girl or an empress—took lessons in the technique of the drama at fifty.

EVERY star must make the most meticulous study of his physical individuality. Overstrong, overprominent features must be softened by make-up. Undeveloped features must be heightened. Wigs, lace about the neck, a hundred tricks of the costumer's art and the make-up box are employed to correct facial and bodily defects. Small, squinty eyes become large and luminous under blue-penciled lengthening of the eyelashes. There have even been instances where lofty-arched eyebrows permitted the painting in of artificial eyes.

Geraldine Farrar, adored of the Gerry flappers and many more adult admirers, always wore her clothing tight across the hips and loose above the waist because of her boyish, flat-chested upper figure.

Every one of the famous stars, almost, has individual points of perfection. Connoisseurs speak with appreciation of the perfect manners of Clare Eames; the lovely head and shoulders of Elsie Ferguson; the pillared neck of Marjorie Rambeau; the classical brows of Jane Cowl; the soft, appealing profile of Laurette Taylor; the mobile, expressive hands of Nora Bayes; the sparkling eyes of Doris Keane.

If you want to reach the stars, you must learn the perfect way to walk and the perfect way to poise your body. Human beings lift

their feet like horses: the higher the step the more breeding. Many stars walk with the ease and body control of a fencer, chest up but not out, stomach flat, whole leg in movement.

The perfect posture of the body is found in the women of southern countries who carry baskets on their heads: these peasant women move with never a break in the body between hip and shoulder. Ina Claire, Mary Anderson, Doris Keane, have learned this trick. It is an added glory to Miss Anderson's perfect classic type. Ina Claire taught herself to move beautifully, for her legs are longer than her torso and she had to build up and strengthen her limbs by many months of exercise.

Fitting one's walk to one's character is an art in itself. Stage technicians say that Frances Starr has this ability to perfection. Perhaps you have noticed the enormous difference in the walk of Miss Starr's varying famous stage characters.

"One's walk is born at that moment when a player's concept of his character crystallizes," says Miss Starr. "*Juanita*, in The Rose of the Rancho, if you remember, was a romantic figure—all passion and fire. Of Spanish origin, she had all the warmth and color of a crimson rose. Her youth, her nationality, her ideals, all were embraced in her walk, which was a graceful, undulating glide.

Elsie Ferguson's head.

Photos by P. & A.

Ann Harding's hair.

"*LAURA MURDOCK*, in The Easiest Way, was vacillating, luxury-loving, weak. Every quality in her—mental and moral—crept into her walk—a curious, indecisive step that very much resembled that of a young puppy. *Laura's* walk was entirely foreign to anything I had ever seen. I can no more explain why it was what it was than I could explain why I was born with blue eyes instead of brown.

"Take *Gabrielle* in Henri Bernstein's The Secret. Her entire nature was corroded by one heinous fault—jealousy; a fault sunk to the level of depravity and developing in its victim a slyness and suspicion that made themselves apparent in a sliding, slinky walk. It was soft and stealthy like that of an animal stalking prey.

"The walk of *Marie-Odile*, another of my favorite characters, was born of observation. I had seen her counterpart in a convent in Alsace. This little novice seemed 'absent from the body and present with the Lord.' She walked as though treading on primroses which she must in no way touch.

"And then there was *Sally*—sturdy, courageous, practical *Sally* of Tiger! Tiger!! Her walk told her story—flat, plain, literal, honest, unimaginative.

"Ah," Miss Starr summed up, "a woman's walk is a sure index to character. The walk ranks next to the voice as one's greatest revelator."

A distinctive voice of range and power is almost essential to those who aspire to stardom. There are many beautiful voices on the American stage, but none comparable to Julia Marlowe's.

"Often," sighed Elsie Ferguson, "I have deliberately closed my mind to the sense of Miss Marlowe's lines that I might drink in the beauty of her voice."

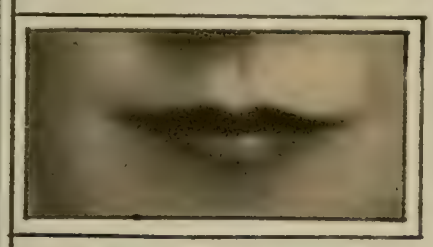
The Perfect Woman

HERE is a standard with which any woman's beauty and charm may be measured. It is made up of the traits of thirteen stage stars—each recognized as possessing some single distinctive feature of perfection:

Head of Elsie Ferguson
Profile of Laurette Taylor
Eyebrows of Jane Cowl
Eyes of Doris Keane
Neck of Marjorie Rambeau
Carriage of Ina Claire
Hands of Nora Bayes
Walk of Frances Starr
Voice of Julia Marlowe
Manners of Clare Eames
Hair of Ann Harding
Mouth of Ethel Barrymore
Legs of Ann Pennington

Ann Pennington's legs.

Nora Bayes' hands.



Ethel Barrymore's mouth.

Miss Marlowe has a range of at least an octave and a half, and long years of study and performance have given her complete control of every harmony. Her breath control, diction, and enunciation are perfect. She can utter a forty-word speech from the classics in one clear stream of flowing sound and in one breath. Also, Miss Marlowe's physical proportions for classical parts are flawless, though she is blessed with a decidedly unclassical dimple in her chin!

If another Bernhardt is to be produced in our time, she must travel the same hard, rough, but lovely road trod by the slender, fragile daughter of France. She must possess

Doris Keane's eyes.

Laurette Taylor's profile.

a passion for projecting her heart, her soul, her mind across the footlights. She must have that quality variously termed magnetism, personality, or charm, and learn to make it flow at will from stage to audience.

She must submit to long, torturous training in the mechanics of stagecraft so that she will be able to translate the thought behind her lines in every movement and position of her head, hands, torso, limbs, feet. Each finger must silently telegraph an emotion. She must cultivate the mind and the spirit, study the best in art, literature, philosophy.

I have been delving into the mechanics of star-making with Miss Robinson-Duff, Miss Beverly Sitgreaves, and other famous coaches, who have trained hundreds of beginners and to whom great players come for postgraduate work. All agreed there is great talent in America—perhaps thousands upon thousands of potential stars—but no wide knowledge.

"THERE can be no real art without perfect technique," explained Miss Sitgreaves. "The good old theory that acting means a make-up box and memorizing a bunch of words is gradually but slowly giving way to an intelligent understanding of what acting really is or should be. Voice, speech, diction, correct pronunciation, enunciation, tempo, color, variety, gesture, movement, poise, repose all are necessary instruments.

"Words are servants, not masters, of thought. The voice must be shaded in exact harmony with the word and thought. This is just as important in speech as in song. Music, harmony, and rhythm all are vital to the complete and perfect expression of emotion.

"To be natural is the greatest art in the world. Acting means serious, constant, endless work in many and various directions, but with a definite method, a sure foundation, an unerring mechanical technique which is hidden beneath the flowing mantle of talent, personality, charm, magnetism, and, above all, sincerity."

Miss Robinson-Duff, who is as thoroughly acquainted with the methods of the Conservatoire and Comédie Française as with American technical training, was kind enough to consider a hypothetical question:

Given Susie Smith, a young, enthusiastic, charming, industrious American girl, "just crazy to go on the stage"—how long a period

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[WHAT STARS ARE MADE OF]
[Continued from Page Seventeen]

would be required to transform her into a good, if not a star, actress?

"Perhaps a year, perhaps five years, perhaps"—Miss Robinson-Duff laughed—"perhaps forever. You see, the girl would be going into a strange land, a land whose language she could not speak. She would place herself under laws as immutable as the forces of chemistry. And who can tell whether she could adjust herself?"

Here are some of the tests she must pass successfully, as outlined by Miss Robinson-Duff:

Susie's training would begin on a physical basis. Her lung power would be tested.

Ten to one, it is discovered that Susie hasn't enough breath to project the simplest emotion. She is asked to draw a deep breath and read this speech of *Juliet* in the first balcony scene:

> Thou know'st the mask of night is
> on my face,
> Else would a maiden blush bepaint
> my cheek
> For that which thou hast heard me
> speak tonight.

There are twenty-seven words in this passage, and if Susie tried to repeat these lines in one breath, she'd have to go to bed for three days! Capable actors must be able to inhale sufficient breath to repeat thirty or even forty words. An actor, unlike an orator, can't run to the wings for water.

Susie, like most of us, has been living on an insufficient amount of air. She must begin a series of exercises—panting, blowing, bending. These are designed to develop the diaphragm, the strongest muscle in the body. The diaphragm is the center of one's being, the place where our breath first starts. For weeks Susie will bend and breathe—"in, out, lock; in, out, let go, lock."

Perhaps Susie has what is known as a "tight diaphragm"—a diaphragm locked by balky nerves. Even as experienced a player as Vivienne Osborn suffered from this defect until exercises and weeks of continuous playing in Aloma of the South Seas freed her muscular system.

Susie goes into training like an athlete. She learns relaxation, "living" in her "inactive muscles"; learns to generate vitality direct from the central power station, the diaphragm.

Next she learns "freedom of the tongue"—the root of which is the feeding pump of the human body—and loosening of the jaw, all through exercises controlled by the diaphragm. These exercises are designed to throw forward the resonance and tone of her voice.

Susie may have a sharp nasal tone. This may be turned to advantage! Through tongue exercises, the unpleasant tone may be moved out of the nose and put into the false nasal, lying just below the nose in the resonance cavity. Proper tones in the false nasal provide timbre, the buzz of the electric bell. Because Australians, Italians, Americans have this voice quality, they produce the greatest singers in the world. There are no great singers in England, where voices are low-pitched and kept "back in the mouth."

When Susie is fairly certain of her voice and her breathing, she may take up articulation—acquiring precision in pronunciation and delivery. She must learn "lip use," learn to "cover" her voice. If the corners of the lips go back, the tongue goes back and the tones go back. As Frank Tinney used to exclaim: "Gee whiz, didn't my tonsils backfire that time!"

Susie must learn to articulate forward; to blast out the gutturals. Occasionally she gets a perfect tone, with five overtones. She is beginning to play on more than one string.

Photo by Abbé

Jane Cowl, noted for her eyebrows.

She learns her voice is fresher if it recoils from the roof of the mouth upon the teeth. Out home, she'd talked, as many people do, right into her teeth. She learns that every tooth in her mouth makes a difference in her voice instrument. She hears Mr. Coolidge over the radio one evening and her ear, beginning to distinguish sound detonations, can tell our President's mouth is full of plates.

A few months pass and Susie finds she has a tremendously increased power in expelling her breath; her tongue is free and she knows and can practice the mechanics of articulation. Now her voice finds its natural color. Susie is delighted to find she gets a range of a full octave! When she started training she used, as most people, but two or three notes in her speaking-voice inflection. Susie learned to listen to tones on the subway, in the street, and discovered the unusual paucity of range in most voices. She learned that the average person is always in F, D, or C—the praying, self-pitying, or argumentative inflections.

Frances Starr and Edward H. Robins in The Easiest Way, an old Belasco play.

Now Susie possesses an instrument that is free and strong. But she must learn to play upon it. She must study punctuation and pause; learn to co-ordinate and correct; and to experiment with her source of emotion, the diaphragm. To her delight she is mistress of a vibrating, resonant harmony box. She doesn't "bleat," or squeak, or bury her tones. Now she must learn to laugh, to cry, to express every emotion with the voice.

She must sound her vowels according to varying emotions. She must read and memorize luscious old plays like Leah the Forsaken, and rich word combinations like the Hebrew Prayer. She must howl and sigh and shout. She must imitate the sounds of animals at play and in quarrel.

Now she is ready to be initiated into the mysteries of tempo. She slips back, for a while. She goes at a jog trot in the same old rhythm. If she accelerates, she doesn't enunciate her words. She skids. Months are generally required to correct these faults.

Now begins the study of gesture. She learns "sympathy" between her voice and her hands. She learns that emotion cannot be expressed with placid hands. Hands, she is taught, show the condition of the being. She is given a simple phrase, such as "Close the door," and is shown how to express nine or more emotions by varying positions of her hands and changing voice inflections. For instance:

Hands in lap, thumbs loose, as in Whistler's portrait of his mother, express calm repose.

Thumbs dropped express, varyingly, fatigue, insensibility, intoxication, sneakiness.

Curled fingers mean approbation and tenderness.

Thumbs up and out, held stiff, express power, as the traffic cop's: "Hey, pull over there!"

Fists tight, thumb over fingers, express a struggle for control.

Slightly opened fingers: convulsion.

Open fingers (spiral): earnestness.

Fingers slightly crooked at the end: exasperation.

All fingers thrown open: exaltation.

SIMILARLY, the spiritual, emotional, passionate expression of every part of the body is charted for Susie. She is shown how Sothern balances his weight and makes perfect use of his feet. In seating oneself, the rear of the leg always feels the chair before the body slips into a sitting posture. She is taught:

Heels together denotes inferiority, the servant posture.

Weight on the heel of the back foot denotes fear.

Weight on the ball of the back foot: power or thought.

Weight on the toe of the back foot: antagonism, defiance.

Weight on the heel of the front foot: arrested attention; on the ball of the front foot: animation; on the toe of the front foot: exaltation.

Susie is told that different circumstances demand different postures. Delsarte, the famous Frenchman, once told an actor who was to play a blind man: "Everything about you is correct but your feet. Your feet are not blind. The blind always seek a broad base. Stand with your feet wide apart."

Susie does pantomime bits. She studies fencing, dancing. Her reading is directed. She memorizes dozens of roles, including at least three Shakespearean plays. A year, two, five have passed. Perhaps she goes out for a season or two with small stock companies. She reads and studies constantly, always with an eye to Golden Opportunity.

Sooner or later Opportunity comes. She faces a great metropolitan audience and then—only the hydra-headed crowd across the footlights can supply the final answer!

THE END

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There's so much in it and it tastes so good!

Every time your spoon is dipped into Campbell's Vegetable Soup it comes back richly laden with delicious vegetables. Here's the thick, hearty kind of soup a real hunger enjoys. And the flavor is so perfect that it is a delight to your appetite.

Vegetable Soup is such an old household favorite that Campbell's long ago decided to produce it in such a delicious blend that everybody would agree it is "the best they ever tasted." So vegetable soup is now more popular than ever, especially since Campbell's saves the housewife all the trouble of making it.

When you make this soup the "big dish" of your luncheon or supper, you enjoy a meal with fifteen different, tempting garden vegetables. In the blend also are invigorating beef broth, alphabet macaroni, fine barley, savory herbs and seasoning. A welcome dish at dinnertime, too. Let the children eat it often.

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How to combat the film on teeth—the source of many tooth and gum disorders—a new way numbers of leading authorities suggest

The habit of removing film twice daily from the teeth by Pepsodent is widely urged by dental authorities because of its unique therapeutic and prophylactic qualities.

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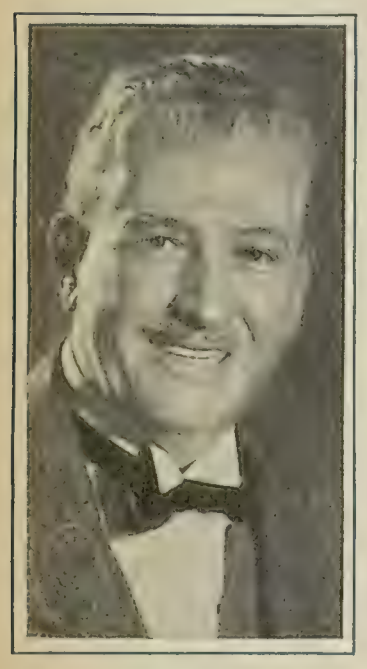

A method dentists now are widely urging

IN a film that forms on teeth, science has discovered what is believed to be a chief enemy both of sound teeth and of healthy gums—a viscous, stubborn film that ordinary brushing has failed to effectively combat.

Thus thousands who have taken greatest precautions, even from childhood, with their teeth, still are largely subject to tooth and gum disorders.

Many of the common tooth and gum troubles, including pyorrhea, are largely charged to this film. To combat it, a new dental care is now being widely advised.

What FILM Is—Its Effect on Teeth and Gums

For years dental science sought ways to fight film. Clear teeth and healthy gums come only when film is constantly combated—removed every day from the teeth.

Film was found to cling to teeth; to get into crevices and stay; to hold in contact with teeth food substances which fermented and fostered the acids of decay. Film was found to be the basis of tartar. Germs by the millions breed in it. And they, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea and most gum disorders.

Thus there was a universal call for an effective film-removing method. Ordinary brushing was found ineffective. Now two effective combatants have been found, approved by high dental authority and embodied in a tooth paste called Pepsodent.

Curdles and Removes Film—Firms the Gums

Pepsodent acts first to curdle the film. Then it thoroughly removes the film in gentle safety to enamel.

At the same time, it acts to firm the gums—Pepsodent provides, for this purpose, the most recent dental findings in gum protection science knows today. Pepsodent also multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. And thus aids in neutralizing mouth acids as they form.

It multiplies the starch digestant of the saliva. Thus combats starch deposits which might otherwise ferment and form acids.

No other method known to present-day science embodies protective agents like those contained in Pepsodent.

The art of smiling charmingly is the art of caring properly for one's teeth, for upon teeth smiles depend.

Please Accept Pepsodent Test

Send the coupon for a 10-day tube. Brush teeth this way for 10 days. Note how thoroughly film is removed. The teeth gradually lighten as film coats go. Then for 10 nights massage the gums with Pepsodent, using your finger tips; the gums then should start to firm and harden.

At the end of that time, we believe you will agree, that next to regular dental care, Pepsodent, the quality dentifrice, provides the utmost science has discovered for better tooth and gum protection.

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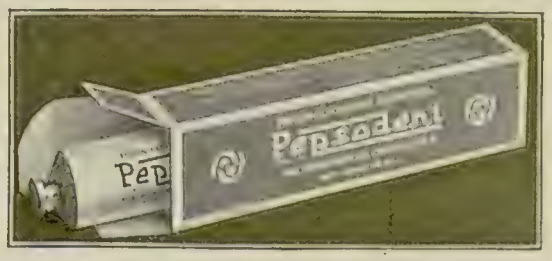

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The Quality Dentifrice—Removes Film from Teeth

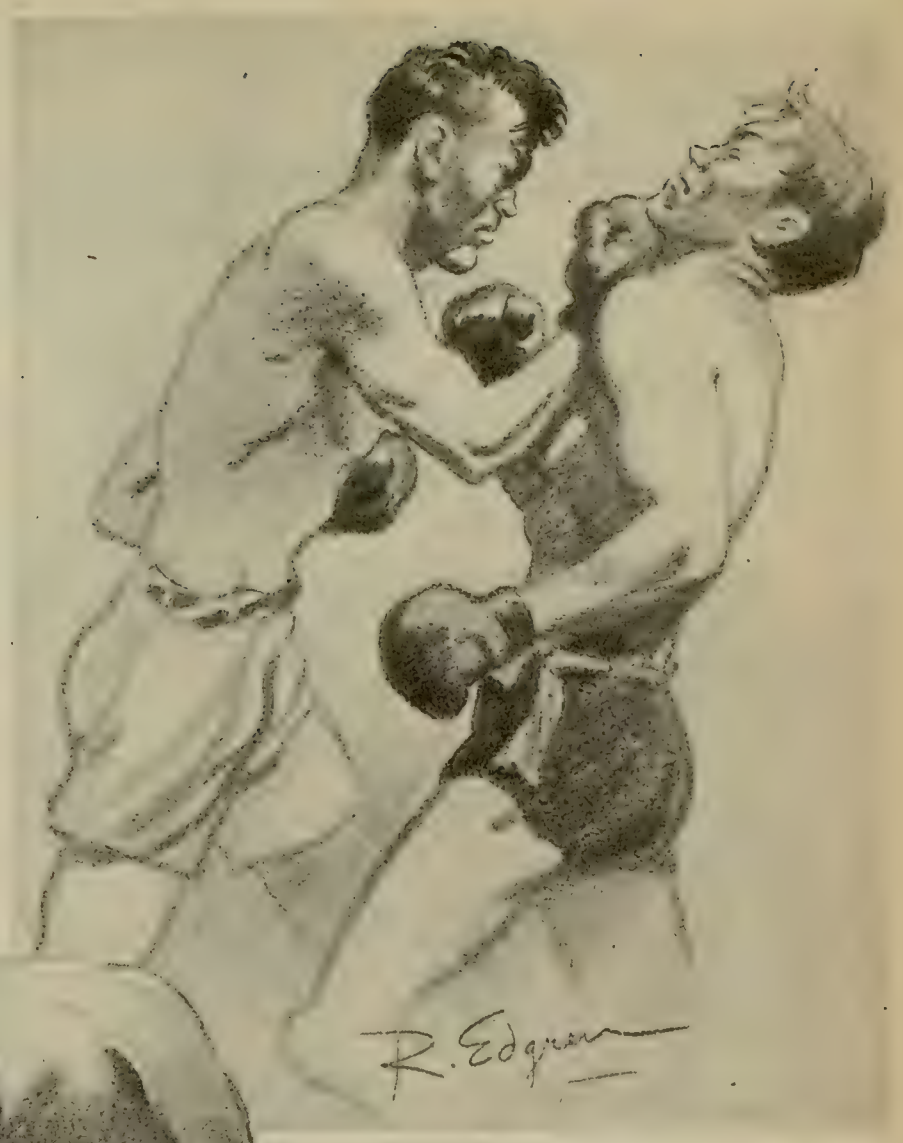
Punches I Have Taken

A Great Fighter Tells What the Other Fellows Did to Him

An Article by TOM GIBBONS

As Told to
Douglas de Younge Silver

Pictures by ROBERT EDGREN



If a man isn't holding his neck tense, a hard uppercut to the chin may snap him right out of consciousness.

A LOT of people, especially fight fans, tell me they are particularly interested in knowing just what brand of blows does the most damage in a prize fight. I know, from watching scraps myself and from the visual experiences of others, that a great many wallops are misleading. For instance, every spectator is familiar with the sight of a fighter landing on his opponent squarely—so squarely that the impact of the blow sounds like a mule kicking the sides out of a piano box. It *sounds* like an awful smash; in fact, it often is. But just as often the net damage to the recipient of the blow is nil.

On the other hand, fight fans have frequently noticed that a short, quick blow, or maybe a glancing one, can do more damage than a spectacular, noisy one.

Of course, a fighter has little choice as to how he's going to make the wallops he takes *sound*, but the effect is frequently the same. The nonpoisonous blows are liable to sound like a brick going through a plate-glass window, while the apparently soft, sly soaks are the ones apt to pack the venom.

Naturally, there is a reason for all this. Gene Tunney, the champion, is a fighter whose deadliest blows are the ones most liable to deceive the average spectator. Gene doesn't start swinging from the floor and swarm all over his rival. He fights so fast that it is hard to tell just which blows are the vital ones, and when the knockout arrives it might just as well be administered by either hand: his man is usually ripe for the picking. Tunney doesn't have to depend on any special knockout blows, because he is sure of his timing and of the deadliness of his wearing-down process.

When I fought Gene I was in a beautiful fog, but I can remember enough about the occasion to recall that Gene's worst crashes—that is, the worst for me and the best for him—were of the deceiving kind. They seemed to arrive from nowhere in particular and get there suddenly, although they didn't come from very far.

Gene's hardest blow, I should say, was his left hook to the liver; and this is anything but a sensational blow, as far as the audience is concerned.

Gene delivered these cracks during the infighting, and of course only an expert could realize the extent of the damage.

GENE TUNNEY must have realized my aversion for the liver lammer; he caught me there frequently.

Strange to relate, I don't remember very much about that battle. I remember that it was terribly hot—a record heat wave for New York in early June—and the terrific glare from the ring lights made it hotter.

As soon as the opening gong sounded, and I stepped around and tried out a few punches, I knew there was something missing. Just what that something was nobody knows. Every athlete turns in a groggy performance once in a while, just as every business man feels off form occasionally, often without any reason at all.

I imagine I felt about the way Jack Dempsey did in Philadelphia when he lost his title last September. The old fire, the old snap, was missing in both cases. About the eighth and ninth rounds of the Tunney fight, one of the few things I can recall is that my head was buzzing terrifically. I felt as if I were in an ether dream. Another thing I can recall—Gene's much-mooted left hooks to the head didn't bother me so much as reports of the fight would indicate. They weren't entirely responsible for that buzzing in the head. Loginess had a share in that. Incidentally, Tunney's hooks could not be compared with Dempsey's when I fought him at Shelby, Montana, on the Fourth of July, 1923. Jack's were *hooks!*

I found Jack Dempsey by far the more dangerous, in spite of his not being able to knock me out and Gene's being able to turn the trick. I predicted that Dempsey would easily beat Tunney. And I'm still not convinced that Dempsey isn't a better fighter, or at least just as good as the present champion.

WHILE it is hard to remember much of that sweltering set-to I had with Tunney in New York, I can recall almost every wallop during the Dempsey fight in Montana. It may not have been such a wow, as far as the customers and promoters were concerned; but as far as

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

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"Millionaire Weds Ritz Hotel 'Phone Girl!" is the headline that glues "Pink" Watson's gaze as she plugs in the fifth wrong number in a row for the boss of the East Side Coal Co. So the Coal Company gets a new switchboard operator—and Pink gets the job at the Ritz!

She's out to land Love *and* a Million — but "if they've got a million they've got a 'corporation'; and if they haven't got a corporation they're 'stuffed shirts'!" So Pink decides to do without the million when she meets a millionaire's valet who presses his suit so smartly she's ready to trade her dreams of orchids and ermine for daisies and imitation muskrat . . . . But then comes the "surprise!"

HARRY LANGDON
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Children cry for 'em — Little boys sigh for 'em — Little girls laugh at 'em—Big girls sit on 'em—And the whole world is roaring at—LONG PANTS!

A classic of the Bashful Age, when both voice and trousers are changing. Harry hopes his first long pants will make him a Sheik . . . . When you see him you'll say he's a Shriek! He takes the village siren joy-riding and she has to walk back — because the bicycle broke down. And when he comes home with a broken heart — his mother is waiting with the same tender smile as when he came crying over a broken kiddie car!

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First National Pictures

Take the Guesswork out of "Going to the Movies"

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

I personally was connected with the affair, I'll never forget it.

Jack started right out like a house afire. In the first round he rocked me with a hard right to the head that made me feel as if I'd put my face in front of an express train. Without a doubt this was the hardest punch delivered during the whole fifteen rounds. In fact, if Jack had realized it, he might have finished me on the spot; but, fortunately for me, he didn't appreciate the damage. I made some show of activity right after the blow to mask my condition, and no doubt saved myself that way.

Near the end of the third round, according to the "experts," Jack landed a terrific right to the heart that had, or should have had, me in a bad way. Here is just another instance of how even ringside spectators are liable to be misled by the sound, or even the appearance, of a blow. The effect of the first-round pile-driver blow was underestimated, while the net result of the third-round smash was overrated. I felt it, of course, and can remember it, too; but it wasn't so dangerous as they thought.

USUALLY, when Dempsey hits a man with one of his long swings, especially his left, it's an awe-inspiring sight and carries just as much damage as, or even more than, it would appear to. Even so, I have cited the instances in the first and third rounds of the fight he had with me, to bear out my contention that blows often aren't so tough, or *vice versa*, as they seem to be.

All of which might bring us to the consideration of various wallops and what kind are the most dangerous, geographically speaking. The heart punch is a sickening one. Men are often knocked out by it, though usually only when the body is relaxed at the time of the blow's impact. This is a curious fact. In most other sports relaxation of muscles is a desirable condition.

When a fighter starts to weaken he begins to relax. His opponent observes it, and the birds start clearing their throats to sing. Stomach muscles can sometimes be held so tense that fighters may be soaked with all their opponent's force and never be bothered.

I used to practice special development of abdominal muscles when I began training with brother Mike, and after a while I got so that when another fighter landed on my stomach he ran more risk of breaking his hand than he did of hurting me.

Another spot where relaxation is deadly is the neck. If a man takes a hard uppercut right smack on the chin and isn't holding his neck tense, he stands a good chance of being snapped right out of consciousness. As far as that goes, the less neck a fighter has the better off he is. With little or no neck, a man can bury his chin almost behind his collar bone or hide behind his shoulder and observe what's going on without exposing too much valuable territory for the enemy to bombard.

I would nominate the liver punch as the most dangerous one in the whole catalogue. Like a blow to the heart, it is sickening, but it also is paralyzing as well. Gene Tunney must have realized my aversion for the liver lammer, and so caught me there frequently when I fought him.

Contrary to public opinion, it may be safely stated that punches in the nose are not so harmful or so discouraging as they are supposed to be. I guess we get used to taking them there.

Of course, after a nose has been standing up under all sorts of heavy weather for a number of years, it begins to get sort of flat and discouraged looking; but for a fighter with social leanings and a yearning for the Klieg lights, there is a remedy. Ask Jack Dempsey—his nose knows.

While the nose punch is really only ordinary as far as knockout possibilities or damaging tendencies are concerned, it sometimes

Int. photo

Tom Gibbons in action.

may be made discouraging if the blood flows hard enough to interfere with or shut off breathing. This frequently happens. By itself, bleeding is more or less discouraging to some fighters; but when it actually serves to cut off the air supply the nose punch can often be turned into an effective wallop. Speaking for myself, however, I can say that many times I have been hit clean on the nose without any noticeable discomfort.

INCIDENTALLY, square punches hurt the least. This is probably another contradiction of the public's idea as to what constitutes a damaging punch; but it's true just the same, and can be explained. A square or full punch is jarring, of course, but the extent of the shock depends on how much dynamite is behind the wallop. Glancing blows hurt more, if a proportionate amount of steam backs them up, than square smacks, because they bruise the surface more and shake up what's beneath the skin to a greater extent. Glancing wallops are the ones that draw the claret.

In the Dempsey fight I remember that during the fourth round he kept shooting for the head to get my guard up, but wasn't successful. When a fighter wants to raise his opponent's guard so he can start shooting them into the body, he bombards the head. Conversely, when he is interested in getting the guard away from the head, he starts to bang them into the other fellow's midriff. In most of my hardest fights—battles with Greb, Carpentier, Miske, and Dempsey—I was lucky enough to keep my hands where they were able to do the best defensive work. Against Tunney, though, I didn't have the pep to keep them either up or down.

Once during the Dempsey fight I was in a position where it was impossible to get my guard up where it belonged; and through no fault of mine, either. It was a peculiar situation. During the sixth round, while pulling away from a right swing, I unintentionally slipped under the rope. Finding myself facing Dempsey in a crooked position—he was right on top of me—I realized I couldn't come out without running into an explosion.

WHEN Dempsey took in the situation he showed he was very unsportsmanlike by calmly lifting the rope and taking a punch at me through it. The smallest courtesy of the ring would have been for Jack to step back and let me come out unmolested. The crowd hissed him long and loudly for this.

In the next round, the seventh, Jack landed several annoying punches. Right after the gong he plopped a right to the jaw, and followed it up a little later with a series of punches to my left kidney. The kidney wallops were painful, but that introductory jaw punch paralyzed me. I was uncertain as to my next move, not wanting to betray my wabbliness, and being too weak to make much of an effort at boxing or at running, either. It was a warm moment. Just when I thought I was coming through the trouble all right—wham! Dempsey pasted me another one right in the same place.

One thought whirled through my head. "Gee," I figured, "if he fights me now I'm gone." There wasn't much for me to do but fall into a clinch, which I did without playing around any more within range of Jack's howitzer offensive. Through the tugging around and my great physical condition, I managed to come back in fine shape; but it was a mighty close call. At the end of the round I made up my mind that Jack couldn't hurt me.

During the next few rounds Dempsey shot almost exclusively for the head because I wanted him to. In doping out my campaign as I went along, I calculated that if I left my jaw unprotected Dempsey would prefer to swing for it instead of my body. Also, I knew I had a better chance of making him miss my head than my body—with the added possibility of his being off balance and using up considerable strength in firing high.

For weeks after the fight my head was so badly swollen from rabbit punches back of the neck that I couldn't even wear a hat. It became somewhat embarrassing a few days after, when I left Shelby with Eddie Kane, my manager, to start a vaudeville tour. A big mob used to wait outside of

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[PUNCHES I HAVE TAKEN
Continued from Page Twenty-three]

the stage doors of theaters, and various self-appointed comedians would gibe and yell every time they noticed I was bareheaded. The consensus of opinion among the sidewalk humorists was that I had got so swell-headed over staying the full fifteen rounds with Dempsey that they didn't make hats big enough for me.

Generally, though, it's apt to be bad medicine to be hit in the head too often and too hard. My emergency plan of battle during the Dempsey fight demanded that I take it there so as to avoid too much punishment elsewhere; but considerable risk was run thereby. Some fighters have actually been knocked goofy from using their heads as punching bags. It is easily understood why, when one considers that the head is merely a casing to protect the brain. And it stands to reason that such a delicate organ may easily be thrown out of gear by too much bombardment on its outer shell.

There are many different brands of wallops to the head, and a particularly bad species are socks on the jaw. Again, there are several varieties of these. Uppercuts aren't very pleasant, but they don't begin to rank with right or left hooks for injuriousness. A good right or left hook to the jaw, if it lands unexpectedly, is liable to disconnect the jaw at the base of the brain and prove sleep-producing.

Strange to say, two consecutive rights or two similar lefts to the jaw are much more damaging than a right and then a left. A fairly hard right after a hard left will tend to arouse an opponent to clearer consciousness, while a right on top of a right will serve to give him the impression that the sandman and the birdies are not far off.

SHIFTING down a bit on the body, most people seem to think the solar plexus, more familiarly known as the bread basket, or wind, is the most vulnerable spot. As I have said, the liver is the most dangerous locality.

Of course, a good blow in the solar plexus doesn't feel like any powder-puff pat, but comparatively few fighters are knocked cold by wind wallops, for two reasons: First, all fighters develop strong muscular protection there and are usually rigid and tense when a blow does land in the vicinity. Secondly, the solar plexus is one of the hardest spots of the body on which to land a clean blow. A boxer's left side is nearly always turned toward his opponent, and his two elbows create considerable defense. The solar plexus, when the body is erect and relaxed, is a surely punched ticket to a knockout; but fighters usually have sense enough to crouch and harden their midriffs.

Speaking of bad punches, I recall one wallop in the fourteenth round of the Dempsey scrap that brought blood to my mouth. It was a left jab, and annoying but not dangerous. Just as certain people feel faint and start to cave in at the knees at the sight of their blood, occasionally some fighters are affected the same way. Needless to say, it's not a very useful part of any boxer's make-up. Generally speaking, blood never bothered me much.

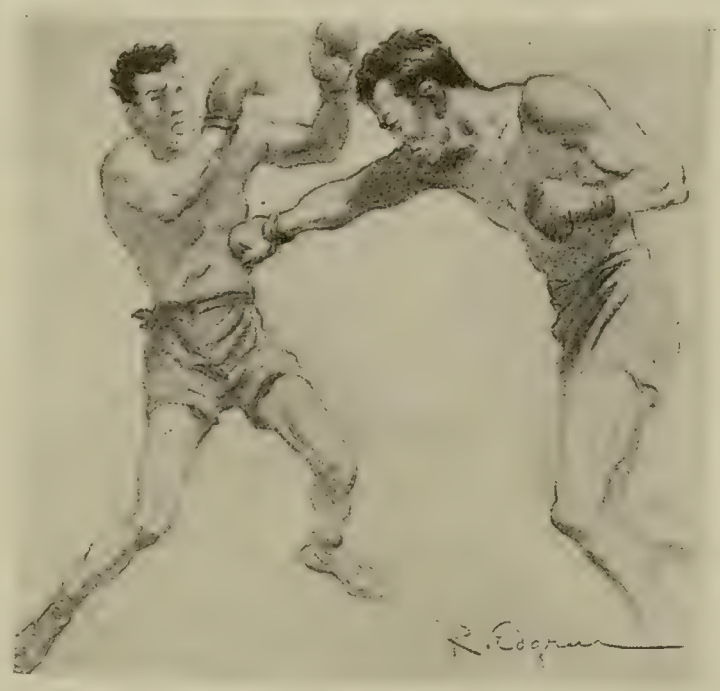
It usually has a stimulating effect on spectators, though. For some peculiar reason, when a fighter starts to bleed, no matter how much he may have damaged the other fellow, the crowd will start to yell and cheer for his opponent. Incidentally, the ones that yell the loudest are the plungers with fifty cents at stake and the least virile specimens in the mob.

While I was fighting Joe Burke in Kalamazoo, Michigan, in 1921, he bumped me with his head and cut me over the right eye. The higher up on the body a cut is, the harder it bleeds. This one bled freely, and by the time the round ended I was pretty well covered with gore. The crowd thought Burke had suddenly turned the tide of battle in his favor, and cheered him for the rest period. But I knew better. Before he bumped me I had given him a couple of socks that had brought out the required grunts—sweet music to a fighter's ears—and knew it wouldn't be long before Mr. Burke would be horizontal. In spite of the mob's yelling during the next round, I finished him, although I must have looked like somebody who'd just taken a bath in tomato ketchup.

Another scarlet battle I recollect was an encounter with Joe Herrick of Kewanee, Illinois, at Winnipeg, back in 1916. Before the fight had gone very far I ducked under a right hook, only to run my head into Joe's elbow. It cut me seriously, and the wound spurted a crimson shower around the ring. It looked bad, and it was bad.

During the rest period a doctor sitting at the ringside sent out for some dope to stop the flow. Whatever he got, it finally did the trick; but I had lost so much blood I was lucky to go back and finish the fight. Naturally, I was considerably weakened, and had to knock Joe down twice before they gave me a draw.

At other times I have had my eyes cut so that the claret would temporarily obscure the



The heart punch is a sickening one.

vision; but generally I have been very lucky with wallops around the eyes. My eye bones are rounded instead of sharp the way some boxers' are, so that my eyes very seldom have been cut.

The eyes are strategically bad places in which to get hit. So many things may happen. In the first place, almost any kind of an eye wallop is painful, as one would imagine. The main object, though, for picking on an opponent's eyes is because of the annoyance and havoc that may be raised if the other fellow's eye starts to close.

When one eye is closed it also helps to blind the other one. I was boxing Billy Miske in St. Paul in December, 1922, just two months after he won from me on a foul in New York. There was a lot of argument about that New York fight and about the justice of giving Miske the decision. I knew a mistake had been made, and naturally wanted a chance to get even with Billy; so I welcomed the return bout in St. Paul.

IN the ninth round it looked as if I had him, so I began to pour in a rapid fire of finishing blows. Suddenly, from a clear sky, he dropped a thunderbolt left hook on my right eye, and it closed. In my eagerness to see out of my remaining good eye, I strained it so much it soon filled with water, clouding my sight.

In the meantime, friend Billy was coming along strongly, and in the last round more than held his own.

Poor Bill's dead now, and so is another one of the greatest fighters that ever lived—Harry Greb. Of course, everybody knows now that for five years before he died Harry fought while he had the sight of only one eye. When he fought me in Madison Square Garden in New York in 1922, and beat me in fifteen rounds, nobody knew it—a fact that makes his feat seem all the more remarkable.

This is generally conceded to have been Greb's blue-ribbon battle. We had met three times before and I had won all three contests; but during those scraps I couldn't seem to master his style, or rather the lack of any style except a windmill deluge of whirling wallops. He was just right in our last engagement, and all primed for the fray in which he won.

I never saw so many gloves in one ring in my life. The boxing wizardry, so called, upon which I had built my reputation was rendered null and void for the evening by the Pittsburgh cyclone. His hurricane aggressiveness and bewildering hitting accuracy enabled him to unleash more bull's-eye blows than he ever had landed before.

When you consider that Harry was half blind, you may realize what a miraculous battler he was.

Harry's style was peculiar. I never knew what he was going to do next, because he didn't know himself. He had a great habit of holding a fellow in the back of the neck with one hand and punching with the other. No doubt at all but that he was the most unorthodox fighter that ever lived.

FIGHT fans will remember that the blow that deprived him of the sight of an eye was delivered by Kid Norfolk. This shows how dangerous freak blows from men comparatively easy to handle may sometimes raise havoc. Harry won the fight that lost him his eye, and I didn't have much trouble with Norfolk three years later, in 1924, knocking him out in six rounds.

Blows aimed for vital spots may sometimes be avoided by a quick turning of the head or body with the wallop. This requires quick co-ordination of mind and muscle, but it will take the harm out of any sock. That's why people couldn't seem to understand how I could take so much from Dempsey. They said I was an Iron Man (a name I always wanted to avoid), when really all I did was slip this way and that as the occasion required. Brother Mike was a past master at that. I never saw anyone to equal him at it. He taught it to me.

Naturally, it took me some time to be expert at it, and before I had been fighting very long, in 1914, I ran into one particular wallop that stands out in my memory as the hardest I ever received.

I was fighting Buck Crouse at Hudson, Wisconsin. Buck always was a hard hitter and nobody appreciated it any more than I did on the night we met. We were boxing along without any apparent damage on either side, and I thought I could handle any old kind of a right-hand punch, when suddenly the whole building seemed to fall on my left jaw. I was just about to move the building off, when *bam!* it came down again. But a second later the bell clanged and saved the day.

I revived somewhat during the next round, and finally, in the fourth, managed to nail Mr. Crouse with a right that sent him to the canvas. He got right up again, but after bouncing back and forth from my right to the resin, he finally stayed down.

Every fighter is usually famed for one particular shot, or sleep-dealing combination. Among the men I have encountered I recall the following pet blows:

George Chip's favorite shot was a left hook to the jaw. Billy Miske favored a right hook. Battling Levinsky (incidentally the most discouraging man I ever fought—always kept me thinking he was going to pull one stunt, only to fox me with the unexpected) used a right cross. Carpentier's big number was a hard, straight right. Bob Moha used the one-two punch. Kid Norfolk showered right and left hooks. Jack Bloomfield, from England, had a jolly good left.

THE END

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Princess Mae fades OUT

Hollywood's Merry Widow Waltzes Off to Her Transcaucasian Palace

A Movie Review by
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

THE much married Mae Murray has just withdrawn from Hollywood. She is taking her newest husband, Prince David M'Divani of Georgia, in Transcaucasia, and departing for Europe, where she says she will make pictures to her own liking.

This means the termination of Miss Murray's Metro-Goldwyn contract, which had numerous stormy moments. Many of these occurred during the making of The Merry Widow, when the fiery director, Erich von Stroheim, and the blonde star were locked in combat every few minutes. Miss Murray called Erich a Hun, and Erich retaliated with "rotten actress."

Miss Murray has had a picturesque career. She gives her birthplace as Portsmouth, Virginia, and the date as May 10, 1893. The World Almanac, however, gives the date as 1889. She made her first appearance on Broadway in the chorus of the Ziegfeld Follies of 1908.

Mae Murray and Lloyd Hughes as the happy lovers in Valencia.

Later came engagements in cabarets and vaudeville. She returned to the Follies in 1915, appearing as *Mary Pickford* in a satire of the movies. That bit shaped her way to the films.

Late in 1915 Miss Murray began her screen career, appearing in To Have and to Hold with the ill-fated Wallie Reid.

Greta Nissen, the blonde in Blonde or Brunette.

Most of her popular celluloid roles called for something of the dance, as in On with the Dance and Idols of Clay. There has been no neutral ground for viewing her in films. Her affected, super-cuteisms either won you definitely, or they annoyed you definitely. Von Stroheim eliminated a lot of this artificial quality from Miss Murray's work in The Merry Widow. Hence, despite the months of temperamental clashes, it became her best work for the screen.

Miss Murray has had four husbands: William Schwencker, Jay O'Brien, Robert Leonard, the director, and the present prince, who was trying to get into the movies at the moment he met her. The two recently visited Georgia (not Ty Cobb's Georgia), and Mae has expressed herself as highly enthusiastic about David's dad.

Adolphe Menjou and Arlette Marchal in the new screen comedy, Blonde or Brunette.

Miss Murray's last Metro-Goldwyn film is Valencia, just released. It is a fearfully bad picture, a highly artificial story of a Spanish dancer who, despite her love for a sailor, wins the unpleasant attentions of the local governor.

SPEAKING of blondes and dancers brings me to Greta Nissen. Miss Nissen started in pictures very auspiciously early in 1925. She had appeared as a dancer in the footlight satire, The Beggar on Horseback. The films seized her immediately. She did *Tisha*, the biblical siren in The Wanderer. She was an optically cheery note in Adolphe Menjou's A King on Main Street.

Then she disappeared from the screen, reappearing in last year's Ziegfeld's Revue. Miss Nissen had been reported as temperamental. Now, however, she is back in films, and with her original employers, the Famous Players. She appeared in that piquant study in divorce, The Popular Sin, and now she is the pivot of interest in another gingery infidelity variation, Blonde or Brunette. Miss Nissen is delightful in Blonde or Brunette, which stars the suave Mr. Menjou. It is a sprightly and, at times, daring comedy, given verve by Menjou's expert acting and Miss Nissen's charm. Arlette Marchal, imported from France, is the brunette of the story. Do gentlemen prefer blondes? They do in Blonde or Brunette, anyway, which probably is as it should be, considering that Miss Nissen is the argument for the golden bob.

Do you know that—

Norma Shearer is to play *Kathie* to Ramon Novarro's *Prince* in Old Heidelberg? . . . Lil Dagover, imported from the Ufa Berlin studio, plays opposite Emil Jannings in his first American film, The Man Who Forgot God? . . . William Fox will soon release Surprise, the first American-made picture by F. W. Murnau, who directed The Last Laugh and Faust? . . . Gilbert Roland's father was a matador? . . . He was born in Seville and now he's *Armand* to Norma Talmadge's *Camille?* . . . Lya de Putti and Famous Players mutually have terminated their contract?

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Humor *on the Other Side*

THE English have many more humorous magazines than we have.

Pictures by RALPH BARTON

Explaining the Deep Mystery of What Makes an Englishman Laugh

An Article by

CAROLYN WELLS

MANY years ago I first heard the phrase, "A sense of humor." It seemed to me a definite and snappy description of the attribute that I liked best in people, and I immediately adopted it into my vocabulary, where it has remained ever since, and is, perhaps, the most used of any of my hackneyed locutions.

It is my acid test for friends or acquaintances. Indeed, it is practically my only test. If anyone has a real sense of real humor, he is my friend, though he may, like Moses, break all the Commandments at once.

I was little more than a child when I discovered that I myself possessed this fascinating, if intangible, thing. Whereupon I set myself to read and study what the train boys of that day called out as:

"*Life*, *Puck*, *Judge*, and *Texas Siftings!*"

And then some English visitors came to my home.

To my amazement, they knew none of the journals I've mentioned, not even *Texas Siftings*. Nor did they laugh when I regaled them with choice excerpts.

After their departure I made inquiries, and

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

was told by my father that the English had no sense of humor.

My reaction to this was merely a deep pity for the unfortunate Britons, but I never dreamed of doubting my father's statement.

Nor was it until I grew up and studied literature for myself that I discovered that my father's belief, shared by thousands of 100-per-cent Americans, was utterly erroneous.

The English people have an inborn sense of humor, a heritage of it, a power to write it, that transcends that of all other nations.

But we Americans have wit. This, save in some illustrious instances, is left out of the Englishman's make-up. His mind works too slowly, his brain is not sufficiently agile, nor his tongue ready enough, to give voice to the sudden, impromptu wit that characterizes the American temperament.

Nor can he always understand it. It is a well known jest that it takes a day or so for a joke to seep into the Englishman's mind. And this has been exaggerated, until it is said that jokes are published daily in London in order that Englishmen may have something to laugh at in their old age.

The English have many more humorous magazines than we have. By which, of course, is meant periodicals devoted to humorous skits or paragraphs. And they are far cheaper. *London Opinion, The Passing Show, The Humorist, Tit-Bits, Pearson's,* and *Answers* all are twopenny weeklies.

Punch, of course, stands by itself, and must not be considered, in price or quality, as belonging to the general class.

As to subject matter, first and foremost in the British mind stands the Pun.

Nothing can oust this from its high position, and a large proportion of the daily grist of jokes depends on this for being.

A few examples follow:

"Was Peggy upset when he broke off the engagement?"

"Oh, yes—it completely unmanned her." — *Tit-Bits Summer Annual, 1926.*

YOUNG MAN: Hi, miss, didn't you say it was teas a shilling?

WAITRESS: Yes, sir.

YOUNG MAN: Right ho, here's a shilling; now tease me. — *Tit-Bits Summer Annual, 1926.*

YOUNG THING: A first to Gerrard's Cross, please.

THE CLERK (very busy): One second, miss.

YOUNG THING: No—a first!

THE CLERK: Yes, a first, but in a second.—*The Humorist.*

FARMERS all over Yorkshire are grumbling at the weather. And now there is moor grousing. — *London Opinion.*

THEY were talking together in the club smoking-room. Said one: "Well, the soccer season is with us again. It's a jolly good game, but it's a pity the spectators are so rowdy, as a rule."

"Yes," agreed the second man, "you might almost call them footballsheviks."—*Sporting and Dramatic Yarns, by R. J. B. Sellar, published by T. Fisher Unwin, London, 1925.*

RED TIE: The owners want to throw all the onus on the miners.

BLUE TIE: And the miners want to throw all the minus on the owners.—*Punch.*

"HELLO, Sir William," said the club bore, seizing a chance.

TEACHER: Give me a sentence with the word "analyze."

SMALL BOY: My sister Anna says she never makes love; but, oh, how analyze!—*The Humorist.*

DOUBTLESS the next most prolific subject for the Englishman's jesting is the well known thriftiness of the Scotch.

The first time I was introduced to this somewhat scathing branch of humor was when I first heard the old classic of the Scotchman who went to visit London and afterward confided to a friend, "I hadn't been there half a day, when bang went saxpence!"

This satire on the Scots' thrift, even penuriousness, has been worked to the limit. Frequently, indeed, jokes made in America are wittier than the ones that originate in Great Britain, but over there they have the advantage of personal contact, and their jests ring true.

For some reason, the sarcasm hits harder on Aberdeen than on any other Scotch locality, and most of the comments on miserliness are directed at the Aberdonians.

For instance:

LOWLANDER: Third return tae Inverness.

TICKET CLERK: Change at Aberdeen.

LOWLANDER: Na, na! I'll tak' ma change here—Ah've bin tae Aberdeen.—*Punch.*

IT is possible to travel twenty miles for twopence on the Glasgow trams. The idea, we believe, is to encourage Scots to stay in Scotland. —*London Opinion.*

IT was a citizen of Aberdeen, we understand, who decided that life was not worth living, and concluded to end it all. So he went over to a friend's house and turned on the gas.

NEW ARRIVAL: I see you're growin' a beard, Angus!

ANGUS: Aye! When Ah cam' doon twa weeks ago, Ah found Ah'd left ma razor at hame!—*The Humorist.*

ENGLISHMAN (at street accident in a Scottish village): Give him some air.

SUSPICIOUS NATIVE: Give him some yersel', mon. —*The Happy Magazine.*

A SCOT who was holidaying in London went into a picture house one wet evening, and at the end of the show sought out the manager and demanded the return of his entertainment tax.

"Dear me!" gasped the manager, "this is an extraordinary request. Why do you want it back?"

"I wasna entertained," said the disgusted patron.—*Sporting and Dramatic Yarns.*

AN Aberdeen commercial traveler who was staying in a London hotel became friendly with three English brethren, and as all were keen on card-playing a four at bridge was quickly made up. After half an hour's play a page boy came into the lounge shouting for Mr. MacPherson, the Aberdonian.

The Scot indicated his identity, and on being informed that someone wanted him on the telephone he picked up his little pile of cash at the corner of the table and went to answer the call.

When he returned a few minutes later he found his erstwhile companions grouped round the fire. They ignored him completely, and the astounded Scot asked what was wrong. The others explained curtly that they did not care to play with a person who could not trust them. Somewhat mystified at this conduct, Mr. MacPherson apologized and the game was resumed.

Ten minutes later the page boy returned to the lounge to say that there was another telephone call for MacPherson. The Scot rose reluctantly, eying his winnings narrowly as he did so. At length he heaved a sigh and said, "Well, gentlemen, there's seventeen and elevenpence here, *but I'm leaving it.*"

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

ORDINARY LATHER

This lather-picture (greatly magnified) of ordinary shaving cream shows how large, air-filled bubbles fail to get down to the base of beard; and how they hold air, instead of water, against the whiskers.

COLGATE LATHER

This picture of Colgate lather shows how myriads of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles hold water, not air, against the base of the beard, thus softening every whisker right where the razor works.

Beard Softening *Explained*

YOU may work up a thick creamy lather, use a sharp blade; yet your whiskers fail to come off smoothly. What is the reason? Are your whiskers so tough and wiry that lather cannot soften them? Certainly not—if you use the right kind of lather—a lather developed to soak your beard soft at its base, where hair and razor meet.

Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream gives such lather. The secret of its success is in the smallness of its bubbles. The smaller the bubbles, the more water and less air they contain, as the lather-pictures shown above prove. And science asserts that the water in the lather is the real beard-softener.

How Colgate lather works

The moment Colgate lather forms on your beard, two things happen:

1. The soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair, and floats it away.

2. With the oil film gone, millions of tiny, water-saturated bubbles bring and hold an abundance of water down to the base of the beard, right where the razor does its work.

Thus every hair is cut close and clean. And your face remains cool and comfortable through the day. Write Colgate & Co., Dept. 502-C, 581 Fifth Ave., for a trial tube; a week's better shaves free.

Colgate & Co. Est. 1806

SOFTENS THE BEARD AT THE BASE

NASH

Leads the World in Motor Car Value

The New
De Luxe Light Six
$1085
f. o. b. Factory

Beauty and Luxury without an Equal

in the whole $1000 Field

By long odds the most distinguished motor car ever introduced into the $1000 field, this new Nash De Luxe Light Six is also the most remarkable performer.

Along with its notable beauty and classic body craftsmanship it has the vital superiority of a 7-bearing crankshaft motor—*the ultra-modern type.*

That gives you a superlative advantage over the standard 3 or-4 bearing motor in the way of matchless quietness and phenomenal smoothness thruout the full range of speed and power.

Colorfully finished in exquisite blue lacquer and enhanced with a wealth of refinements and appointments, it stands out as a motor car value clearly above and beyond comparison.

The attractiveness of the interior is enriched with a walnut finished instrument board and window ledges, and choice upholstery of genuine Chase Velmo Mohair Velvet.

Headlamps as well as cowl lamps are executed in the bullet design. The steering wheel is of real Circassian walnut. There are bumpers in front and bumperettes at the rear, and a motometer surmounts the winged radiator cap. 4-wheel brakes and 5 disc wheels are also included as standard equipment within the price.

(4781)

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

There is a sequel to that little yarn. When Mr. MacPherson returned to his native Aberdeen he told a crowd of cronies of the extraordinary ways of the English. He related the card-playing incident, and at the end of the narration there was a puzzled silence, until at length one of the listeners said in a tone of deep bewilderment, "Well, Mac, what else could you have done?"—*Sporting and Dramatic Yarns.*

THE festive season had left two Scottish friends very hard up and —very dry. They could not raise a cent between them, and a drink was imperative. They stood disconsolately outside the hotel door, and then one had an inspiration. He walked into the saloon bar, ordered a small whisky, and talked to the barmaid for fifteen minutes without stopping. At length he raised his hat and made for the door.

"Excuse me," said the barmaid, "did you pay for your drink?"

"Oh, aye," said the Scot, "d'ye no mind, I gave you the money when I ordered the drink?"

"All right, sir," said the barmaid, with a trusting smile. "I must have forgot."

Highly elated with his success, the Scot left to communicate to his friend how it could be done. Scot No. 2 determined to try his luck. He strolled nonchalantly into the bar, ordered a double Scotch and soda, talked to the barmaid for twenty minutes, then said good-by. He was walking out, when he suddenly stopped and returned to the counter.

"Here, lassie," he said suspiciously, "did ye give me ma cheenge?"—*Sporting and Dramatic Yarns.*

AS may be noted, these stories are pure satire, and of legitimate humor, but they are long, a little prosy, and not always very interesting.

Far snappier is the American story of a Scotchman who took a street-car ride on one of the cars that bear the legend: "Pay when you leave." The Scotchman is riding yet.

A never-failing delight to the English newspaper reader is found in the stories of children's sayings and doings.

And English children are not at all like American children. There is far more difference between the youngsters of the two countries than between the grown-ups. Not in education, but in their mental attitudes.

The English child knows things the American kiddy never dreams of, and, contrariwise, our children have wisdom that the English children never attain.

This is probably due to the general fact that the child of an English household is made one of the family when there are no guests, but is promptly relegated to the nursery when company arrives; while the American child is more in evidence with strangers present than without.

But the stories of children in the English papers are often amusing and even charming and delightful. Here are a few:

HE strolled into the bar, ordered a double Scotch and soda, and talked to the barmaid twenty minutes.

"Oo! Ow! There's too much mustard in this sandwich!"

"No, there isn't, dad. You've taken the one the wasp was on!"—*Tid Bits Summer Annual, 1926.*

"DON'T mumble your prayers, Helen. I can't hear a word you say!"

"I wasn't speaking to you, mother!"—*Punch.*

IMPORTANT CALLER: Have a bit of cake, my dear. (Pause.) Well, what do you say?

DAUGHTER OF THE HOUSE: Thank you; and what do *you* say—"Excuse fingers"?—*Punch.*

MY little girl, aged five, was looking at the photographs in the *Daily Express,* and was interested in a big liner which I told her had recently been christened. "Oh, mummy," she exclaimed breathlessly, "how ever did they get it into the church?"—*Daily Express.*

"DID you post my letter, darling?" asked the little girl's mother.

"Yes, mother."

"But why have you brought back the money I gave you for the stamp?"

"I didn't have to use it, mother!" replied Mary. "I slipped the letter into the box when nobody was looking."—*Pearson's Weekly.*

"ARE you really eighty-five, grandma?"

"Yes, my dear; I was eighty-five years old last month."

"Are you sure you're not living a double life?"—*Gaiety Annual, 1926.*

NEW NURSE (at bedtime): How nicely you say your prayers, dear.

MOLLY (aged six): Oh, that's nothing. Just wait till you hear me gargle!—*The Happy Magazine.*

IT may be conceded that when it comes to satire, the English writers are cleverer than the Americans.

This is easily proved by a glance at the writings of their great satirists, whose works in that field lead the whole literary world.

But we are now concerned with the current humor of the day, and magazine or newspaper humor at that.

Yet, at its best, this every-day humor of the English is largely based on satire or sarcasm.

Here is a fine and characteristic bit:

HE (after being kept waiting by consistently unpunctual fiancee): Well, I suppose I ought not to complain; so far, you've always got the day and the month right.—*The Passing Show.*

These, too, are trenchant and clever:

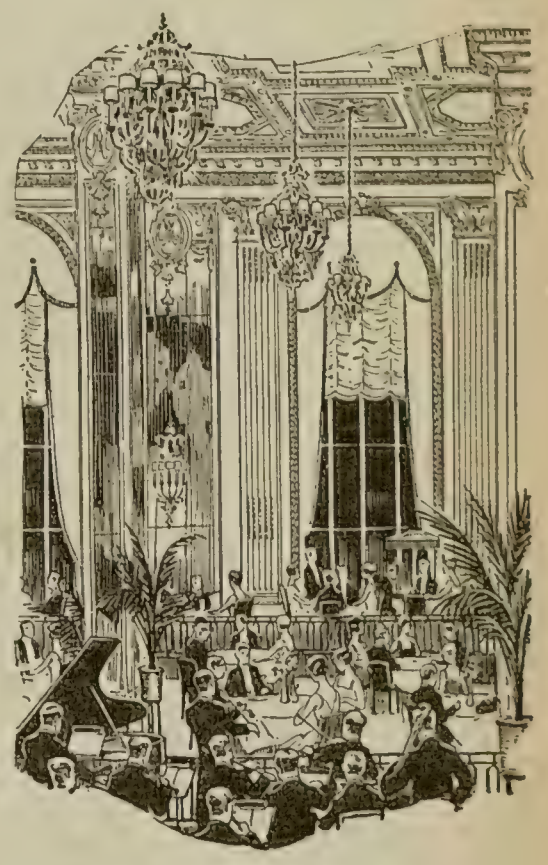
SOME people think she should now spell her name $uzanne £englen.—*The Passing Show.*

MRS. JONES: How did the detectives happen to suspect him, disguised as he was in women's clothes?

MRS. SMYTHE: He passed a milliner's shop window without looking in.—*Daily Paper, probably the Mail.*

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

No. 3
of
A SERIES OF AD-CHATS
About the
HOTEL McALPIN
Broadway at 34th St., New York
by Arthur L. Leeds
Managing Director



A New York Palace of Modern Comforts and Old Courtesies

TRULY it is a fact that what you don't find at the McAlpin you can't find elsewhere—

And what you do find here you won't find elsewhere.

Within the four great walls of the magnificent McAlpin there is at your disposal every service, every comfort, and smart entertainment that New York affords.

The McAlpin is a great city within a great city—conveniently located at the spot where the "Great White Way" begins—Baltimore and Ohio train connection busses de luxe start from the door—Pennsylvania Terminal is a block away—Grand Central Terminal a few blocks off.

The most comfortable and cheerful rooms —limited to $3.50 to $10.00 per day—without limit on service—

The most magnificent and alluring restaurant serving Manhattan's finest cuisine at moderate prices—

And for music, down in the Grill, Ernie Golden has won the hearts of dancing America with his broadcasting orchestra—from the McAlpin Radio Station WMCA.

Private Rooms—for balls and parties—the Colonial Room, the Blue Room, the Green Room and the famous Spanish El Patio—

I dislike the use of superlatives as much as any man, but I am at a loss to describe the McAlpin and not use them.

The McAlpin is the feature hotel of New York because it is a hotel of features.

Sincerely,

Arthur L. Leeds

P.S. Avoid coming to New York and finding the McAlpin crowded. Wire me personally so that I may assure you a comfortable room.

Topped Again!!

Did somebody move? Or sneeze? Or wiggle his ears? Not *this* time. But watch! You'll *tighten* up on your shots every time your underwear *tightens* up on you!

Now!

New Freedom in Underwear!

Imagine the sensation of wearing underwear so light, so flexible and yielding, so perfect in its fit that you lose all consciousness of wearing underwear at all.

It is the most sensational development in underwear in a generation—the Lewis Golf Suit. Golfers have gone wild over the *new freedom* they get from it. No binding across the back when they drive, no tug at the shoulders, no surplus material at waist or crotch.

It's good-looking, too—fits every figure perfectly. You don't need to buy "balloon" sizes. Absorbs perspiration and evaporates it as no other fabric can, giving relief from chafing. It's a new sensation in underwear comfort—and you'll like it.

Certainly! Underwear must be as free as your swing. Look for the Lewis label and the little picture of a golfer on every *genuine* Lewis Golf Suit.

If you cannot secure the Lewis Golf Suit from your local merchant, send us your measurement from top of shoulder, through crotch, up the back to top of same shoulder, state height and weight, and we will send you postpaid two suits, no sleeves, knee length for $5.00; or two suits, no sleeves, ¾ length for $6.00. Lewis Knitting Co., 110 Main Street, Janesville, Wisconsin.

Equally fine for street, office or fairway. All better stores sell

The New LEWIS GOLF SUIT

The NEW UNDERWEAR *That Gives* NEW FREEDOM

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

GIFF: Congratulate me! I've just thought of something clever.

WIFE: Beginner's luck.—*Daily Newspaper.*

PRODUCER (interrupting singer at voice trial): Does that end the first verse, miss?

SINGER: Well, I've got to where it says "Refrain."

PRODUCER: Good! Please do as it says!—*The Humorist.*

"HE asked me to make him happy for life."

"And you refused him?"

"Yes."

"How good of you, dear, to grant his request."—*Tid Bits Summer Annual, 1926.*

"DOES she look her age?"

"No, she overlooks it."—*Gaiety Annual, 1926.*

A PATRON of art took a friend over his beautifully appointed house, adorned with many fine pictures and statues.

From the dining-room they proceeded to the kitchen, where there was a dado of oak artistically carved. But the guest had no eyes for this. He was staring at a far-off corner of the room.

"That is a very fine statue over there," he said, "but why put it immediately beneath the kitchen sink?"

"'Sh!" whispered his host. "That isn't a statue; it's a plumber."—*Pearson's Weekly.*

"WAS your garden a success this year?"

"I should say so. My neighbor's chickens took first prize at the poultry show."—*Punch.*

THE English humorous mind is slow, sometimes cumbersome; but the English humorist hits his idea hard—a sledge-hammer blow—and drives it home.

The American humorist gives it a lighter tap, and rushes on, sure that it will sink of itself into the intelligence of his reader.

The following examples of satire are distinctly British in tone and character:

THE club bore meandered through the smoking-room looking for a victim. In a deep armchair, studying the *Spectator,* sat a quiet, dignified old gentleman.

"Hello, Sir William," said the bore, seizing a chance. "I passed your house yesterday."

Sir William looked up from his paper. "Thank you very much," he said gently.—*Sporting and Dramatic Yarns.*

"MY goodness!" remarked the old gentleman, as he stopped the young lad with the fine catch of trout. "You've had a very successful day, young man. Where did you catch all these fish?"

"Just walk down that path marked 'Private,'" directed the boy; "cross the field with the notice board saying 'Beware of the Bull,' and keep right on till you come to a notice, 'Trespassers Will Be Prosecuted.' A few yards further on there's a fine pool in the river marked 'No Fishing Allowed,' and there you are, sir!"—*Sporting and Dramatic Yarns.*

IN their more expansive moments, bookmakers occasionally condescend to discuss the little ways of their friends, the punters. Anyhow, two of the fraternity were engaged on the agreeable topic at their club. Said one: "I had a curious experience once. Lord B—— keeps an account with me, you know, and on one occasion he settled up the same account twice."

"Really," said the other, "that *was* remarkable. What did you do?"

"Well," confessed the first bookie, "I was a bit flummuxed, but at last I came to what I think was the only solution."

"Yes, what was it?"

"I rendered the account again."—*Sporting and Dramatic Yarns.*

THE theater manager was prowling round the stage just before the show was ready to commence. He nodded to the raw stage hand. "Righto," he said, "just run up the curtain, will you?"

"Blimy!" muttered the man, not yet accustomed to the parlance of the profession, "d'ye think I'm a blinkin' squirrel?"—*Sporting and Dramatic Yarns.*

THE motorist had had an accident with his light car on the Brighton Road. He limped painfully to a telephone box and called up the nearest garage.

"Hello," he said, "I've turned turtle. Can you do anything for me?"

"I'm afraid not," came the sweet feminine reply. "You've got the wrong number. What you want is the Zoo."—*Sporting and Dramatic Yarns.*

A fruitful and never failing subject for English sarcasm is the visiting American. Over this person the Englishman feels a great and mighty superiority. While this attitude is largely due to the British traditions of age and caste, it is perhaps not unconnected with resentment at a certain achievement of ours about 150 years ago. Also, the realization of what they term American Prosperity so jars them that they become pettish and fling opprobrium on the innocent Yankee millionaires who go over there on an innocent sight-seeing tour.

Here are some samples of their exaggerated satire on this subject:

A WEALTHY American is very confident of swimming the Channel this year. We understand that if he fails he will buy the thing, drain it, and crawl across on his hands and knees.—*London Opinion.*

NINE American millionaires were recently stopping at the same hotel. We understand that in their honor the attendants transformed the hall into a forest of waving palms.—*London Opinion.*

AN American producer always believed in doing things on a lav-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"—we like the Wint-O-Green best, Mister."

His First "Treat"

"It was the first time he ever bought candy for "her." How proud he was as he stepped up to the counter and asked for "a package of Life Savers—Wint-O-Green, please!"

"That's the flavor we like best," he said, as he eagerly broke the little tin foil and presented his first "candy" to her.

* * *

It is perfectly natural for youngsters to crave sweets. Every growing child demands sugar. Active little bodies must be fed some "sweets," but they must not overeat.

Life Savers, the little candy mints with the hole (life saver shape), are ideal for them. They are china-hard and deliciously flavored. This means that children eat them slowly, and the delicious refreshing flavors last longer. Little tummies are not upset. Life Savers are kind to tiny teeth.

Six popular flavors: Pep-O-Mint, Wint-O-Green, Cinn-O-Mon, Lic-O-Rice, Cl-O-Ve, Vi-O-Let. Five cents a package everywhere.

Eat a few Life Savers

between smokes

P. S. Have you tried LIFE SAVER FRUIT DROPS? Three refreshing flavors—Orange, Lemon and Lime. 5c a package.

Healthy hair is young-looking, abundant

Help *your* hair stay strong and thick

NEGLECT the hair and it grows dull, lifeless. Dandruff infection sets in—and before you realize it you are getting *bald.*

Don't let this happen! Start now to give your hair the attention it needs:

EVERY MORNING moisten hair and scalp with Ed. Pinaud's Eau de Quinine. Then with firm fingers move the scalp vigorously in every direction to work the tonic down to the very hair roots. Brush the hair while still moist. It will lie smoothly just the way you want it.

The response to this care is astonishing! After only a few days treatment you will be amazed at the improved appearance of your hair.

Dandruff soon leaves you. Invigorated circulation in all the tiny veins of the scalp feeds the hair to new strength and growth.

Get Pinaud's Eau de Quinine at any drug or department store *to-day.* Signature of Ed. Pinaud in red on every bottle. Pinaud Incorporated, 90 Fifth Avenue, New York,—sole distributors for Parfumerie Ed. Pinaud, Paris.

ED. PINAUD'S
Eau de Quinine

[HUMOR ON THE OTHER SIDE]
Continued from Page Thirty-five

ish scale and his specialty was the handling of large stage crowds. He was called in once in New York to assist upon a new spectacle of a semireligious character. When he arrived, the stage was set and a small group of figures were seated at a table. "Who are those fellows and what are they supposed to be doing there?" he demanded. He was told they represented the Twelve Apostles. "Twelve Apostles—nothing!" he snorted indignantly. "Go out and get twenty or thirty more—what's the good of twelve on a stage of this size!"—*The Humorist.*

AT the Richmond Horse Show several bulldogs fainted from the heat. For the benefit of U. S. visitors it must be explained that "hot dog" in this country is not a form of refreshment.—*Punch.*

THE English custom of sliding letters in some words is well known—as Cholmondeley is pronounced Chumley, and Marylebone, Marrabun. Some years ago a story went the rounds about an American who said he was going out to Win'c's'le, explaining later that he meant Windsor Castle.

It was a mild jest, after all, but the English never forgot it, and frequent references to it are still made. Here is one:

"WHAT aroused my interest was the phraseology of the cabby.

"'When you leave Duke Street,' he said, 'you will be in the Dilly, right opposite Bond.'

"That struck me as short and to the point. It savored of the old affectionate term used thirty years ago for Piccadilly. It should appeal to ultra-modern breath- and time-economizing Americans."—*Daily Paper.*

"THAT man there is wanted in Chicago."

"What for?"

"He is a crook."

"Why do they want any more crooks in Chicago?"—*The Passing Show.*

FIRST AMERICAN TOURIST: How did your new car behave on your English tour?

SECOND DITTO: Fine! We averaged five antique shops to the gallon.—*Daily Paper.*

WHEN my band was playing at a West End hotel one New Year's Eve an elderly American asked me to play The Star-Spangled Banner. But as they had not the music it could not be played, and the old man did not want Sousa's Stars and Stripes, although the band could play that from memory.

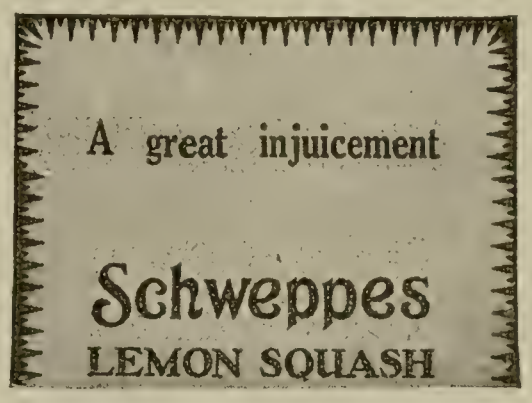
Presently the manager came along and asked if I could not possibly oblige Mr. X, who was entertaining twenty or thirty American friends. I said we had better play Sousa's Stars and Stripes, which would doubtless please them and satisfy their sense of patriotism. We played the march from memory.

When it was over I turned to find the American gentleman at my elbow with a broad smile on his face. "Say," he said, "I thought you said you didn't know The Star-Spangled Banner!"—*The Passing Show.*

AFTER the emptiness of Bond Street came the packed cosmopolitanism of the Strand. First there was a dark and apparent Queen of Fiction, her dusky skin partly hidden beneath a voluminous black sealskin coat.

Then there was a vivacious little American, who had brought from her lunch table the floral decoration as a souvenir. She was followed by a young man, presumably from the same country, in an Elizabethan jerkin surmounting white plus fours and crocodile shoes.

The Strand, at least, is a spectacular adventure in August.—*Daily Paper, probably the Daily Express.*



Their terrible habit of punning even slips into their advertisements.

In the following all sense of American resentment is lost in admiration for the editor who dared print such a pun!

A PARTY of American saxophonists has been refused permission to land in this country. This is only right. We have quite enough home-groan talent—*London Opinion.*

BUT, best of all, they love to jeer at what they deem our lack of culture and our failure to understand their sports.

THE American visitor was having a look at Lord's cricket ground while making a rapid tour of the city.

During the short period he was there the bowling and fielding were very keen and runs were hard to get.

The gentleman from U. S. A. watched closely for a time, and then began to fidget badly. At last he rose. "Say," he said to his English friend, as he moved toward the exit, "I'll be movin' along to Westminster Abbey. I kinda feel the need for some excitement."—*Sporting and Dramatic Yarns.*

THE American liked the look of the Scottish shooting-box and desired to hire it for the season. The proprietor took the visitor over the premises, and the American expressed his complete satisfaction with each room in turn.

In the old-fashioned gun-room the inscription, "East, West, Hame's Best," was carved over the stone fireplace. The prospective lessee read the motto carefully and a frown furrowed his forehead. "Say," he exclaimed sharply, "if I take this little place of yours, that advertisement for Hame will have to come down—whatever it is!"—*Sporting and Dramatic Yarns.*

A LADY was crossing a busy street when a large Alsatian hound dashed into her and knocked her over. Next instant a Ford car skidded into her and inflicted several bruises. When she was assisted to her feet by the alarmed bystanders someone asked her if the dog had hurt her.

"Not exactly," responded the breathless victim; "it was the tin can tied to its tail that did most of the damage."—*Sporting and Dramatic Yarns.*

MUCH really clever English humor comes under no specified head, but is frequently delightfully funny in a general way.

Don't you like these?

MRS. NEWLYWED (giving the sorrowful recital): And only this morning Clarence said I was one woman in a hundred.

HER MOTHER: Well, really, my dear, I see no cause for tears in that.

MRS. NEWLYWED: B-but, mother, he used to say I was one woman in a thousand.—*The Humorist.*

"DID the missus give you a fearful row when you got home at two A. M. this morning, Cecil?"

Cecil chuckled. "No, I had a bit of luck for once. When I crept into the bedroom I was pretty quiet, for my wife only half awakened and thought I was the dog. She murmured, 'Is that you, Rover?' and I had the presence of mind to crawl along the floor and lick her hand."—*Sporting and Dramatic Yarns.*

THE motoring party had come to grief. The car had overturned in a ditch, pinning the five occupants underneath, but it was not as serious as it sounds. The victims waited patiently until they heard sounds of a rescue party approaching, then the owner's wife, with remarkable presence of mind, shouted out, "Pull me out, someone, pull me out! The black legs are mine."—*Sporting and Dramatic Yarns.*

THE M. F. H. was a facetious fellow. One day a very bright and thoroughly inexperienced rider permitted himself to be thrown in most ignominious fashion, whereupon the master remarked loudly, "Now, then, my dear sir, who told you to dismount?"

"I had orders from hindquarters, sir," retorted the victim cheerfully.—*Sporting and Dramatic Yarns.*

CAPTAIN: What is the best method to prevent the diseases caused by biting insects?

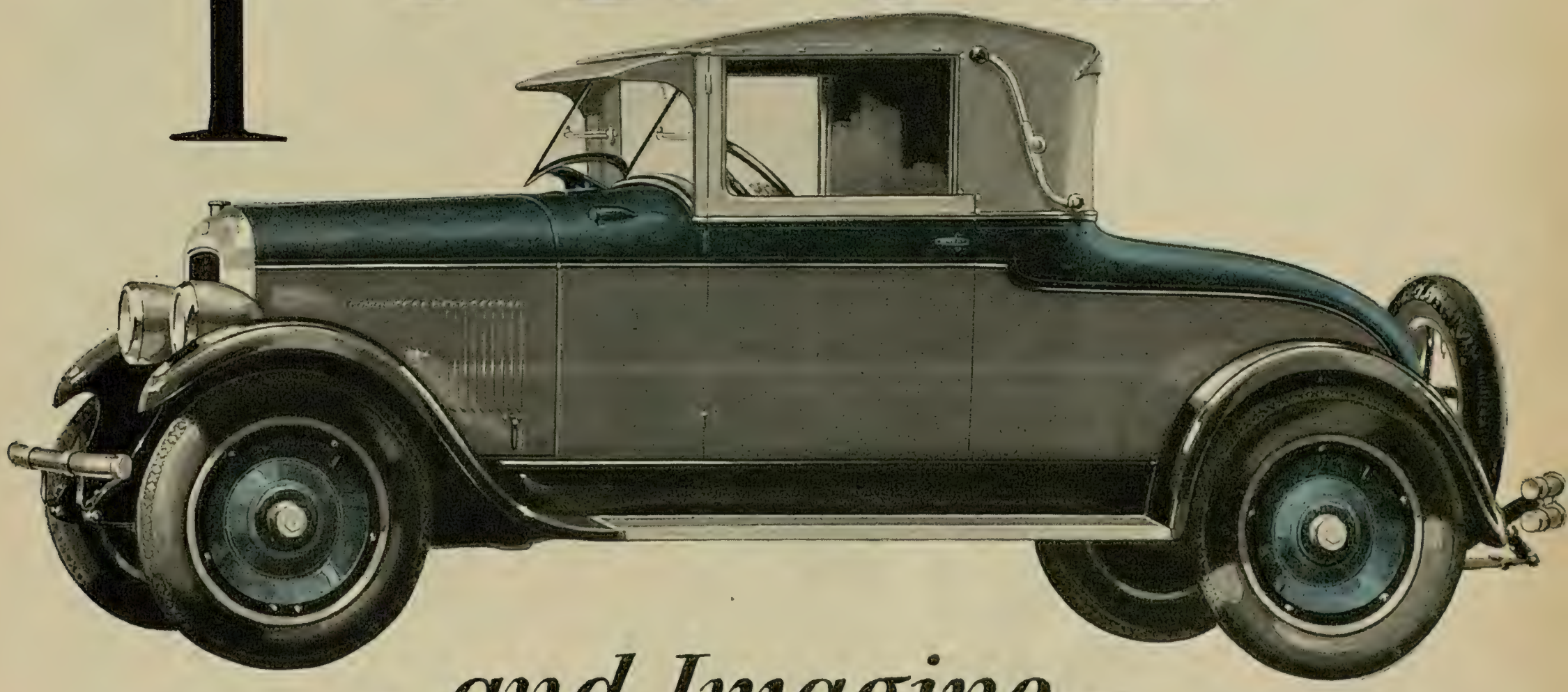
CORPORAL: Don't bite the insects.—*Daily Express.*

And so, we can forgive our English cousins making fun of us, remembering that we never lose a chance to make fun of them.

And, after all, their worst sin against taste and judgment in humor is their terrible habit of punning, which even slips into their advertisements.

THE END

A New CABRIOLET by PAIGE



- and Imagine - at only $1295

IF ever a motor car was manufactured in response to popular demand—this new Cabriolet by Paige most surely was. For its earlier companion car (which is still continued on the 6-75 chassis) has been, by all odds, the outstanding sports car of the season.

This new Cabriolet is an exact prototype of its older and larger sister. Mounted on the 6-45 chassis—this charming car can be acquired for only $1295, f. o. b. factory.

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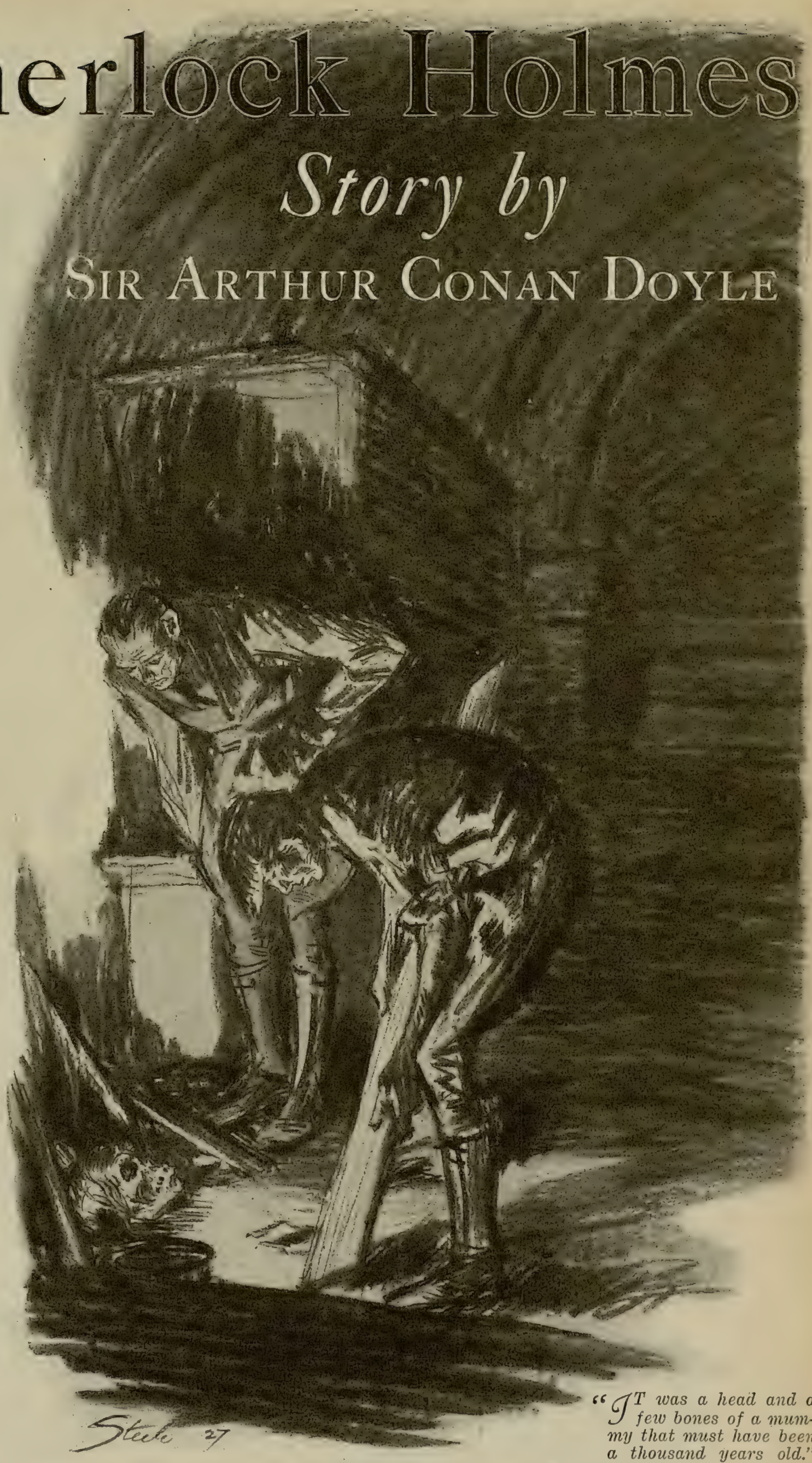
The Adventure of Shoscombe Old Place

The Famous Detective Solves the Mystery of a Haunted Crypt and a Missing Woman

Pictures by Frederic Dorr Steele



"IT was a head and a few bones of a mummy that must have been a thousand years old."

SHERLOCK HOLMES had been bending for a long time over a low-power microscope. Now he straightened himself up and looked round at me in triumph.

"It is glue, Watson," said he. "Unquestionably it is glue. Have a look at these scattered objects in the field!"

I stooped to the eyepiece and focused for my vision.

"Those hairs are threads from a tweed coat. The irregular gray masses are dust. There are epithelial scales on the left. Those brown blobs in the center are undoubtedly glue."

"Well," I said, laughing, "I am prepared to take your word for it. Does anything depend upon it?"

"It is a very fine demonstration," he answered. "Since I ran down that coiner by the zinc and copper filings in the seam of his cuff the Yard has begun to realize the importance of the microscope." He looked impatiently at his watch. "I had a new client calling, but he is overdue. By the way, Watson, you know something of racing?"

"I ought to. I pay for it with about half my wound pension."

"Then I'll make you my Handy Guide to the Turf. What about Sir Robert Norberton? Does the name recall anything?"

"Well, I should say so. He lives at Shoscombe Old Place, and I know it well, for my summer quarters were down there once. Norberton nearly came within your province at one time."

"How was that?"—with a keen look.

"It was when he horsewhipped Sam Brewer, the well known Curzon Street money-lender, on Newmarket Heath. He nearly killed the man."

"Ah, he sounds interesting! Does he often indulge in that way?"

"Well, he has the name of being a dangerous man. He is about the most daredevil rider in England, a boxer, an athlete, a plunger on the turf, a lover of fair ladies, and, by all account, so far down Queer Street that he may never find his way back again."

"Capital, Watson! A thumb-nail sketch. I seem to know the man. Now, can you give me some idea of Shoscombe Old Place?"

"Only that it is in the center of Shoscombe Park, and that the famous Shoscombe stud and training quarters are to be found there."

"And the head trainer," said Holmes, "is John Mason. You need not look surprised at

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-ONE]

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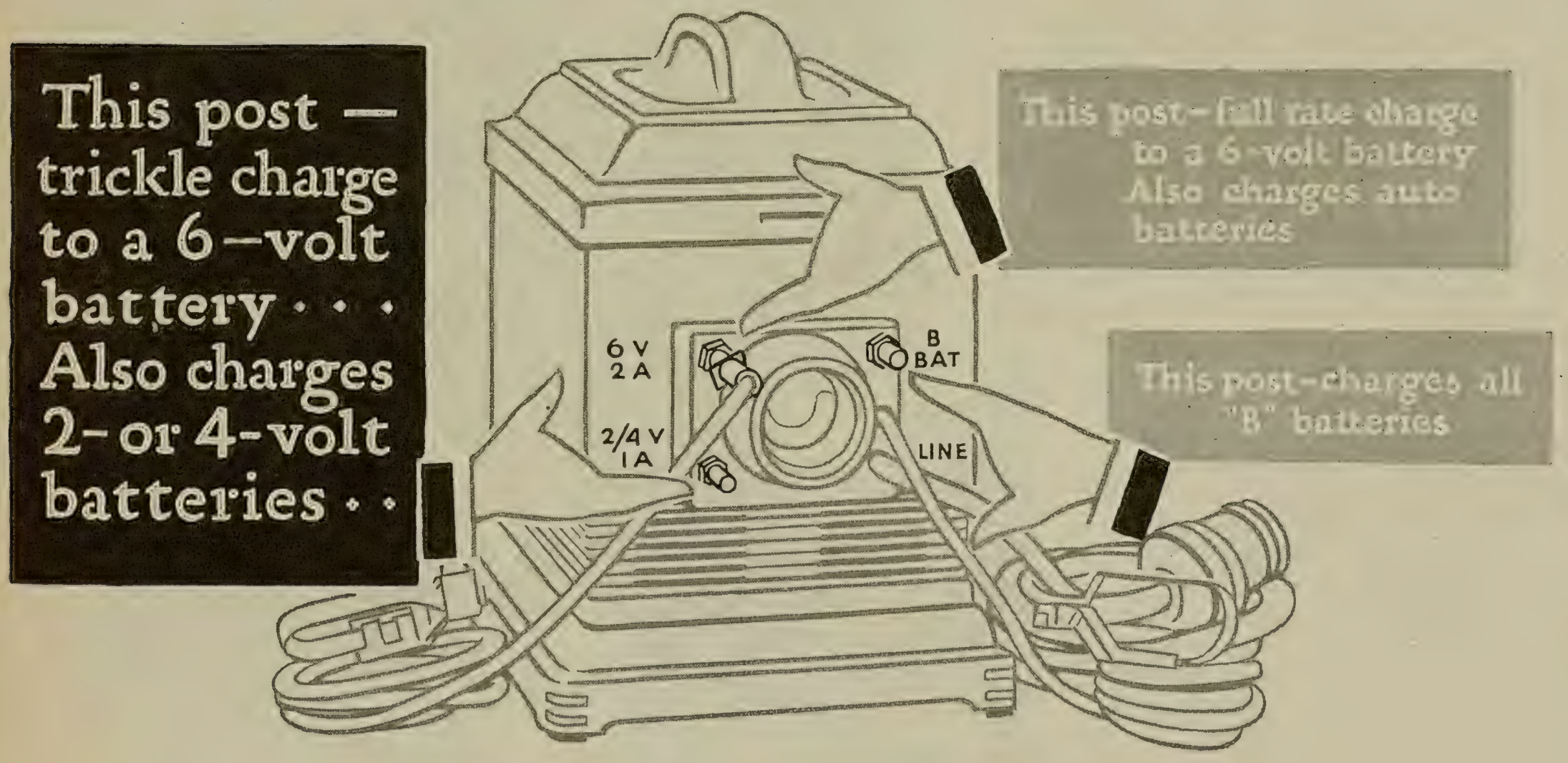

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-NINE]

my knowledge, Watson, for this is a letter from him which I am unfolding. But let us have some more about Shoscombe. I seem to have struck a rich vein."

"There are the Shoscombe spaniels," said I. "You hear of them at every dog show. The most exclusive breed in England. They are the special pride of the lady of Shoscombe Old Place."

"Sir Robert Norberton's wife, I presume!"

"Sir Robert has never married. Just as well, I think, considering his prospects. He lives with his widowed sister, Lady Beatrice Falder."

"You mean that she lives with him?"

"No, no. The place belonged to her late husband, Sir James. Norberton has no claim on it at all. It is only a life interest, and reverts to her husband's brother. Meantime, she draws the rents every year."

"And brother Robert, I suppose, spends the said rents?"

"That is about the size of it. He is a devil of a fellow and must lead her a most uneasy life. Yet I have heard that she is devoted to him. But what is amiss at Shoscombe?"

"Ah, that is just what I want to know. And here, I expect, is the man who can tell us."

The door had opened and the page had shown in a tall, clean-shaven man with the firm, austere expression seen only upon those who have to control horses or boys. He bowed with cold self-possession and seated himself upon the chair to which Holmes had waved him.

"YOU had my note, Mr. Holmes?"

"Yes, but it explained nothing."

"It was too delicate a thing for me to put the details on paper. And too complicated. First of all, Mr. Holmes, I think that my employer, Sir Robert, has gone mad. When a man does one queer thing, or two queer things, there may be a meaning to it; but when everything he does is queer, then you begin to wonder. I believe Shoscombe Prince and the Derby have turned his brain."

"That is a colt you are running?"

"The best in England, Mr. Holmes. I should know, if anyone does. Now, I'll be plain with you, for I know you are gentlemen of honor and that it won't go beyond the room. Sir Robert has *got* to win this Derby. He's up to the neck, and it's his last chance. Everything he could raise or borrow is on the horse—and at fine odds, too! You can get forties now, but it was nearer the hundred when he began to back him."

"But how is that, if the horse is so good?"

"The public don't know how good he is. Sir Robert has been too clever for the touts. He has the Prince's half brother out for spins. You can't tell 'em apart. But there are two lengths in a furlong between them when it comes to a gallop. He thinks of nothing but the horse and the race. He's holding off the Jews till then. If the Prince fails him, he is done."

"It seems a rather desperate gamble, but where does the madness come in?"

"WELL, first of all, you have only to look at him. I don't believe he sleeps at night. He is down at the stables at all hours. His eyes are wild. It has all been too much for his nerves. Then there is his conduct to Lady Beatrice!"

"Ah, what is that?"

"They have always been the best of friends. They had the same tastes, the two of them, and she loved the horses as much as he did. Every day at the same hour she would drive down to see them—and above all she loved the Prince. He would prick up his ears when he heard the wheels on the gravel, and he would trot out each morning to the carriage to get his lump of sugar. But that's all over now."

"Why?"

"Well, she seems to have lost all interest in horses. For a week now she has driven past the stables with never so much as 'good morning!'"

"You think there has been a quarrel?"

"And a bitter, savage, spiteful quarrel at that. Why else would he give away her pet spaniel that she loved as if he were her child? He gave it a few days ago to old Barnes, what keeps the Green Dragon three miles off at Grendall."

"That certainly does seem strange."

"Of course, with her weak heart and dropsy one couldn't expect that she could get about with him, but he spent two hours every evening in her room. He might well do what he could, for she has been a rare good friend to him. He never goes near her. And she takes it to heart. She is brooding and sulky and drinking, Mr. Holmes—drinking like a fish."

"Did she drink before this estrangement?"

"Well, she took her glass. But now it is often a whole bottle of an evening. So Stephens, the butler, told me. It's all changed, Mr. Holmes, and there is something damned rotten about it. But then, again, what is master doing down at the old church crypt at night? And who is the man that meets him there?"

Holmes rubbed his hands.

"Go on, Mr. Mason. You get more and more interesting."

"It was the butler who saw him go. Twelve o'clock at night and raining hard. So next night I

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[THE ADVENTURE OF SHOSCOMBE OLD PLACE
Continued from Page Forty-one]

was up at the house, and, sure enough, master was off again. Stephens and I went after him, but it was jumpy work, for it would have been a bad job if he had seen us. He's a terrible man with his fists if he gets started, and no respecter of persons. So we were shy of getting too near. But we marked him down all right. It was the haunted crypt that he was making for, and there was a man waiting for him there."

"What is this haunted crypt?"

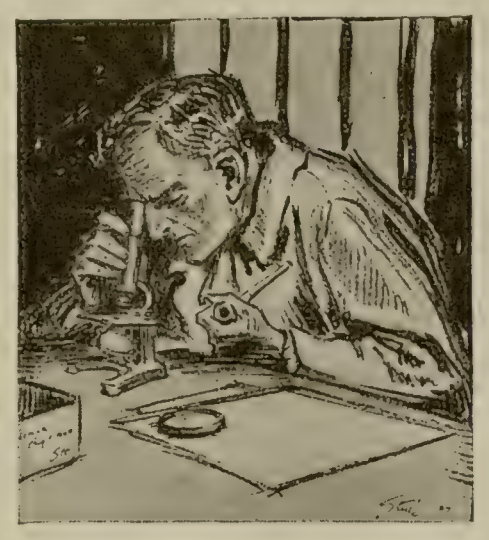
"Well, sir, there is an old ruined chapel in the park. It is so old that nobody could fix its date. And under it there's a crypt which has a bad name among us. What is master doing there in the nighttime?"

"Wait a bit!" said Holmes. "You say there is another man there. It must be one of your own stablemen, or someone from the house! Surely you have only to spot who it is and question him?"

"It's no one I know."

"But how can you say that?"

"Because I have seen him, Mr. Holmes. It was on that second night. Sir Robert turned and passed us—me and Stephens, quaking in the bushes like two bunny-rabbits, for there was a bit of moon that night. But we could hear the other moving about behind. We were not afraid of *him*. So we up, when Sir Robert was gone, and pretended we were just having a walk like in the moonlight, and so we came right on him as casual and innocent as you please. 'Hullo, mate! Who may you be?' says I. I guess he had not heard us coming, so he looked over his shoulder with a face as if he had seen the devil coming out of hell. He let out a yell, and away he went as hard as he could lick it in the darkness, and who he was, or what he was, we never found."



"But you saw him clearly in the moonlight?"

"Yes, I would swear to his yellow face—a mean dog, I should say. What could he have in common with Sir Robert?"

HOLMES sat for some time lost in thought.

"Who keeps Lady Beatrice Falder company?" he asked at last.

"There is her maid, Carrie Evans. She has been with her this five years."

"And is, no doubt, devoted?"

Mr. Mason shuffled uncomfortably.

"She's devoted enough," he answered at last. "But I won't say to whom."

"Ah!" said Holmes.

"I can't tell tales out of school."

"I quite understand, Mr. Mason. Of course, the situation is clear enough. From Dr. Watson's description of Sir Robert I can realize that no woman is safe from him. Don't you think the quarrel between brother and sister may lie there?"

"Well, the scandal has been pretty clear for a long time."

"But she may not have seen it before. Let us suppose that she has suddenly found it out. She wants to get rid of the woman. Her brother will not permit it. The invalid, with her weak heart and inability to get about, has no means of enforcing her will. The hated maid is still tied to her. The lady refuses to speak, she sulks, takes to drink. Sir Robert in his anger takes her pet spaniel away from her. Does not all this hang together?"

"WELL, it might do—as far as it goes."

"Exactly! As far as it goes. How would all that bear upon the visits by night to the old crypt? We can't fit that into our plot."

"No, sir; and there is something more that I can't fit in: Why should Sir Robert want to dig up a dead body?"

Holmes sat up very abruptly.

"We only found it out yesterday—after I had written to you. Yesterday, Sir Robert had gone to London, so Stephens and I went to the crypt. It was all in order, sir, except that in one corner was a bit of a human body."

"You informed the police, I suppose?"

Our visitor smiled grimly.

"Well, sir, I think it would hardly interest them. It was just the head and a few bones of a mummy. It may have been a thousand years old. But it wasn't there before. That I'll swear, and so will Stephens. It had been stowed away in a corner and covered over with a board, but that corner had always been empty before."

"What did you do with it?"

"Well, we just left it there."

"That was wise. You say Sir Robert was away yesterday. Has he returned?"

"We expect him back today."

"When did Sir Robert give away his sister's dog?"

"It was just a week ago today. The creature was howling outside the old well house. Sir Robert caught it up and I thought he would have killed it. Then he gave it to Sandy Bain, the jockey, and told him to take the dog to old Barnes at the Green Dragon, for he never wished to see it again."

Holmes sat for some time in silent thought. He had lit the oldest and foulest of his pipes.

"I am not clear yet what you want me to do in this matter, Mr. Mason," he said at last. "Can't you make it more definite?"

"Perhaps this will make it more definite, Mr. Holmes," said our visitor.

He took a paper from his pocket

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-FIVE]

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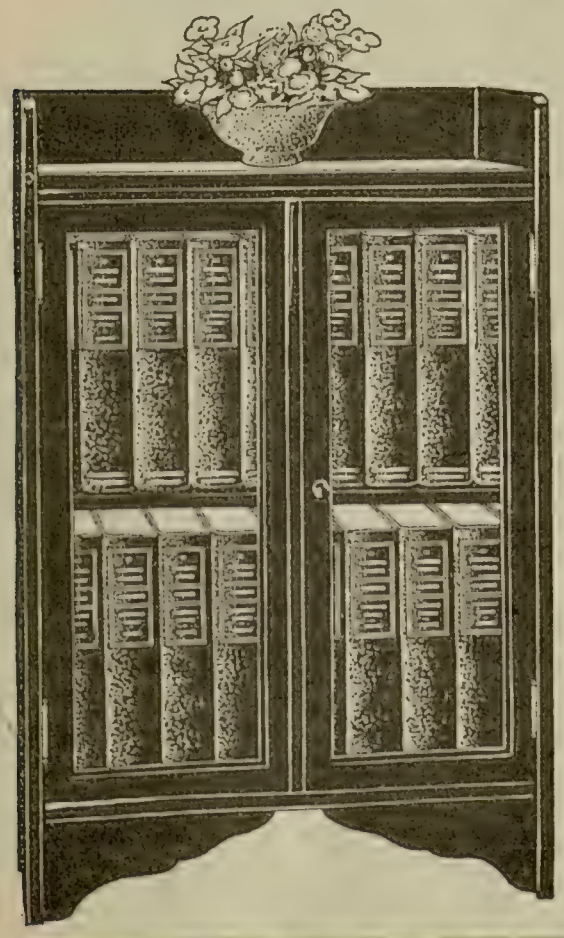

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-TWO]

and, unwrapping it carefully, exposed a charred fragment of bone.

Holmes examined it with interest.

"Where did you get it?"

"There is a central heating furnace in the cellar under Lady Beatrice's room. It's been off for some time, but Sir Robert complained of cold and had it on again. Harvey runs it—he's one of my lads. This very morning he came to me with this, which he found, raking out the cinders. He didn't like the look of it."

"Nor do I," said Holmes. "What do you make of it, Watson?"

It was burned to a black cinder, but there could be no question of its anatomical significance.

"It's the upper condyle of a human femur," said I.

"Exactly!" Holmes had become very serious. "When does this lad tend to the furnace?"

"He makes it up every evening and then leaves it."

"Then anyone could visit it during the night?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can you enter it from outside?"

"There is one door from outside. There is another that leads up by a stair to the passage in which Lady Beatrice's room is situated."

"These are deep waters, Mr. Mason; deep, and rather dirty. You say that Sir Robert was not at home last night?"

"No, sir."

"Then, whoever was burning bones, it was not he."

"That's true, sir."

"What is the name of that inn you spoke of?"

"The Green Dragon."

"Is there good fishing in that part of Berkshire?"

The honest trainer showed very clearly upon his face that he was convinced that yet another lunatic had come into his harassed life.

"Well, sir, I've heard there are trout in the mill stream and pike in the hall lake."

"That's good enough. Watson and I are famous fishermen—are we not, Watson? You may address us in future at the Green Dragon. We should reach it tonight. I need not say that we don't want to see you, Mr. Mason; but a note will reach us, and no doubt I can find you if I want you. When we have gone a little farther into the matter I will let you have a considered opinion."

THUS it was that on a bright May evening Holmes and I found ourselves in an old-fashioned tavern at Shoscombe, where a sporting host, Josiah Barnes, entered eagerly into our plans for the extirpation of the fish of the neighborhood.

"What about the hall lake and the chance of a pike?" said Holmes.

The face of the innkeeper clouded.

"That wouldn't do, sir. You might chance to find yourself in the lake before you were through."

"How's that?"

"It's Sir Robert's, sir. He's terrible jealous of touts. If you two strangers were as near his training quarters as that he'd be after you as sure as fate. He ain't taking no chances, Sir Robert ain't."

"I've heard he has a horse entered for the Derby."

"Yes, and a good colt, too. He carries all our money for the race, and all Sir Robert's into the bargain. By the way"—he looked at us with thoughtful eyes—"I suppose you ain't on the turf yourselves?"

"No, indeed. Just two weary Londoners who badly need some good Berkshire air."

"Well, you are in the right place for that. There is a deal of it lying about. But mind what I have told you about him, sir. He's the sort that strikes first and speaks afterward. Keep clear of the park."

"Surely, Mr. Barnes! We certainly shall. By the way, that was a most beautiful spaniel that was whining in the hall."

"I should say it was. That was the real Shoscombe breed. There ain't a better in England."

"I am a dog fancier myself," said Holmes. "Now, if it is a fair question, what would a prize dog like that cost?"

"More than I could pay, sir. It was Sir Robert himself gave me this one. That's why I have to keep it on a lead. It would be off to the hall in a jiffy if I gave it its head."

"WE are getting some cards in our hand, Watson," said Holmes, when the landlord had left us. "It's not an easy one to play, but we may see our way in a day or two. By the way, Sir Robert is still in London, I hear. We might, perhaps, enter the sacred domain tonight without fear of bodily assault. There are one or two points on which I should like reassurance."

"Have you any theory, Holmes?"

"Only this, Watson: that *something* happened a week or so ago that has cut deep into the life of the Shoscombe household. What is that something?

"Let us consider our data: The brother no longer visits the beloved invalid sister. He gives away her favorite dog. Her *dog*, Watson! Does that suggest nothing to you?"

"Nothing but the brother's spite."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[THE ADVENTURE OF SHOSCOMBE OLD PLACE
Continued from Page Forty-five]

"Well, it might be so. Or—well, there is an alternative. Then the lady keeps her room, alters her habits, is not seen save when she drives out with her maid, refuses to stop at the stables to greet her favorite horse, and apparently takes to drink. And that covers the case, does it not?"

"Save for the business in the crypt."

"That is another line of thought. There are two, and I beg you will not tangle them: Line A, which concerns Lady Beatrice, has a vaguely sinister flavor, has it not?"

"I can make nothing of it."

"Well, now, let us take up line B, which concerns Sir Robert. He is mad keen upon winning the Derby. He is in the hands of the Jews and may at any moment be sold up and his racing stables seized by his creditors. He is a daring and desperate man. He derives his income from his sister. His sister's maid is his willing tool."

"But the crypt?"

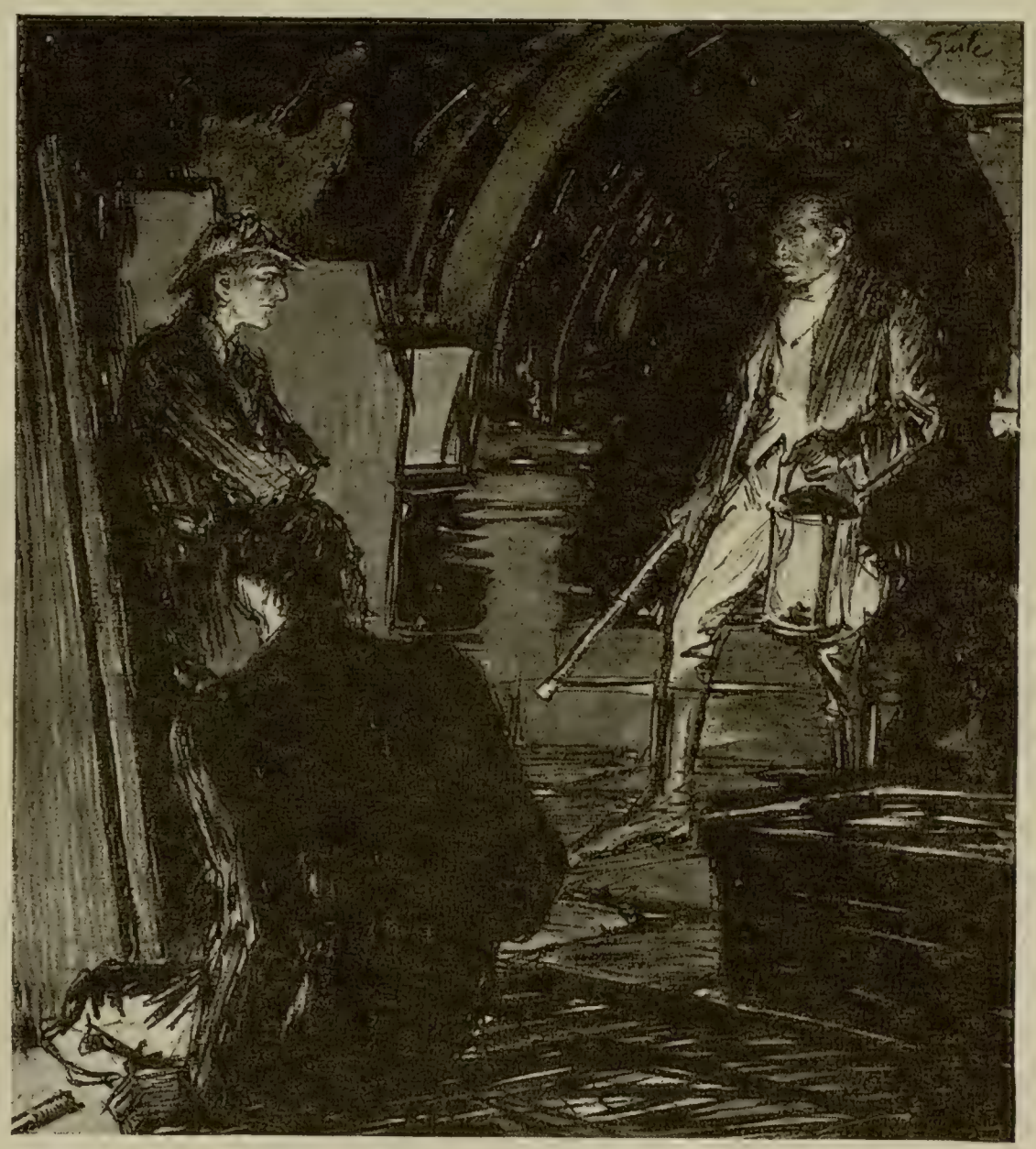
"Ah, yes, the crypt! Let us suppose, Watson—it is merely a scandalous supposition, a hypothesis put forward for argument's sake—that Sir Robert has done away with his sister."

"My dear Holmes, it is out of the question."

"Very possibly, Watson. Sir Robert is a man of an honorable stock. But you do occasionally find a carrion crow among the eagles. Let us for a moment argue upon this supposition. He could not fly the country until he had realized his fortune, and that fortune could be realized only by bringing off this coup with Shoscombe Prince. Therefore he still has to stand his ground. To do this he would have to dispose of the body of his victim, and he would also have to find a substitute who would impersonate her. With the maid as his confidant that would not be impossible. The woman's body might be conveyed to the crypt, which is a place seldom visited, and it might be secretly destroyed at night in the furnace."

"Well, it is all possible if you grant the original monstrous supposition."

"I think that there is a small experiment which we may try tomorrow, Watson, in order to throw some light on the matter. Meanwhile, as we mean to keep up our characters, I suggest that we have our host in for a glass of his own wine and hold some high converse upon eels and dace, which seems to be the straight road to his affections. We may chance to come upon some useful local gossip in the process."



"Who the devil are you and what are you doing upon my property?" he asked, raising his heavy stick.

In the morning Holmes discovered that we had come without our spoon bait for jack, which absolved us from fishing for the day. About 11 o'clock we started for a walk, and he obtained leave to take the black spaniel with us.

"This is the place," said he, as we came to two high park gates with heraldic griffins towering above them. "About midday, Mr. Barnes informs me, the old lady takes a drive, and the carriage must slow down while the gates are opened. When it comes through, and before it gathers speed, I want you, Watson, to stop the coachman with some question. Never mind me. I shall stand behind this holly bush."

IT was not a long vigil. Within a quarter of an hour we saw the big open yellow barouche coming down the long avenue, with two splendid high-stepping gray carriage horses in the shafts. Holmes crouched behind a holly bush with the dog. I stood unconcernedly swinging a cane in the roadway.

A keeper ran out and the gates swung open. The carriage had slowed to a walk and I was able to get a good look at the occupants. A highly colored young woman with flaxen hair and impudent eyes sat on the left. At her right was an elderly person with rounded back and a huddle of shawls about her face. When the horses reached the highroad I held up my hand with an authoritative gesture, and as the coachman pulled up I inquired if Sir Robert was at Shoscombe Old Place.

At the same moment Holmes stepped out and released the spaniel. With a joyous cry it dashed forward to the carriage and sprang upon the step. Then in a moment its eager greeting changed to furious rage and it snapped at the black skirt above it.

"Drive on! Drive on!" shrieked a harsh voice. The coachman lashed the horses, and we were left standing in the roadway.

"Well, Watson, that's done it," said Holmes, as he fastened the lead to the neck of the excited spaniel. "He thought it was his mistress and he found it was a stranger. Dogs don't make mistakes."

"But it was the voice of a man!" I cried.

"Exactly! We have added one card to our hand, Watson, but it needs careful playing all the same."

My companion seemed to have no further plans for the day and we did actually use our fishing tackle in the mill stream, with the result that we had a dish of trout for our supper that evening.

After supper Sherlock Holmes showed marked signs of renewed activity. Once more we found ourselves upon the same road as in the morning, which led us to the park gates. A tall, dark figure awaiting us there proved to be our London acquaintance, Mr. John Mason, the trainer.

"Good evening, gentlemen," said he. "I got your note, Mr. Holmes. Sir Robert has not returned yet, but I hear that he is expected tonight."

"How far is this crypt from the house?" asked Holmes.

"A good quarter of a mile."

"Then I think we may disregard him altogether."

"I can't afford to do that, Mr. Holmes. The moment he arrives he will want to see me to get the latest news of Shoscombe Prince."

"I see! In that case, Mr. Mason, you may show us the crypt and then leave us."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTY-ONE]

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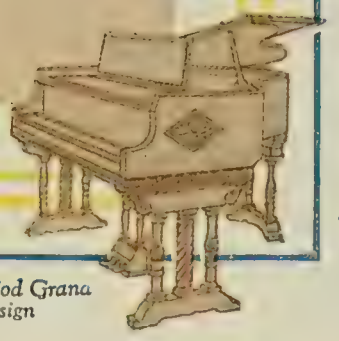

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Why men leave home...*half fed*

ALL over the country, countless front doors bang each morning behind half-fed men, emerging to tackle the day's work. They don't know they're half-fed. They've had their breakfast. Of course they've had their breakfast. They may have hurried a bit, but they've had their usual breakfast.

They don't stop to think—and their wives don't stop to think—that this "usual breakfast" is an inadequate, poorly-balanced, starvation-diet kind of meal. A sufficient amount of *food*, perhaps, but not nearly enough *nourishment* . . . The kind of breakfast the medical profession shakes its head at. The kind of breakfast notably successful business men have sworn off, for efficiency's sake.

But a small breakfast can be a safe breakfast

Stick to your small breakfast if you must—if your appetite and your morning schedule so dictate. But by all means stop to think—or get your wife to stop to think—that a small breakfast must be a particularly nourishing one. As a result of such thinking, Grape-Nuts has taken its place on millions of American breakfast tables. Eaten with milk or cream, a single serving of these delicious golden kernels supplies a generous amount of unusually well-balanced nourishment.

Grape-Nuts is made of wheat and malted barley. It gives to the body dextrins, maltose and other carbohydrates for heat and energy; iron for the blood; phosphorus for teeth and bones; protein for muscle and body-building; and the essential vitamin-B, a builder of appetite. The special baking process by which Grape-Nuts is prepared makes it one of the easiest foods in the world to digest, and gives it its characteristic flavor. A wonderfully tempting flavor—nut-like, with a delicate suggestion of malt sugar.

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For the exercise your teeth require—for the balanced nourishment your body needs—and for real enjoyment—put Grape-Nuts on *your* breakfast table, too! Your grocer sells it—but perhaps you would like to accept the following offer:

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-SIX]

It was pitch dark. Mason led us over the grasslands until a dark mass loomed up in front of us, which proved to be the ancient chapel. We entered the broken gap that was once the porch, and our guide, stumbling among heaps of loose masonry, picked his way to the corner of the building where a steep stair led down into the crypt.

Striking a match, our guide illuminated the melancholy place—dismal and evil-smelling, with ancient, crumbling walls of rough-hewn stone, and piles of coffins, some of lead and some of stone, extending on one side right up to the arched and groined roof, which lost itself in the shadows above our heads. Holmes had lit his lantern. Its vivid yellow rays were reflected back from the coffin plates, many of them adorned with the griffin and coronet of this old family that carried its honors even to the gate of death.

"You spoke of some bones, Mr. Mason."

"They are here, in this corner." The trainer strode across and then stood in silent surprise as our light was turned upon the place. "They are gone," said he.

"So I expected," said Holmes, chuckling. "I fancy the ashes of them might even now be found in that oven which had already consumed a part."

"But why in the world would anyone want to burn the bones of a man who has been dead a thousand years?" asked John Mason.

"That is what we are here to find out," said Holmes. "It may mean a long search and we need not detain you. I fancy that we shall get our solution before morning."

WHEN John Mason had left us, Holmes set to work making a very careful examination of the graves, ranging from a very ancient one, which appeared to be Saxon, through a long line of Norman Hugos and Odos, until we reached the Sir William and Sir Denis Falder of the eighteenth century.

It was an hour or more before Holmes came to a leaden coffin standing on end before the entrance to the vault. I heard his little cry of satisfaction and was aware from his hurried but purposeful movements that he had reached a goal.

With his lens he eagerly examined the edges of the heavy lid. Then he drew from his pocket a short box-opener. This he thrust into a chink, levering back the whole front, which seemed to be secured by only a couple of clamps. There was a rending, tearing sound as it gave way. But it had hardly hinged back and partly revealed its contents before we had an unforeseen interruption.

HOLMES crouched behind the bush with the dog as the carriage approached.

Someone was walking hurriedly in the chapel above. It was the firm, rapid step of one who came with a definite purpose, and knew well the ground upon which he walked.

A light streamed down the stairs, and an instant later the huge figure of the man who bore it was framed in the Gothic archway.

A large stable lantern which he held in front of him shone upward upon a strong, heavily mustached face and angry eyes, which glared round him into every recess of the vault, finally fixing themselves with a deadly stare upon my companion and me.

"Who the devil are you?" he thundered. "And what are you doing upon my property?" Then, as Holmes returned no answer, he took a couple of steps forward and raised a heavy stick which he carried.

"Do you hear me!" he cried. "Who are you? What are you doing here?"

His cudgel quivered in the air.

But, instead of shrinking, Holmes advanced to meet him.

"I also have a question to ask you, Sir Robert," he said, in his sternest tone. "Who is this? And what is it doing here?"

He turned and tore open the coffin lid behind him. In the glare of the lantern I saw a body, swathed in a sheet from head to foot, with dreadful, witchlike features, all nose and chin, projecting at one end, the dim glazed eyes staring from a discolored and crumbling face.

The baronet staggered back with a cry and supported himself against a stone sarcophagus.

"How came you to know of this?" he cried. And then, with some return of his truculent manner: "What business is it of yours?"

"My name is Sherlock Holmes," said my companion. "Possibly it is familiar to you. In any case, my business is that of every other good citizen—to uphold the law. It seems to me that you have much to answer for."

Sir Robert glared for a moment, but Holmes' quiet voice and cool, assured manner had their effect.

"'Fore God, Mr. Holmes, it's all right," said he. "Appearances are against me, I'll admit, but I could act no otherwise."

"I should be happy to think so, but I fear your explanations must be for the police."

Sir Robert shrugged his broad shoulders.

"Well, if it must be, it must. Come up to the house and you can judge for yourself."

A QUARTER of an hour later we found ourselves in what I judged, from the lines of polished barrels behind glass covers, to be the gunroom of the old house, where Sir Robert left us for a few moments.

When he returned he had two companions with him—one, the florid young woman whom we had seen in the carriage; the other, a small rat-faced man with a disagreeably furtive manner. These two wore an appearance of utter bewilderment which showed that the Baronet had not yet had time

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTY-THREE]

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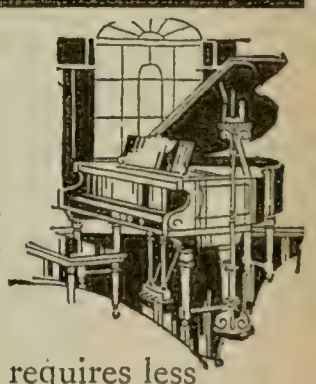

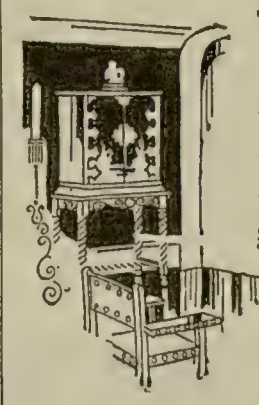

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2. Prunes are more than 60% carbohydrates—the part of any food that yields energy.
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Begin the day right! Serve prunes for breakfast! But remember that there are many other ways to eat them at many meals — new, delightful ways. You can use California Prunes in *all* your cookery—and get unusual, delectable results every time. Here, for instance, is an unusual way to serve prunes in a pie:

1 pound small prunes, 1½ pints water, ¾ cupful sugar, 2 tablespoonfuls butter, 2 tablespoonfuls lemon juice, 1 tablespoonful cornstarch.

Wash, soak and cook the prunes in one and one-half pints of water. Cool, drain and remove pits. Arrange the prunes in a pastry-lined pie pan. Mix together the hot prune juice, cornstarch, sugar, lemon juice and butter, and pour over the fruit. Bake in a moderate oven. Cool and top with sweetened and flavored whipped cream.

Keep California Prunes on hand. Cook them three pounds at a time, storing the extra ones in glass jars. California Prunes are especially selected for flavor and tender plumpness. Graded as to size. Packed scientifically and shipped at once to your grocer. The same fine quality—every pound you buy.

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First prize	$1500	4th	$225
2nd	500	5th to 14th	100
3rd	300	15th to 29th	50
		30th to 58th	$25

TEACHERS, DIETITIANS, PHYSICIANS
"Why prunes should be in the ideal diet"
17 prizes—total of $1000

First prize	$250	4th	$75
2nd	150	5th to 8th	50
3rd	100	9th to 17th	25

HIGH SCHOOL GIRLS
"Why I eat prunes"
17 prizes—total of $1000

First prize	$250	4th	$75
2nd	150	5th to 8th	50
3rd	100	9th to 17th	25

CHEFS, RESTAURANTS, COOKS, HOTELS
"How I serve prunes on the menu"
17 prizes—total of $1000

First prize	$250	4th	$75
2nd	150	5th to 8th	50
3rd	100	9th to 17th	25

GROCERS AND THEIR SALESMEN
"How I sell prunes"
32 prizes—total of $2000

First prize	$400	4th	$100
2nd	275	5th to 8th	75
3rd	175	9th to 14th	50
		15th to 32nd	$25

RULES

1. No entry shall be more than 200 words in length. It may be, or include, recipes or may be a straight letter, just as you prefer.
2. Entries should be written on one side of paper. Either by hand or typewriter. Print your name and address in the upper right-hand corner of the page, together with the classification you are entering.
3. No entrant is required to purchase California Prunes to compete.
4. Entries will be judged by a suitable committee of five whose decision will be final.
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6. In case of ties for any prize, the tying contestants will receive awards of equal and full amount.
7. All entries must be mailed by midnight of March 17, 1927. Entries bearing a postmark of later than that date will not be considered.
8. Winners will be announced in the regular advertising as soon as the judges can reach their decision—on or about May 5, 1927. At which time checks will be mailed to winners.
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CALIFORNIA PRUNES

OF COURSE YOU SERVE THEM FOR BREAKFAST

Soak prunes for a few hours in cold water. Then let them simmer gently until tender and full-flavored. . . . Never boil.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-ONE]

to explain to them the turn events had taken.

"There," said Robert, with a wave of his hand, "are Mr. and Mrs. Norlett. Mrs. Norlett, under her maiden name of Evans, has for some years been my sister's confidential maid. I have brought them here because I feel that my best course is to explain the true position to you, and they are the two people upon earth who can substantiate what I say."

"Is this necessary, Sir Robert? Have you thought what you are doing?" cried the woman.

"As to me, I entirely disclaim all responsibility," said her husband.

SIR ROBERT gave him a glance of contempt.

"I will take all responsibility," said he. "Now, Mr. Holmes, listen to a plain statement of the facts.

"You have clearly gone pretty deeply into my affairs or I should not have found you where I did. Therefore you know already, in all probability, that I am running a dark horse for the Derby and that everything depends upon my success. If I win, all is easy. If I lose—well, I dare not think of that!"

"I understand the position," said Holmes.

"I am dependent upon my sister, Lady Beatrice, for everything. But it is well known that her interest in the estate is for her own life only. For myself, I am deeply in the hands of the Jews. I have always known that if my sister were to die my creditors would be into my estate like a flock of vultures. Everything would be seized—my stables, my horses—everything. Well, Mr. Holmes, my sister *did* die, just a week ago."

"And you told no one!"

"What could I do? Absolute ruin faced me. If I could stave things off for three weeks, all would be well. Her maid's husband — this man here—is an actor. It came into our heads — it came into my head that he could for that short period personate my sister. It was but a case of appearing daily in the carriage, for no one need enter her room save the maid. It was not difficult to arrange. My sister died of the dropsy which had long afflicted her."

"That will be for a coroner to decide."

"Her doctor would certify that for months her symptoms have threatened such an end."

"Well, what did you do?"

"The body could not remain there. On the first night, Norlett and I carried it out to the old well house, which now is never used. We were followed, however, by her pet spaniel, which yapped continually at the door, so I felt some safer place was needed. I got rid of the spaniel and we carried the body to the crypt of the church. There was no indignity or irreverence, Mr. Holmes. I do not feel that I have wronged the dead."

"Your conduct seems to be inexcusable, Sir Robert."

The Baronet shook his head patiently. "It is easy to preach," said he. "Perhaps you would have felt differently if you had been in my position. One cannot see all one's hopes and all one's plans shattered at the last moment and make no effort to save them. It seemed to me that it would be no unworthy resting-place if we put her for the time in one of the coffins of her husband's ancestors lying in what is still consecrated ground.

"We opened such a coffin, removed the contents, and placed her as you have seen her. As to the old relics we took out, we could not leave them on the floor of the crypt. Norlett and I removed them, and he descended at night and burned them in the central furnace. There is my story, Mr. Holmes, though how you forced my hand so that I have to tell it is more than I can say."

Holmes sat for some time lost in thought.

"There is one flaw in your narrative, Sir Robert," he said at last: "Your bets on the race, and therefore your hopes for the future, would hold good even if your creditors seized your estate."

"The horse would be part of the estate. What do they care for my bets? As likely as not they would not run him at all. My chief creditor is unhappily my most bitter enemy—a rascally fellow named Sam Brewer, whom I was once compelled to horsewhip on Newmarket Heath. Do you suppose that he would try to save me?"

"Well, Sir Robert," said Holmes, rising, "this matter must, of course, be referred to the police. As to the morality or decency of your conduct it is not for me to express an opinion. It was my duty to bring the facts to light and there I must leave it. It is nearly midnight, Watson, and I think we may make our way back to our humble abode."

IT is generally known now that this singular episode ended upon a happier note than Sir Robert's actions deserved.

Shoscombe Prince did win the Derby, the sporting owner did net £80,000 in bets, and the creditors did hold their hand until the race was over, when they were paid in full. Enough was left to re-establish Sir Robert in a fair position in life.

Both police and coroner took a lenient view of the transaction, and, beyond a mild censure for the delay in registering the lady's decease, the lucky owner got away scatheless from this strange incident in a career that has now outlived its shadows and ended in an honored old age.

THE END

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Powel Crosley Jr.

C. A. PETERSON, only 24 years old, is responsible for the amazing tone, the surprising volume and the startling fidelity of reproduction of the Crosley Musicone.

Nearly three years ago a shy and reticent young man walked into the office of Powel Crosley, Jr., with an idea for a radio loud speaker under his arm. When he unwrapped the newspaper around it Mr. Crosley instantly saw its great possibilities.

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In a short time Peterson produced a marvelous actuating mechanism so designed as to vibrate freely without choking regardless of the heavy electrical impulses applied to it. It revolutionized the loud speaker field.

Within a few weeks after its announcement the Musicone captured the loud speaker market and has dominated it ever since. Horns with their ugly appearance and their harshness of reproduction which so discredited radio in early days were promptly obsoleted.

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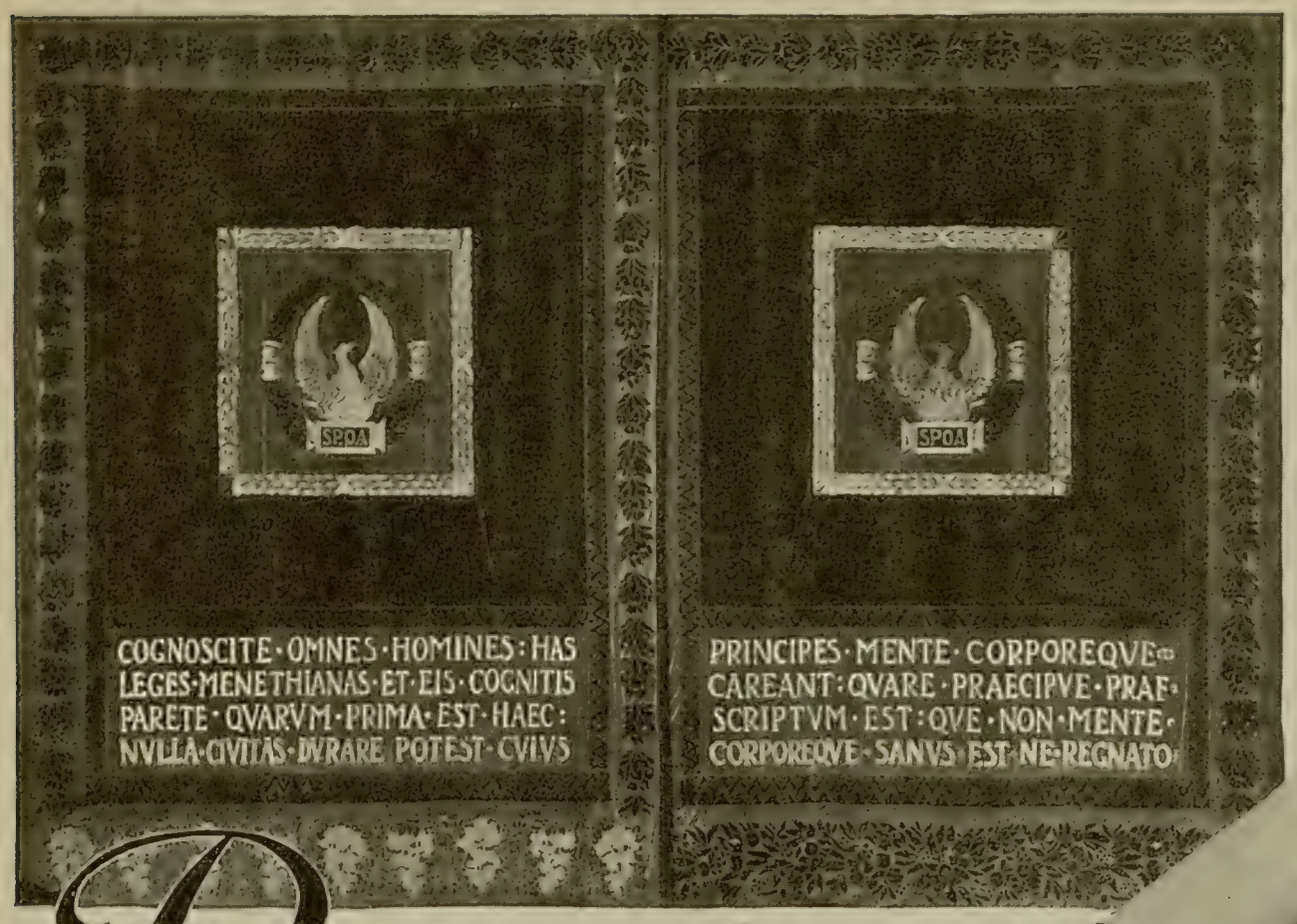

Albert Davis Collection

Portrait of a LADY With RED HAIR

The Record of a Flaming Life Written in Fire

An Autobiography by

MRS. LESLIE CARTER

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Mrs. Leslie Carter, after her first success in The Heart of Maryland under David Belasco's management, reached the heights of fame in Zaza and in Du Barry.

During the run of the latter play in New York, she asked Mr. Belasco if she might do a character other than that of a courtesan. Mr. Belasco replied, "I am beginning to think you can."

Thus came the inspiration from which Mr. Belasco selected Adrea, a play built around the life of a Roman princess of pure Patrician blood.

Mrs. Carter here tells of the debut of Adrea in Washington after another struggle with the Theatrical Syndicate, which previously had threatened to wreck Mr. Belasco.

PART EIGHT

I WAS on tour, but I understood that Adrea was finished and every detail completed before Mr. Belasco began collaborating with others on the play. During this period he would join the company whenever it was possible, reading to me what had been done. He was wild with enthusiasm. Notes such as these would pour in:

> What a play! What a play! I am living in a world of legions and the Roman military salute, atriums of palaces and slaves; dancing mimes and jesters. I've given you one—gnomish, terrible! Furst is going insane over his share in the work. [William Furst wrote the music for Adrea.] Buckland [this was Wilfred Buckland, who had charge of designing the scenery] is so infatuated that he is good for nothing else at present than to rave. In fact, everybody who has anything to do with the play is mad over it!

Once he wrote: "Did you ever hear of Ver-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTY-SEVEN]

Mrs. Leslie Carter as Adrea, *and the special curtain designed for that play.*

Brown Bros. photo

Good Pay, but— They Are Not Getting Ahead

Their Problem solved by this Rational Worryless New Life

Human Independence as worked out by a 63-year-old Organization

HOW blindly do some people go along barely fighting off expenses! And yet how narrowly they miss a competence, miss independence. Capable and industrious, they occupy positions for which they are not suited and struggle against conditions which weigh them down.

Such a practical organization as the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, whose financial operations extend from coast to coast, has for more than sixty years made a study of living and working conditions with a view to solving the problems of just such people as these.

If your earnings, though good, fail to yield a real margin above expenses, you can well investigate what the Brotherhood is doing on its farms at Venice on the Gulf, to provide a substantial basis of financial independence for families or a newer, freer life, in Florida's health-giving air and sunshine.

Venice Farms, in tracts from five acres up, offer a great variety of speed-profit crops, three or four a year if you like—which reach markets ten to sixty days earlier than other sections, and thus command highest prices.

Behind every Venice farmer stands the Venice Farm Board prepared to render helpful, intelligent field advice and service. The farms are sold by the Board, at moderate prices on liberal terms, with the land cleared and ready to plant. Near at hand are the facilities of the Venice Demonstration Farm, the Venice Nursery and the Venice Dairy Farms.

Come to National Tarpon Tournament at Venice, June 4th to 25th.

THESE harried people under this combination of best working and living conditions, can make a moderate savings account lead to real independence. . . . It is possible to make one of these farms pay for itself in a few years. Add year round outdoor life, a summer climate the whole year and an attractive location on the beautiful Gulf and next to one of the finest of modern cities.

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Venice life is divided between agriculture, industry and resort activities. Vacationists remark the variety of diversions. Here one finds the West Coast's only mainland beach and its most famous fishing grounds. Here is a modern city planned and built by experts, which fronts on the beach. Adjacent to it is the largest and most comprehensive farm development ever projected in America.

Venice hotels, with fixed rates at $5 to $15, and plenty of rooms at $5, serve fruit, vegetables, milk and cream received fresh each day from Venice Farms nearby. Conveniently located are well kept golf courses, tennis courts, quoits and other games, and excellent hunting and fishing are found on the tropical Myakka River.

We limit the advertising to demonstrable facts supplied by the Venice Farm Board and Officials in charge of the City of Venice.

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THE VENICE COMPANY
127 Venice Boulevard
Venice, Florida

Please send me the booklet, containing information and photographs supplied by the Venice Farm Board and Resort Officials, describing "A New Life of Independence" possible under the pleasant conditions at Venice.

Name .....

Address .....

Present Occupation .....

Venice Florida,

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-FIVE]

cingetorix of Gaul? No? Neither did I; but isn't it a bully name?"

And again: "I will be glad when your season closes, so we can work on the machinery of it."

Adrea, if given today under the name of The Jest, would have been twice the success of the Sem Benelli play and as fitly named. Ironic, monstrous, and grim, it moved in a fearful circle of midnight to midnight. Yet, somewhere in the formidable darkness, the sublimity of the soul peered forth eventually in its pattern of the infinite.

Stanford White, dreamer and builder, wearing the Order of the Golden Fleece.

We start with a world of antiquity in the fifth century A. D. that alone immediately supplies every gorgeous scenic effect. There is an old Roman law which says no sovereign who is not sound in mind and body shall wear the crown.

Adrea is the daughter of *Menethus*, dead before the action begins, King of the Adrean Isles. There are two daughters, *Princess Julia*, known as the "imperial wanton," and the older, *Adrea*, whose right it is to reign, but who cannot because she is blind. Now we move forward into an ominous atmosphere.

Princess Julia, before her coronation, is holding a Dionysian festival with dressed-up mænads and masquerading satyrs. *Adrea*, having lived in Arcady with her father, had loved *Kæso*, one of the King's martial guards, who had been born a barbarian, but was now one of the Prætorian Tribunes.

YOU glimpse the terrible spiritual loneliness of the blind girl whose lover has proved unfaithful and whose vows to her have been broken. He has become the favorite of the *Princess Julia* — whose marriage to him will follow the coronation.

During the revel *Adrea* is taken to a temple to isolate her during the saturnalia. *Kæso* sees her there, and discloses himself. The old love is renewed.

But spying on the ecstasy of their reconciliation is *Julia's* spy, the court fool, *Mimus*—a distorted horror of a jester with a soul drunken with lust for the blind girl. By him *Julia* is made aware of *Kæso's* treachery.

She determines on a monstrous revenge. She dresses the fool in *Kæso's* armor. The latter, struggling with mad ambition and love, yields with fear only when *Julia* says, "*Adrea* shall marry *Mimus* —the Echo—believing him you. It is the price of *Adrea*."

Much of the movement is clothed in the canopy of night where the tragic tangle of passions fights in the dark.

Five hours pass. The scene is the same. The temple is guarded. The hour is near dawn when somewhere out of the darkness comes a cry—desolate, anguished. On the steps *Adrea* appears. She clings to a statue of her father, and you are caught up with her in an abandonment of sinister terror.

SHE prays the gods to give her one second—only one second—of sight, that she may see to whom she has been given. The answer is a mad chaos of blinding light, of thunder, of blackness, rending the temple apart. *Adrea* is plunged suddenly to her knees in the turbulence of the glare. She sees. Dazed, she crouches until, memory returning with its dreadfulness, she gropes for the man's body she knows was part of the last hour of her life.

She stumbles on the dead body of the fool, his face a magnified painted disk of evil. In one blazing moment she realizes the snare, and also that *Kæso* was instrumental in her spoliation.

This is the motivation. It swings quickly, with relentless tread, in one vast, gigantic shadow. The throne is wrung from her sister—she rules now from the place of her fathers. *Kæso*, falling into her hands, is to be taught the grace of the desert with barbaric savagery.

Ruthlessly, with measured pace, the play gathers magnificence of gesture. It rises in a concentrated fury of movement out of its archaic and oracular language.

"Bind him to the horses. Let my whips sing, crack, and as they leap apart call out to him my name: *Adrea—Adrea—*"

The scenes lodge themselves with crushing force, never relieved by one moment's lightness.

Being brought to *Adrea's* presence, *Kæso* asks to die as a soldier and not the ignominious death of a beast, trampled beneath the iron horses.

She offers him her father's sword—his hands are chained.

"You!" he begs dumbly.

"I cannot give thee life, nor bring back youth, nor make us what we were; but I can, oh, gods,

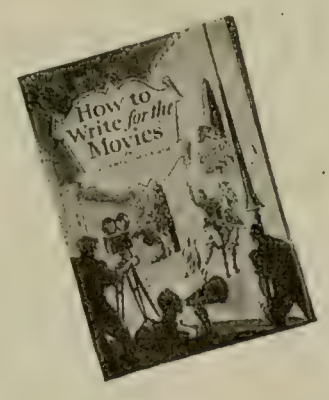
[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"Ready—CAMERA"

And You are right there watching

Well known in Hollywood— ROMANCE SELECTIONS and MISS LAURA LAPLANTE Universal star

THAT *need not be an idle dream. Next summer, when the director calls* "READY CAMERA," *in* HOLLYWOOD, *there are going to be guests of the makers of* ROMANCE CHOCOLATES *there, watching it all in chairs reserved for them. They will meet and chat with the stars personally. For one glorious week they will be a part of the life of* HOLLYWOOD. *The* SECOND ANNUAL ROMANCE-HOLLYWOOD CONTEST *gives you that opportunity. Take advantage of it.*



PURCHASE a box of ROMANCE SELECTIONS at $1.00, and get this illustrated booklet, *"How to Write for the Movies,"* as well as the most extraordinary assortment of chocolates ever offered at the price. Twenty-two different kinds of centers, including liquid cordials, nut centers, and novelty combinations.

CONDITIONS

1. The winner will be the author of the most original, interesting, and practical synopsis or plot for a motion picture based on a human experience in which a box of ROMANCE CHOCOLATES plays a prominent part. Literary ability will not be considered, but in case of a tie, the neatness and attractiveness of the presentation will determine the winner. No manuscript shall be more than 1500 words in length.
2. The winner, and a companion of his or her choosing, will be given a trip to Hollywood, including visits to the studios during a week's stay there, with all expenses paid. In addition, the fifty most worthy plots will have careful consideration by the scenario department of one of the large distributing companies, and if any are purchased, the full purchase price will be remitted to the author.
3. The Judges will be:
   MR. JAMES R. QUIRK Publisher of *Photoplay.*
   MR. ROBERT E. SHERWOOD, Editor of *Life.*
   MR. FREDERICK JAMES SMITH, Critic for *Liberty.*
4. There is nothing to buy in order to enter the Contest. The illustrated booklet, *"How to Write for the Movies,"* is simply to help contestants.
5. Entries should be sent to *Contest Manager,* COX CONFECTIONERY COMPANY, Boston 28, Massachusetts, and must be received there before the close of business on June 1, 1927.

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ST. JOHNS TABLE COMPANY
P. O. Box 704 CADILLAC, MICHIGAN

[PORTRAIT OF A LADY WITH RED HAIR
Continued from Page Fifty-seven]

oh, gods, in memory of Arcady, save thee from this awful death."

Only because of her great love is the blade driven. Time passes.

Adrea lives now in splendid, impressive isolation in her darkened palace, away from the light; for what once gave her sight is waiting to reclaim it. A youth who has been captured is brought to her. It is *Kæso's* and the slain *Julia's* son—but in the invincible eyes of the boy she sees her lover.

This last act bore all the emblazoned tracing from David Belasco's own particular mould.

The boy seeks the throne from *Adrea.*

"It is well," she answers. "First we will play the game of being king."

With prophetic slowness she places the lad on her throne—sets her crown on his head, her scepter in his hands, throws her ermine around his shoulders, saying, with upturned, glorified face: "Reign in love."

"If you play fair and set no trap for me," cries the captive boy gayly, "open the casement and let in the sunlight."

"At the King's command!" rings out her voice.

In a hot blaze of inner, glorifying renunciation, with a superb, expiatory gesture, she flings the casement wide open, and the sudden glare of the sun that takes her sight gives to the boy his kingdom. She gropes her way to the throne.

She drops at the young feet in submission, her arms enfolded over the blind eyes, crying triumphantly: "Long live the King—long live the King!"

FOLLOWING the ending of Du Barry, I went to my Shelter Island country place, where I attacked the mechanics of Adrea with a humble recognition of its values.

Here was a flawless carving presented to me, and I was going to try to transmute it into everlasting bronze. For months I was under the empire of her dignity and her power. I was endeavoring to present a characterization, out of the dominion of the flesh and under the alchemy of spirit, that could be independent of words.

For the first time in my career I wanted my audiences to live with my thinking processes and not with my actions. I wanted to build a woman animated and living—sunken in a fearful tragic vortex of hate, of tempestuous conduct and struggle and, finally, in a majestic conquest of self, to emerge the sublime image of the divine. That purpose had been superbly accomplished in the text. It was for me to bring it out.

There was never anything in the whole wide world, except death, that Mr. Dave would allow to interfere with his work. In the personality of a man like himself the powerful illusions of imagination exaggerate everything—even the incessantly daily trials of human experience, which are cruel because of their very triviality.

Photo from Harold Seton

Mrs. Carter in a dramatic scene in Adrea.

SIMPLE, gentle, and always courteous, he could borrow on occasions the manners of a South African black if interruptions came. From the beginning of the writing of a play to its first presentation, he was absolutely absorbed by his selective task, in bondage to its driving. He was astonished, sometimes angered in a childish way, at my mother's lectures on his manners.

One afternoon, at Shelter Island, we had been working hard on the fourth act of Adrea, when one of the servants announced that Stanford White, Sam Schuyler, and General Weston had just come off the latter's yacht and were downstairs.

"They can't see you," he told me irritably. "Tell them you're working."

"Why, Mr. Dave, I can't break the rules of the road like that in my own house. I'll go for a short time, and be back at work in a few minutes."

But, according to the transient standard of humans who measure calendar time by minutes, there were no minutes when Stanford White deliberately set out to distribute what was housed in that splendid brain of his.

Here was another of my "irreconcilables." Although a frank silenus looked out from that great head, genius was written there in a large, bold hand for all men to see. That inner, quiet, imperishable thing was unconscious of everything except itself. The needs, the desires, of that outer tenement called the flesh never burned in the same crucible.

Untouchable, purposeful, high, it allowed Stanford White to offer to the world his deathless works. A giant in architecture, he immediately placed a visible archaic setting of a Roman palace in the fifth century, A. D., and I entirely forgot my promise to return to *Adrea.*

It wasn't long before I was re-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SIXTY-ONE]

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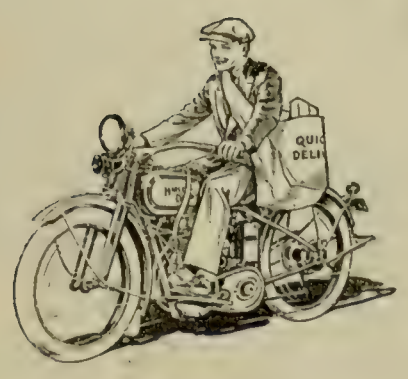

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The minute school's out you'll see me sprintin' to where the Eskimo Pie sign tells where the good taste is. Peel that silver wrapper back, an' bite into that crunchy choc'late coatin'—just get that surprise party started an' then go right on into that big thick helpin' of *de-lishus* ice cream. Boy! Add that up if you can!

Eat it like a banana—peel back the foil wrapper

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Over two hundred million sold yearly

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LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY
at the
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[CONT'D FROM PAGE FIFTY-EIGHT]

minded of it by Mr. Dave's arrival to see what had become of me. He greeted my guests in a preoccupied way, then began to weave up and down the room like a shuttle. He was acting exactly like an unsettled hen trying to reclaim an errant chick. Suddenly there came to my mind the meaning of that phrase of Mr. Whitney's so many years back, "your unclubable associates."

This alone was Mr. Dave's life—the flame of the theater, of the stage. It completely devoured him. He had no time to breathe or loiter in any place but in the whole kindling, crackling, burning world of it.

He was only ratifying a design, predestined from his birth for his ultimate assignment, and with brutal obstinacy he would allow nothing to come into conflict with it.

I was amused at his face, traced in the counterfeit of a thundercloud, and laughed openly. Finally I rose from my seat and, taking Stanford White by the arm, I said:

"What would you do if anyone interfered while you were working on your Pennsylvania Station plans?"

HE rose to his feet, moved by comprehension. "I would chuck them out by their heels," was his answer.

"Just what I'm going to do now."

When my guests had left, I turned to Mr. Dave, saying:

"I think you a very rude man."

"Exactly," he returned, unabashed, with great self-satisfaction. "If I permitted things like that to interfere, I shouldn't be here so you could tell me that. Listen!" He held up his hand. "I'm going to give you five illustrations of five women with great dramatic talent who continually allowed incidents just like this not alone to hamper but to cut short their careers."

Outside of Kitchener, and perhaps half a dozen others, my life has been singularly free from the names of the great. The distinguished people I met came into it only through a community of interest that vitally concerned the stage.

Percy Anderson was again commissioned for the costumes, and when the plates arrived we discovered them to be exquisite sketches.

"Take them," said Mr. Dave to the costumer, "and translate all that loveliness into something living. Give them each as much life in a dress as it has on paper."

Having the choice of virtually all of the actors of the American stage, Mr. Dave chose well. In the cast of Adrea were Tyrone Power, R. D. MacLean, J. H. Benrimo, Claude Gillingwater, Francis Powers, whose First Born he had produced, and Franklin Mills.

The only one badly cast was Charles Stevenson. He was always the dandy. The royal and passionate stamp of the imperial *Louis* in Du Barry held him fast in a beautiful setting out of which he never stepped. As *Kæso*, the barbaric chieftain, he looked a barbaric dandy. Can one imagine being a barbarian and a dandy in one?

Bernhardt told me that the mechanics of her plays never wearied her. She brought to them each day a springy newness, an unquenched enthusiasm. But they exhausted me at times. One day, at the rehearsal of Adrea, Mr. Dave said sternly:

"I've given you an altar cloth and you're making a bureau scarf of it."

He was now to pay heavy toll to the Oriental superstition inherent in his nature. He felt that all the openings of his plays must take place in Washington, because it was in that city the tide of his success really turned when he produced there The Heart of Maryland.

The whole theatrical profession was aware of his secret feeling about the capital. When the time arrived to procure a theater for the premiere, theaters, Masonic halls, buildings of every kind, turned themselves into impregnable ramparts.

THERE have been situations in my theatrical history that have looked so invincible, so insurmountable, that it has rived my courage in two to contemplate the circumstances surrounding them; yet I have known these same events to fade as a shadow before the sun at the reliance of Mr. Dave on a power available to him always in his hour of greatest need.

It was a force so big you could not close your eyes to it. It rushed to his aid, swinging a new door open just when every door had not alone been closed but locked. It forced its way through monetary jams when an hour's delay meant not alone failure but ruin. It turned situations that were filled with hopelessness and despair right side up with the speed and precision of a pancake turner reversing griddle cakes.

Persons with barely remembered names, men with unfamiliar ones, sprang up to aid him at the last perilous hour.

Why? Because of the divine acknowledgment. I have never

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Photos from F. K. Wilstach

In her moments of relaxation, Mrs. Carter loved to drive or tend her garden.

STYLES in wedding rings don't change often . . . but when they do, an out-of-date ring becomes conspicuous. Now . . . it is "The Juliet" . . . acclaimed in the best circles as the embodiment of fashion, beauty and quality. Engagement rings to match.

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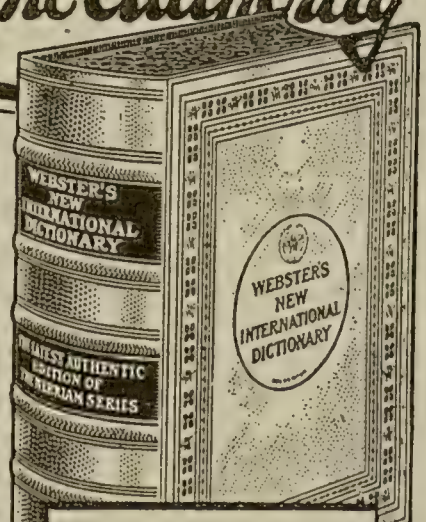

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[PORTRAIT OF A LADY WITH RED HAIR
Continued from Page Sixty-one]

known any letter of David Belasco's of any length that did not end with "God give us strength to do so-and-so." Many of his letters to John Luther Long closed this way: "With God's help, we will—"

I have gone with him many times to a synagogue, to watch that torch which is flung from hand to hand in Jewry, and which never flickers out, no matter what the man—that deep religious faith in the protection of a Supreme Being. The Hebrew Lord's Prayer is a most impressive and magnificent recognition of a spiritual governing force.

INCONVENIENT of access, on the other side from fashionable Washington, over a market place, was a vast, barnlike structure called Convention Hall. It had no stage, no seats. Privately, with much secrecy, through his agents, Mr. Belasco rented this hall. It was discovered that the roof and ceiling leaked so that the iron girders could be seen plainly. With a private car full of mechanics from the Belasco Theater and three carloads of gorgeous hangings originally purchased for The Darling of the Gods and Du Barry, David Belasco metamorphosed a merely roofed space into a splendid *odeon.*

A stage was erected, seats put in place, aisles carpeted, boxes built, a gallery constructed at the back, and a special curtain carrying immortal Latin mottoes ordered for the opening. The exposed parts of the ceiling were covered and draped with fireproof cloth and gauze, dark green in color.

Then, suddenly, mysterious undercurrents of exacting requirements began to pop out from various city administrative departments. Never was there such caution! Never such vigilance! It had been safe enough for Washingtonians to the number of 5,000 (its estimated capacity), but it was not at all secure enough for David Belasco's audience of 1,400.

At least the political henchmen in Washington of the Theatrical Syndicate served them well. Finally every requirement was obeyed strictly in accordance with law; and on Christmas Eve, which fell on Monday, everything was in readiness for the first night.

On the preceding Saturday the company assembled for one of the last rehearsals. Costumes were perfect, wigs fitted, the massive Ionian columns reared their white lengths in the sets, and the prancing horses of all openings—suspense, tenseness, sensitiveness—stepped their spirited way. But, in spite of all this, feelings were easily hurt; tears started in everybody's eyes at everybody's unkindnesses.

A dozen quarrels were made up a dozen times, with a dozen reconciliatory kisses. The men were like a lot of women, and the women behaved like a lot of children. Fretful, tingling, nerves pitched to the highest tension, it was merely the perfect type of a hundred last rehearsals, without which

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE SIXTY-TWO]

the actor could not act. The whole crucible of torment that fires and fuses him is his very success.

With a sigh of terrible weariness, I had left for my hotel to gain a few hours' rest, when, late Saturday afternoon, Mr. Dave knocked at my door.

"The Fire Department has just condemned the whole electric-lighting system," he announced. Only his eyes were alive. The rest of his face seemed dead.

Certainly the avalanche of obstacles seemed more than one could bear. I ran to Susan, who had become my dresser because she understood my quirks and madnesses and forgave them. She had a way, in times of troublesome problems, of slipping her hand in her Bible and putting her finger on a spot and abiding absolutely by what she read there.

"TAKE your Book," I said to her. "Come with me to Mr. Dave. Open to a place and show it to him."

The years have a way of mercifully veiling many incidents, sometimes erasing them entirely from the map. But this was a thing that, if you had any drama in your make-up, you just couldn't forget. The text Susan put her finger on came from somewhere in the Old Testament, and the end of it read like this: "And promisedst them that they should go in to possess the land which thou hadst sworn to give them."

Susan and I stood there. Mr. Belasco was silent a long time. Finally he said:

"They think they have beaten me. I produced The Heart of Maryland here in Washington when I didn't have thirty cents to buy a dinner; and now they think to stop me producing Adrea when I have thirty thousand times thirty cents."

He took a cab and drove directly to the home of the head of the Edison Company.

"Mr. Belasco," said this man—I wish I might have remembered his name, for out of the great commonplace herd of men he should be niched and tabulated—"there is one thing that gets Americans by the throat—that's grit. For many years I've watched your battle with this monopoly. It's not only injurious, but, by heaven, it's not a fair fight! The whole staff of Edison electric workmen is at your disposal—*now*."

Mr. Dave said he grasped the man's hand tightly in his own and held it. He never spoke. Could you? Are there words solemn enough to express in proper coinage their full valuation at a time like that?

Photo from Albert Davis Collection

Adrea *placing the son of her unfaithful lover upon her throne.*

The electricians began that evening. All night they worked and sweated. All Sunday they stooped and ached and toiled, tearing out the condemned system of wiring. They put in a new one. They laid a special main for the supply of the current.

ON Monday morning the inspection was passed by the authorities. But when the afternoon hours came the permit had not gone through. Then arrived Congressman Joseph Cannon, a man Mr. Belasco had never met, but who had been watching his struggle with keen interest. I loved "Uncle Joe" Cannon's lean, wise face. In it was the amiable stolidity of the carved effigies that ornament the bows of old Salem whaling ships.

"Don't worry, Belasco," he said. "You'll get your permit."

The command went forth from somewhere. The permit came.

The special and unique distinction of that first performance of Adrea was that it was not given in a theater; that, in the very analysis of its present setting, it stood for a cause, a revolt.

Simultaneously with the raising of the curtain of Adrea it began to rain.

During the second act it beat down violently. Then Billy Furst came backstage to say: "The President of these United States is sitting under an umbrella."

It was true. So heavy and incessant was the downpour that the water was leaking through the cloth and gauze hangings, deluging the audience with a fine green rain. For the first time that night, I was held in an emotion of fear. What a disaster!

I LOOKED out through the curtain. There was Ambassador Cambon and the whole French Embassy staff in one box, with Mme. Cambon's beautiful white gown ribboned with blotchy green stripes. Secretary Morton, his wife, and Admiral Schley were sitting calmly under a shower of trickling green water.

Percy Wyndham and Dayrell Crackanthorpe were attempting to protect the Ambassador Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of England, Lord Pauncefote, with two rolls of evening coats. Admiral Dewey, in a box, was laughingly trying to hold one umbrella over four exquisitely dressed women.

Mr. Belasco walked over to where I stood, his face jammed with many emotions. One in particular I remember, although years have passed—a sort of the-last-outpost-reached-and-no-cache-found expression.

"Will they stay to the end?" I asked, trembling.

"It's up to you," he replied grimly, and left me alone.

In times of panic the region about the stomach starts a little cancan. You get that sick feeling which is one of the tributaries of fear. Fighting men, fighting circumstances, fighting emotions, I could meet; but when the elements started to fight me, it seemed almost useless to battle with the ironic gods that were using me in sport.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[PORTRAIT OF A LADY WITH RED HAIR
Continued from Page Sixty-three]

However, what were a few drunken gods playing handball in the heavens? Mortals must pay their debts. And, honestly, to the best of my rounded knowledge, I laid all I had at their feet. When the curtain was finally rung down after the first act, the calls I took made me feel like a spinning top. After the fourth, spectators in the boxes, in the orchestra, in the entire audience, stood on their feet, calling frantically for Mr. Belasco. He went to them, simply, as he always did the minute they called for him. The first thing he greeted them with was:

"Well, Mr. President, ladies, and gentlemen, they didn't prevent my opening!"

That was all that was needed to fire them. They waved, they cheered, they stamped! That short sentence brought forth applause that lasted longer than two minutes.

"I will open my companies in Washington or any other city I elect to visit."

Some young, vivid voice in the audience shouted: "You bet you will, Agamemnon!"

Mr. Dave continued:

"Mrs. Carter, my good friend Mr. Long, my company, my loyal, splendid staff of carpenters and mechanics, have worked for you, ladies and gentlemen, forty-eight hours without sleep to make this opening possible."

The frantic applause broke forth anew. The only excitement of a crowd paying homage to something that, as I remember, was anything like this was an Armistice night crowd in London.

Admiral Dewey came to the front of his box, his hands clapping with the precision of a churn.

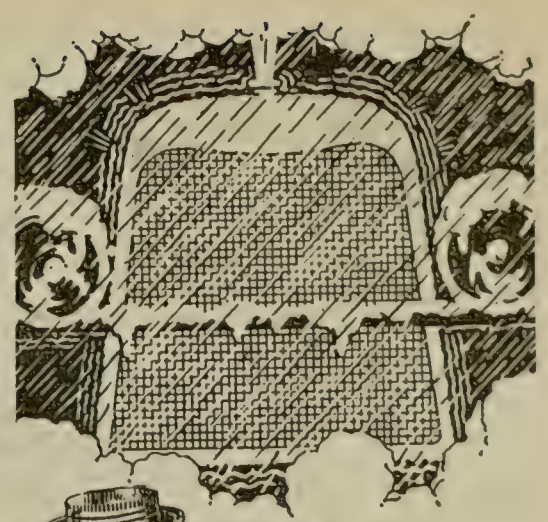
Mr. Belasco looked at him and added smilingly: "It would be strange indeed if Mrs. Carter were not willing to fight for the chance to play before you, when you all are so kind to her, and when the man who fought the Battle of Manila Bay and the man who fought the Battle of Santiago are willing to sit in a sort of green shower bath to watch her."

With water soaking into different portions of their bodies, uncomfortable, the audience remained until the very last word—which was long after midnight.

That was an Adrea night on Christmas Eve in Washington. It had cost Mr. Belasco $25,000 for the privilege of presenting it there.

I DO not believe in quoting criticisms. The importance attributed to them by the public is never balanced by strict justness. The man behind the critique is apt to be swayed by his prejudices, the policy of the master he serves, his friendships, a bit of Hungarian goulash cooked in oil when it should have been cooked in butter, or by any other human element stumbling into his experience. The only criticism I ever thought worth repeating about myself was written by William Winter on Adrea. I give it here only because it came from a man who disliked me and was at little

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



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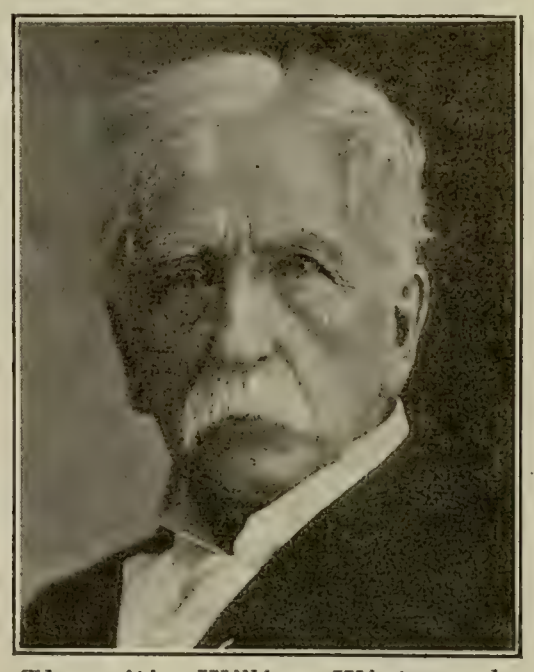
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-FOUR]

pains to conceal it. Grudgingly, unwillingly, wrung out of an unbending integrity and a scrupulous honesty, he gave me this:

> Mrs. Carter moved firmly, steadily, and triumphantly through her first big part. She has long been known for the soft allurement of sensuous grace, known likewise, and rightly admired, for the clarity and purity of the English speech, always delightful to hear; but studious observers never were convinced that she could be an actor of tragedy.
>
> It took a long time for Belasco to bring her to a splendid victory, but she gained it in Adrea. Her impersonation possessed great beauty—symmetry for the eye; melody for the ear; unity, continuity, and sincerity for the critical sense; and, greater—yes, greater than all these—a supreme, absolute knowledge of human misery.



The critic, William Winter, who was influential a generation ago.

He described me once as "this singularly eccentric woman — a compound of fine intelligence and dullness."

Dear William Winter! I bear him no grudge, for when his tribute-money came due, it was paid in such splendid coin. I have often wondered how he ever kept the austere and perverted Puritanism of his mind in subjection long enough to witness certain plays.

He wore his hair parted in the middle, plastered tightly to his head, and resembled one of Mrs. Jarley's wax figures, the kind that had been nicked and had turned too yellow for exhibition. He loathed going to see plays on the order of The Second Mrs. Tanqueray. He said to me once:

"The theater is one of the sources of refined pleasure. I see no joy in the exhibitions of the corruption of the moral sense. No good has ever come to anyone on seeing Camille, Denise, or Zaza. There is no defense for exploiting this phase of life in the theater."

As far as I can recollect, the conversation with him continued in this way:

> MRS. CARTER: You are making of the thing which, after all, is only one of the fragments of the world, a sort of ignoble

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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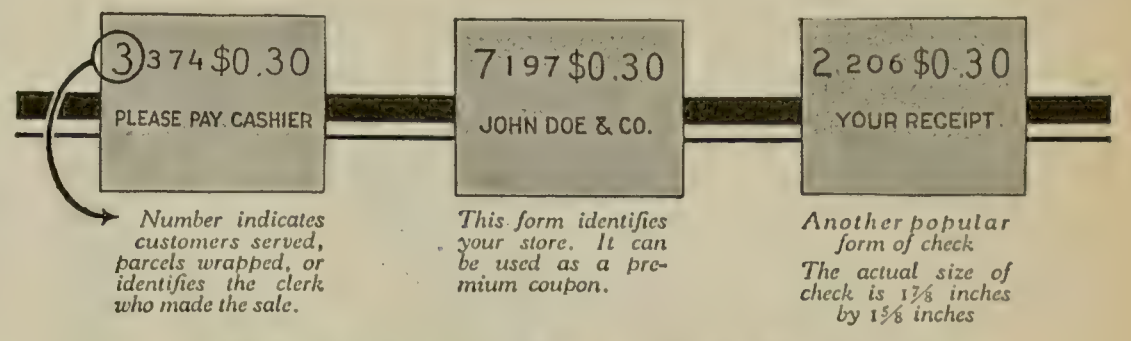

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THE CHARLES H. PHILLIPS CHEMICAL CO., NEW YORK AND LONDON

[PORTRAIT OF A LADY WITH RED HAIR
Continued from Page Sixty-five]

animalism. Would you fail to see Oedipus or Phaedre just because their themes were ugly?

MR. WINTER: It is not the ugliness of these present plays I complain of, but their grossness.

MRS. CARTER: All nature is gross. The event that brought you forth is one of the grossly physical things of life—birth. You do not close your eyes to that. The world is not built on the As You Like Its and the Candidas and The Rivals.

The people you wish to see, Mr. Winter, are not alive. You wouldn't recognize one of them if you met him in the street. What you would like to see in the theater is the dreams of those light sleepers who dream faintly and whose dreams never come true.

When you go to view a portrait of Sargent's, the value for you is whether it is a good likeness. So it is on the stage. The absence of any reality to life in a play is like passing a lot of strange people in the street, not one whose soul is in your hands.

He was not to be convinced. He became the controversial protagonist of the Puritan cause in the theater. Sometimes dramatic perfection was too strong for him to disregard, as in Mrs. Patrick Campbell's *Paula Tanqueray.* But as a rule his final decisions were all for the great lyrical purities of Julia Marlowe's art and the beauties of Ellen Terry's. There was a real love between Winter and Belasco, although once or twice he slammed Mr. Dave for his mannerisms.

ONE finds all sorts of insubstantial things in life, and—though I am going to be laughed at for saying this—the one thing really and substantially true, that actually belongs to Mr. Belasco, is the thing the journalists called Mr. Dave's posing. He is as romantically true as his art, as dramatic and vivid as the race of which he bears testimony.

The background of the Jewish faith, with its ornamentation and symbolic rituals, the *tallus* about the neck, the *tvillum* between the eyes, cultivates personalities as we cultivate orchids in the heat of hothouses.

Dusted by the pollen of ancient antipathies, fertilized by persecutions, by burdens patiently borne, by its very insecurity it rears a background for itself of gorgeous impetuous antics. It sets itself a stage. So when you read of a Benjamin Disraeli, shaking hands with his Queen, fingers ringed in jewels so that Melbourne turned in disgust to his confreres, saying, "Faugh! The Oriental," you will realize they are just snipping off a piece of themselves and giving it to you.

The uniqueness, the picturesqueness, of Henri Bernstein, Morris Gest, Bernhardt, half a dozen others, is a growth, a welding of intense expressions, not a state of mind. Once I heard my mother severely reproach Mr. Dave for countenancing some of my many extravagances.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

One Drop

Stops most painful corn in 3 seconds

HERE is a new and totally different way to treat a corn or a callus. One drop stops all pain. You wear tight shoes, walk, dance, in comfort, **instantly and at once.** Acts like a local anaesthetic; really amazing.

Then soon the corn shrivels and loosens. You peel it off with your fingers, like dead skin. No more dangerous paring.

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Send Free samples (10c EACH for packing, etc.) with Free "Beauty Secrets." Check articles:
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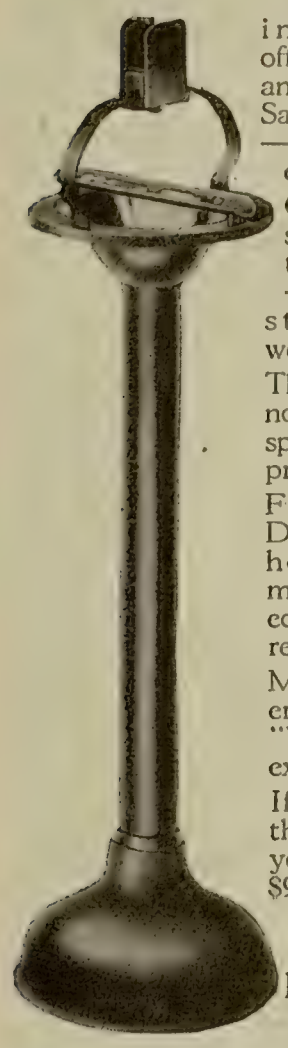

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$12.75

A FREE-EDGED cone speaker, 18 inches high, with protecting metal frame. Compare this 1927 model Herald for volume and tone with any higher priced speaker at your dealer's.

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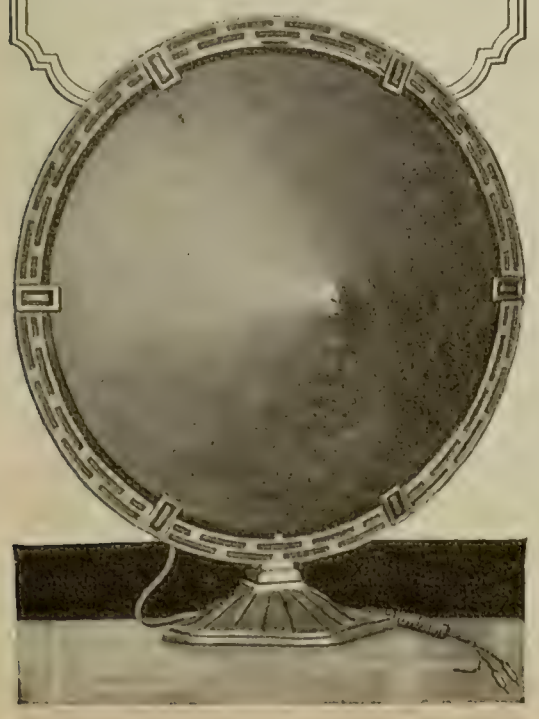

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-SIX]

He did not interrupt her tirade; but when she had finished I heard him say: "Don't complain of that —she can't help it—that is part of the woman!" So Mr. Belasco, with his priest's appearance, his lock of hair, his tugging, white, delicate hands, is only presenting to you something that has flowered there. You do not believe this? Well, it's true.

WE opened the New York season in January with Adrea, playing throughout the winter and up until May. The following September we reopened it again, and, after presenting this play for some of the winter months, we went on a tour of the large cities with an enormous cast, giving Adrea, Du Barry, and Zaza.

In Chicago I had the extreme pleasure of acting *Adrea* for Sarah Bernhardt. After the performance I entertained at supper herself, Maurice Bernhardt, and the elder Guitry.

Sarah Bernhardt has been so shredded by writers that there is not a kernel of newness left to give to hungry posterity. But you could not be in her company long without seeing a story so simple that it might have been written in words of one syllable. There was one great elemental fact: her feeling for her son. Whatever strange errands Sarah Bernhardt's soul sought, she always came back to what was the pivot of her life.

You had but to see her face when he entered a room, and never otherwise would you see that expression on it which was reserved exclusively for Maurice. The clamor of the thing it was part of—something transcendental, angelic, so pure, so infinitely of the spirit — proclaimed itself only when he was near. I have never seen another countenance torn by such sudden sweetness.

Once, in France, I said to her: "Don't!—for God's sake—don't love any human being like that!" She did not answer me. Where he was concerned, I don't think she heard any voice in the world. Like the Roman Church, where one feels drenched in the radiance of its mysticism, you felt bathed in the presence of some hidden, inner self that sat silent throughout all her commerce with the world—something serene and pure; blind, too, to its own being there.

IN looking over what I have written of my life, I see I have used a lot of words; and now I am coming to a period where I have no words.

The moment I begin to think, the instrument I want to use to describe what happened fails to identify itself with the circumstances. The symbols that try to stamp their meaning have lost touch with the facts, for when I begin to tell of them, only ugly words rise up like walls that can't be scaled.

In the next installment of her autobiography in next week's LIBERTY Mrs. Carter tells of the dramatic ending of her long association with Mr. Belasco.

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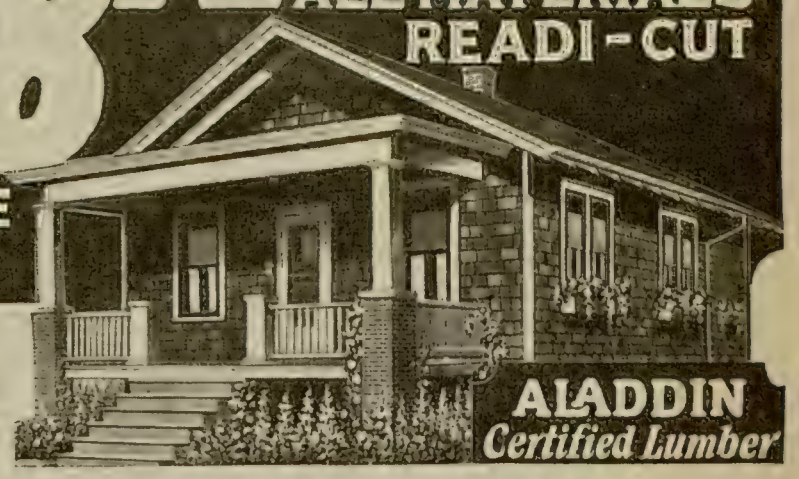

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Make $15 a day selling this wonderful new household article that has taken the country by storm. It is CED-O-BAG—a moth-proof, damp-proof, dust-proof, germ-proof storage bag for clothes, blankets and furs. It is the greatest, fastest selling household article that has come on the market for years. Every housewife wants one, buys on sight.

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There is a chance for you to clean up a lot of money in your town at once just by taking orders for CED-O-BAGS. L. H. Green went out and made a clear profit of $12 in one afternoon. J. V. Davis took five orders in one evening and was $5 richer. Edith Phillips made $53 in one week's spare time (evenings). You can do as well, or better.

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Would you like to make an extra $100 or $200 a month, in your spare time? Would you like to gather a lump sum of $500 or $600 in a couple of months? If you would, here is your chance. Mail me the coupon and I will tell you all about this money-making proposition. I will show you how you can make $15 a day or more in this easy, pleasant, engaging work. I will show you the way to quick profits—big profits. Mail the coupon now.

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Dear Sir: Please send me full details of your money-making proposition by which I can make $15 a day in cash. This does not obligate me in any way.

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Vox-Popovers

HOT OFF THE GRIDIRON

What Lovers of Football Think of Wynant D. Hubbard's Article on the Harvard-Princeton Controversy

PROBABLY no other sports article ever printed in a magazine aroused so much comment and controversy as Wynant Hubbard's article on Dirty Football, in LIBERTY for January 29.

From coast to coast, virtually every newspaper in the land, big and little, carried the news of the former Harvard player's charges against Princeton. Day after day, for nearly a week, columns of comment and interviews and editorials were published. These expressed chiefly the views of football officials, sports writers, former players, and others having technical or partisan interest in the game.

LIBERTY thinks the opinions of the general public on the question will be interesting to its readers. The hundreds of letters we received showed sentiment about evenly divided, and the ones printed here are representative of this sentiment.

A Former Yale Star Leads Off

CHARLESTOWN, MASS. — Speaking of dirty football: I played five years on the Yale varsity eleven. For four years I played through practically every game the team was in. And during all that time I took part in just one defeat—a game lost to Princeton. Consequently, my hat is off to the Orange and Black and always will be.

But it was a dirty game. I hate to rake up the past like this, and, besides, President Angell has asked me not to write this letter. But I feel that I must, in the interest of truth. For it was the dirtiest game I ever saw or went into. It is safe to say that not one of the players on either the Yale or the Princeton team came out of that contest the same good, clean sportsman that entered.

Mud lay two inches deep on Manhattan Field — in places probably three inches. The twenty-five-yard lines were quagmires, varied by pools of stagnant water. To add to all this, my opponent, Crowdis of Princeton, whenever I tried to get into the plays, deliberately interposed his shoulders and knees in a manner that was not only intentionally rough, but was inexcusably dirty —considering the fact that he was plastered from head to foot. And the Princeton backs, after they were tackled and downed managed to slide along for another yard or two by a method that was anything but clean.

Ask the Rev. Mr. Crowdis of Norwich, Connecticut, to deny a single one of these facts if he can. I only hope he is bumping the devil nowadays the way he bumped me on that memorable occasion.

I have read Mr. Hubbard's article on Dirty Football at Princeton, and am much impressed with his vague and immature idea of what constitutes a fact. He states: "That Princeton tackles coming in on kicks often do not try to block punts, but with high, powerful knee action rough up the defending halfbacks." And the tenor of his article is that Princeton is deliberately coached to do this.

Imagine Roper, one of the biggest head coaches of the modern game, saying to the Princeton team on the eve of a Harvard contest:

"Now, fellows, when you break through the line, don't bother to block any of Harvard's kicks. Don't think of following the ball. Forget all that and concentrate—for dear old Nassau—concentrate on getting those high, powerful knees into the halfbacks."

You can't imagine it. Neither can I, nor any other football fan. But if that—as well as eyeball-scratching and wrist-twisting—is Roper's carefully doped-out method (and Mr. Hubbard seems to insist that it is), I can think of a much better idea.

As long as you are not aiming to block punts, why take the trouble to break through the line at all? Why not just surround a star Harvard linesman and scratch his eyes?

I am afraid that Mr. Hubbard's eyeballs, or whatever he sees with, have been scratched by something worse than a Princeton football player. It seems that way to an old-timer like me, with all due respect to him as a star player.—*Charles Chadwick.*

On the Other Hand

DETROIT, MICH.—No matter how much may be written on the article, Dirty Football, by those who claim to be in a position to whitewash Mr. Hubbard's statement of facts, it is clear to the man in the street that his accusations ring true. A glance at Mr. Hubbard's photograph was sufficient to convince one that a man of his type neither has an ax to grind nor wishes to wash dirty linen in public.

LIBERTY is to be congratulated for its fearlessness in printing this article. Let's hear what Princeton has to say.—*Bim Wrigley.*

Time to Quit

ROSLYN, PA.—Congratulations to LIBERTY and Mr. Hubbard for that story on Dirty Football. I am glad there was one magazine that had the courage to print a story that was backed up by facts. I don't consider that Mr. Hubbard was a "goat" for anybody. He simply had the courage of his convictions.

If a team can't win a game by fair play, it might just as well be crossed off the schedule for all time, traditions or no traditions. When a team is dirty enough to cripple opposing players (probably for life) for the sake of winning a game, it is time to call it quits with such a bunch. Harvard has kept silent all these years for the sake of preserving this game. Mr. Hubbard has no apologies to make. — *F. P. Howley.*

Stop the Scandalmongering

EASTON, PA.—The mere fact that you have published an article such as Dirty Football calls for such a stream of censure that the writer must add his written disapproval. LIBERTY has appeared to have a place in the magazine world, if properly managed; but when it assumes the policy of unnecessarily opening wounds, it becomes a national menace.

You did American journalism a service, however, when you stated the article had elsewhere been rejected. This statement so well classifies you. The writer sincerely trusts that LIBERTY will have sufficient perception to stop this kind of scandalmongering. — *W. C. Harter.*

Give Him a Hearing

BOSTON.—While I am not sure that Mr. Hubbard was acting wisely in coming out with his article on the Princeton situation, I want to congratulate you for having published it. It would be a travesty indeed if a high type, fearless crusader like Hubbard could not get a public hearing on so important a matter.

This whole issue is much more fundamental and far-reaching than at first appears. Harvard prestige and the future of college football may be seriously involved.—*A. Barr Comstock.*

Who Let This Piker In?

LOWELL, MASS.—I like your paper very much, but who let this piker Hubbard in? I am a Boston College man, but I have a great respect for Princeton. I can just about imagine what would happen if Hubbard wrote a pack of lies about B. C., like the ones he has about the Tiger. And that is all they are—dirty lies.

What is the matter with Harvard players? Are they crippled? Hubbard speaks as though they were a bunch of grammar-school kids. We all know there is an awful bunch of cheap pikers at Harvard, but I don't think they are all like Hubbard.—*F. T.*

To Hubbard, Personally

CHICAGO.—Shortly after the break between Harvard and Princeton, the *Big Ten Weekly*, a publication devoted to Western intercollegiate athletics, printed an editorial comment bearing upon the subject. It referred to the treatment received by the University of Chicago team during its games with Princeton in 1922 and 1923 as evidence bearing upon Harvard's feelings against Princeton.

It made clear that the Chicago players regarded Princeton as unnecessarily rough. You present a strong case, and I feel that you have done football a service. Princeton will surely play a clean game next fall.—*Charles Collins.*

Where Men Are Men

OSKALOOSA, IA.—If anything else were needed to justify Princeton's action in canceling athletic relations with Harvard, Hubbard's whine about rough playing was it. Thank God, we live in the West, where it is not considered good sportsmanship to squawk when you are hurt. Dear old Hawvard should come West and absorb a little culture.—*Dr. Jay G. Roberts.*

A Man Who Walks Alone

TRENTON, N. J.—That little story of Mr. Hubbard's pertaining to football is sure pure bunk, especially written by him for the "good of the game." Every magazine in the country rejected the article, only to be saved from the scrap heap by LIBERTY.

I recall a story in one of your issues entitled The Man Who Walks Alone. Well, he has plenty of company in Mr. Hubbard, Dutch Leonard, Swede Risberg, and, last but not least, LIBERTY.—*George Zimmer.*

But He Walks Straight

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.—I am a member of the class of 1920 at Harvard and knew Hubbard well. He is as straight as a string, and as fearless as they make them. It is a source of satisfaction to me, and I believe to many other Harvard men, that you have published his article and exposed what all hands knew, 'way down in their gizzards, was the real reason for the Princeton-Harvard break.

I have seen no Princeton refutation that holds water. Roper says "dirty liar," just as one might expect. Other Princeton knights say "preposterous."

Won't you get some photographs of Harvard-Princeton plays and pin down some evidence that will silence all doubt?—*Sumner B. Young.*

A Physician Reports

WAKEFIELD, MASS.—Just read Hubbard's article in LIBERTY on Dirty Football. Hubbard says: "In the 1926 Princeton game, Guarnaccia was so badly kneed while protecting one of Coady's punts that two of his ribs were broken."

As I live opposite the Guarnaccia family and am their physician, I took especial plains to make inquiry as to the truth of Hubbard's assertion, and say there was no truth whatever in the assertion that two of David's ribs were broken. He was bruised, but only temporarily. He played in the Yale game two weeks later. His sister Cora tells me these facts.—*D. S. Coles, M. D.*

NINE TON STEAM ROLLER FAILS TO FLATTEN

The Sealy TUFTLESS MATTRESS

$50.00

East of the Rockies

If you weighed nine tons, and kicked in your sleep, you could not destroy the luxurious comfort of this wonderful "Pillow for the Body."

While a reporter from the Los Angeles Evening Express and a group of California merchants looked on in amazement, a NINE TON steam roller passed and repassed four times completely over a Sealy Tuftless Mattress.

"Surely it must be ruined"—but, no—for while they watched, the Sealy steadily and surely resumed its buoyant "pillow-like" shape. A testing hand proved it was still as sensitive to the touch and as resilient as ever before—not even its beautiful ticking was broken.

This drastic demonstration is dramatic and convincing proof of the enduring buoyancy of the Sealy Tuftless. The Sealy used was a stock mattress—made, as are all Sealy Tuftless Mattresses, by the famous Sealy Air Weave Process.

This patented method permanently knits lasting resiliency into the millions of tiny, long staple, snow white cotton fibres that go into every Sealy Tuftless.

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The economy of the Sealy is better health, greater efficiency in life's tasks, longer life for you. Go to your Sealy dealer and learn more about this wonderful "pillow for the body".

The Sealy Supreme Spring

The Sealy Supreme is a combination of exclusive features which give you greater comfort—more lasting service.

It is double deck—like a spring upon a spring. Ninety-nine coils of the finest tempered steel spring wire are united upon an all-steel, round-cornered frame. A cross-laced, helical top forms an even surface which conforms noiselessly to your body. A patented brace prevents rocking, sagging, or swaying. Fits wood or steel beds

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$1,000 *for* Lee

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Zip . . . . . it's closed!

Lee Buttonless Play Suits will save thousands of Mothers untold time, effort and annoyance. Many styles from age one up.

ONCE more Lee leads the world in improving work clothing. Think of it . . . no more worrying buttons. One zip and it's fastened better than buttons ever could fasten it. A time-saver . . . repair saver.

The Lee Hookless Fastener is the greatest improvement ever made in work and play clothing. It is combined with the superior long wear Lee fabrics introduced last year. The Hookless Fastener will not jam, rust or break and launders with perfect safety. It can be had in Lee Union-Alls, Overalls and Play Suits. The same garments available with buttons also.

Ask your dealer to show you the new Lee Buttonless Union-Alls, Overalls and Play Suits. Inspect them . . . try them on . . . zip the Hookless Fastener up and down. Then enter the $1,000 cash prize contest.

The H. D. Lee Merc. Company

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Buttonless Union-Alls, Overalls Play Suits

$1000 *In Cash Prizes*

First Prize - $250 Second Prize - $125
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One Hundred Prizes of $5 Each!

RULES

1. These prizes will be given for the best names received for Lee Buttonless Work and Play Garments, together with reasons for the name, written in not more than 25 words. Any number of names may be submitted but each name must be accompanied with reasons.
2. All names with accompanying reasons must be written on a Lee Official Entry Blank. Entry blanks can be secured from any dealer in your town handling Lee Union-Alls, Overalls and Play Suits. There are Lee dealers in nearly every city and town in the United States.
3. You can get many valuable suggestions for a name by carefully inspecting the Lee Buttonless garments at any Lee Store and by talking to any man or boy who wears Lee garments.
4. Send your entries to Prize Department 100, The H. D. Lee Mercantile Company, Kansas City, Mo. No entries returned.
5. In the event of a tie for any prize offered, a prize identical in all respects with that tied for will be awarded to each tying contestant.
6. Contest opened March 1st and closes June 1st, 1927. Anyone may compete except Lee employees and their families.

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The H. D. Lee Merc. Company, Dept 100, Kansas City, Mo.
Please send complete information regarding your new Lee Buttonless Union-Alls, Overalls and Play Suits.

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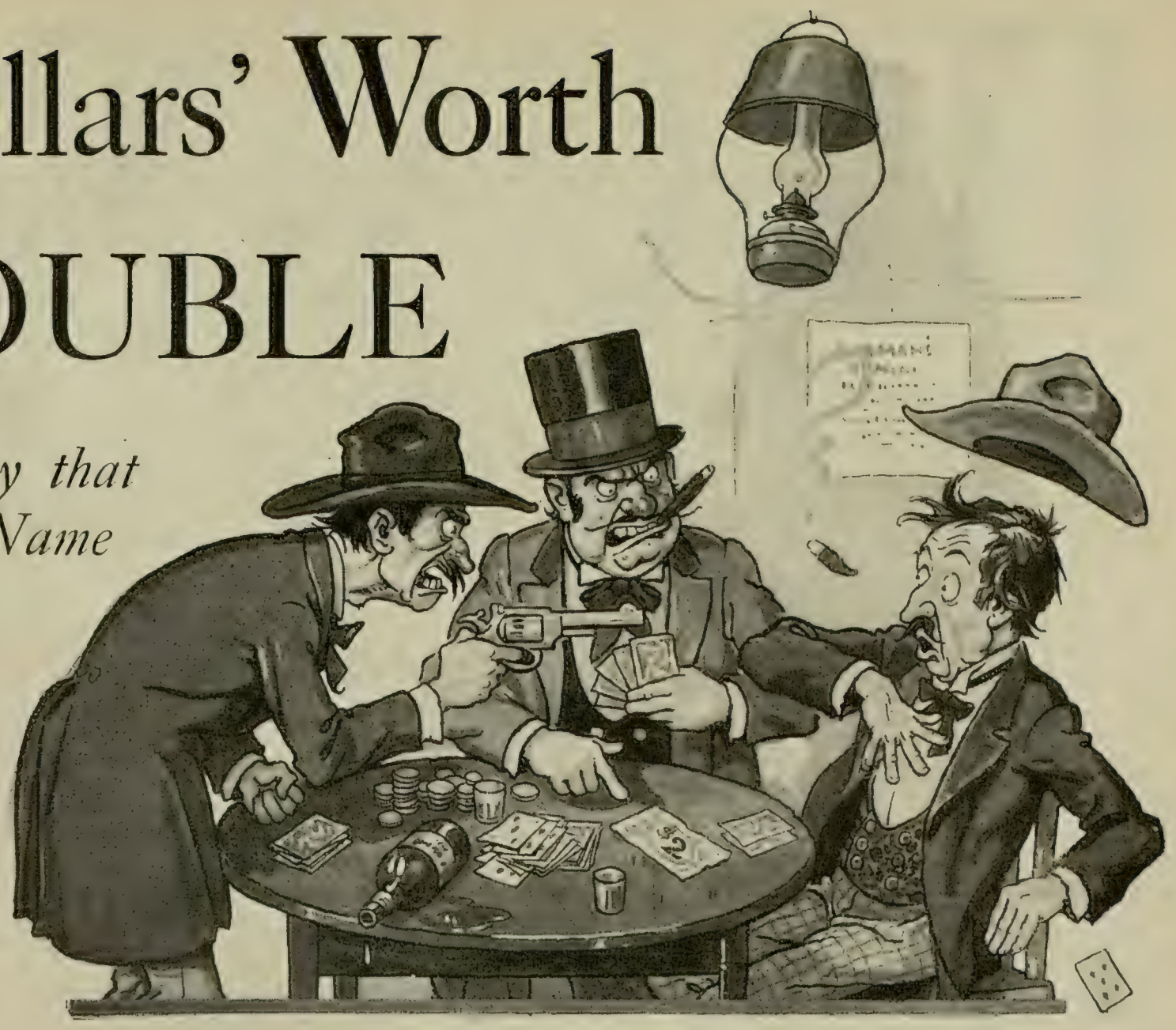
Two Dollars' Worth of TROUBLE

The Story of Good Money that Can't Live Down a Bad Name

An Article by
PAUL KINKEAD
Picture by R. B. FULLER



A $2 bill was a signal for a row in some of the gambling clubs.

UNCLE SAM has $5,747,343,827 of paper money, of which $67,337,124—or 33,668,562 pieces—is branded as unlucky. Of these pieces, 6,967,940 are regarded as especially unlucky.

Of all the great mass of paper money issued by the United States since 1862, only the $2 bill today is considered unlucky, although, for a decade or more, one issue of $10 silver certificates held a bad name.

So strong is the superstition regarding the $2 bill that several times the government has been urged to abandon that denomination. The fact that of $712,246,507 of National Bank notes there are only 81,497 $2 bills shows the extent to which the banks avoid that denomination.

The origin of the superstition is clouded in doubt. A dozen stories are told of why the $2 bill is unlucky.

The truth probably is that the first issue of $2 bills and the treasury notes of 1890 bore a strong resemblance to the $1 bill and sometimes were passed out carelessly. Traveling circuses and merchants inclined toward dishonesty discovered that the $2 bill was an extraordinary medium for short-changing customers, and the bill became as unpopular as any kind of money ever can be.

Among gamblers the superstition that the $2 bill is an omen of ill luck is so widespread that even to throw one on to the table in a gambling house will bring a protest from many persons and often from the house. In Hot Springs, Arkansas, in the days of big gambling there, a $2 bill was the signal for a row in some of the clubs.

Dan Waddell, a bookmaker around the racetracks in the early nineties, is declared to have destroyed scores of such bills, tearing up the money whenever a bill happened to get into his cash box. One Broadway saloon-keeper for years refused to take one over his bar, and destroyed those taken accidentally.

Sam Hildreth, perhaps the leading racehorse trainer of the country, and head of the great Rancocas stable, is jinxed by the sight of a $2 bill. Merely to show him one, when one of his horses is to race, will throw him into panic.

The regulars around the race tracks used to josh Hildreth about his hatred of $2 bills, but no longer. He takes it too seriously. When his great horse Zev was to race Epinard, some joker shoved a $2 bill at Hildreth, and until the race was run he was convinced something would happen to beat his colt. The joker escaped with his life.

So general is the belief among race followers that the $2 bill is unlucky that they have discovered a sure way to take the jinx off it. If you see a $2 bill with a small square hole in the middle you may be certain that it is not unlucky and that some superstitious person has sought to destroy its evil influence.

The removal of the jinx is simple: First fold it lengthwise, then sidewise, and bite (don't tear) a small piece off the folded corner. Presto! The jinx has escaped through the little square hole in the center of the bill.

The tradition, nursed by gamblers, has been largely counteracted by the system of pari-mutuel betting on race tracks in America. The basis of pari-mutuel betting is $2, and the demand for bills of that denomination for speedy handling and counting is great around the race tracks of Kentucky, Maryland, and latterly of Ohio, Illinois, Florida, and Louisiana.

During the Kentucky and Maryland racing seasons the great bulk of all the $2 bills in America is centered around the race tracks of these States. The day racing closes, however, the banks observe the change. The unlucky bills that have been used for the sake of convenience begin to flow back to the banks.

THE United States Treasury carries a flat sum of $1,000,000 in paper currency on its books as "unknown-destroyed." As a matter of fact, a much greater percentage of paper money is lost than is shown on the books—how much, the Treasury has no way of knowing. A greater percentage of $2 bills is "unknown-destroyed" than of any other denomination.

The superstition antedates 1890; yet the strongest dislike is toward the Treasury notes first issued at that time, which greatly resembled the $1 issue. The average citizen, however, does not know that there are seven different kinds of United States paper currency and five different kinds of $2 bills; so, to the superstitious, one $2 bill is as unlucky as another.

There are a lot of queer angles to money. The old silver fifty-cent piece was formerly considered a hoodoo in the East, whereas in the West it is much preferred to the "iron dollar," because it is easier to carry.

The greatest demand, in proportion to the number issued, is for $1,000 bills. This demand is largely from criminals and gamblers. "One grand," as the underworld calls the $1,000 note, is the reserve fund, bail money, and capital, to be used only in emergencies.

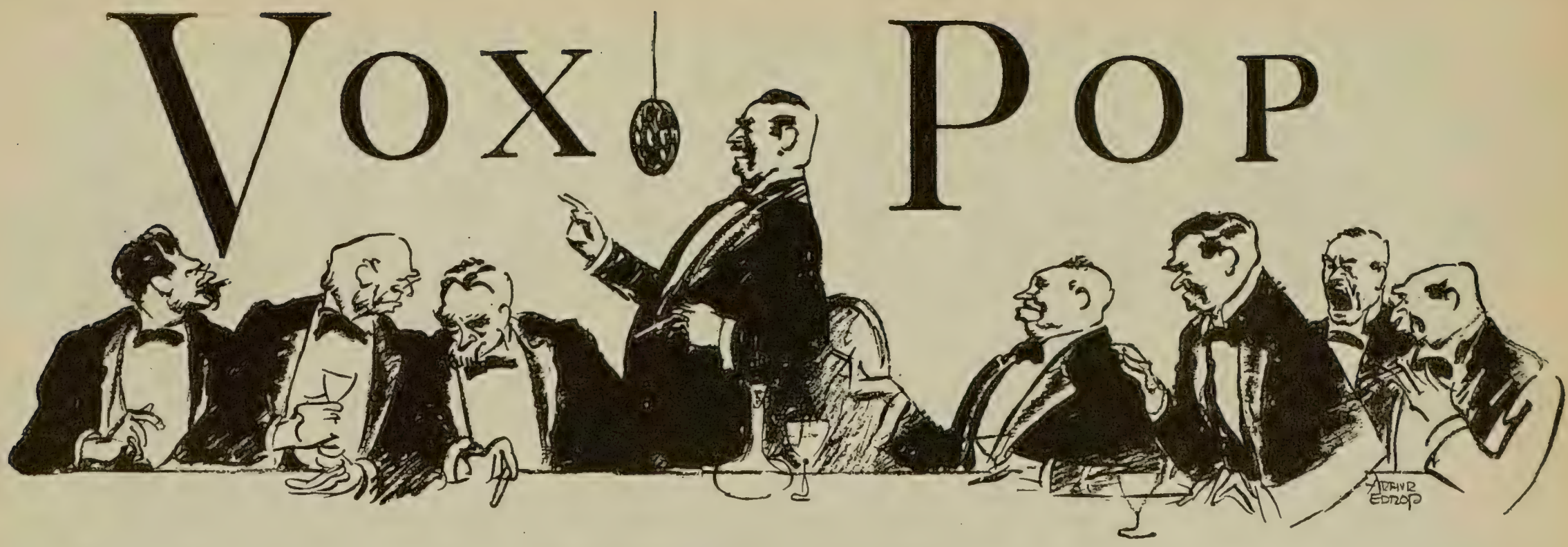
The $1,000 gold certificate is in special demand for this purpose, and the police of every city in the land know that when cash bail is demanded of a prisoner from the underworld the chances are he has "one grand" sewed somewhere in his clothing with which to purchase his freedom, temporarily at least. There are only 77,406 of these $1,000 gold certificates, and frequently there is a shortage of such bills noted.

The Bureau of Engraving and Printing keeps in its museum samples of many forgotten issues of paper money; but most of those not redeemed have passed into the hands of collectors and curio seekers, which accounts for the big item "unknown" carried in Treasury reports on each issue. No one knows how much paper money is lost and destroyed, since no issue ever is entirely redeemed.

For instance, how many of you have seen fractional national paper money? There are outstanding $61,126 of fractional National Bank notes, and probably all of the half-dollar and quarter-dollar bills are held as curiosities. The Treasury ultimately profits by this loss or destruction of money—although the gain by the government does not show on the books, as the money is redeemable when presented.

THE END

VOX POP



Reilly's Ridiculous—

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Your article, Who Won the War?—by Brigadier General Reilly—is the most ridiculous thing I have read anywhere.

In it no reference is made to the comparative population of the two countries; to the fact that thousands of England's best were killed in the first three months of her entry into the war; that she was also fighting in Italy, Africa, Turkey, and other places besides France; that we would have had, probably, less than half of the men we did in France had it not been for the British navy.

Read our own war records and see how many Americans were killed, compared with British.—*M. L. M.*

Reilly's Masterly—

WASHINGTON, D. C.—May I add my voice to those who will undoubtedly praise your article by General Reilly? It is a masterly, logical arrangement of facts in reply to the scurrilous attacks of members of a

race who have opposed us in every way since the battle of Lexington. Anything to prevent American seaborne commerce and prestige from growing!—*Roy K. Malcolm.*

—And We're Foolish!!

TORONTO, ONT.—With reference to Brigadier General Henry J. Reilly's article in LIBERTY, without going into details as to Who Won the War, will you kindly draw the General's attention to one or two cold facts he has overlooked?

First, the enlistment per capita in the United States and England.

Second, the per capita representation of each nation in France, on the firing line, after one year of war.

Third, when the United States entered the war England had suffered, in casualties, over ten times the total casualties of the entire American Expeditionary Force.

Don't you think it rather foolish to publish an article entitled Who Won the War?—when we, the Anglo-Saxon race, have nothing to quarrel about, and nothing is to be gained by arousing controversy of this kind?—*Joseph R. Wilson, Lieut., M. C.*

Rosita, Was That Stuff "Cut"?

PENSACOLA, FLA.—In a recent issue of LIBERTY there appeared an article, The Futility of Fashionable Life, by Rosita Forbes.

In it, Jean, a girl in her twenties, attended a luncheon. Before lunching she drank two cocktails. During luncheon she consumed "a considerable amount of Burgundy and several glasses of port." Afterward she drank seven glasses of brandy and it is chronicled that she was "unmoved."

The only possible interpretation of this latest statement is that she was *paralyzed* and could not move.—*Ben and Budge.*

Knocks Our Breath Out

KENNETT, MO.—I think the stories by Captain Elliott White Springs are an insult to God. Trash like his hurts LIBERTY WEEKLY.—S. R. L.

We Breathe Again

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The publishing of the fiction stories by Captain Springs places LIBERTY in a class by itself, to me. I think they are the most realistic stories of the war, of flying, and of the war pilot that I have ever read.—*L. T.*

God Bless "The Gang"!

FORT LYON, COLO.—We have just finished reading the reason Spring's hair turned gray and think it's great stuff.

There are more than 300 of us here at Fort Lyon—in the United States Veteran Hospital—trying to come back after eight years, and everyone we have talked with agrees that the stuff by the South Carolina Hookworm is simply great. Most realistic.

Please, Cap'n, stand by. We want more!—(Signed) *The Gang, United States Veteran Hospital, Fort Lyon, Colo.*

Read the Next Letter

CLEVELAND HEIGHTS, OHIO.—It seems to me that your Adventures of Emmy, Nicky, and Greg is silly.

I don't think LIBERTY magazine is read by many children.—*Edward B. Silberman.*

A Boy Speaks Up

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—I would like to tell John F. Keeley, that wrote that letter in Vox Pop, that he must be pretty *dumb* to say that about LIBERTY not having anything for children. I am eleven and in sixth grade, and I read War Birds, For the Love o' Lil, and other interesting articles. I find LIBERTY as good as any boys' magazine.—*John R. Lyman.*

The "Fifteenth," You Know, Gave Negroes the Vote

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Will you be so good as to tell me how much money the United States government is expending each year, and has expended up to this time, to enforce the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States? I ask this question so I may be informed as to how the government regards other amendments to the Constitution in comparison with the Eighteenth Amendment.

My information is that no money has been expended for many years in attempting to enforce the Fifteenth Amendment, and there is no doubt of its constant violation. If I am correctly informed, will any of your editors advise me why this is so, and why a violator of the Eighteenth Amendment is regarded as a vicious violator of the law, while one who violates the Fifteenth Amendment is regarded as doing his section of the country a service?—*James C. Melville.*

The Modesty of Genius

SALISBURY, N. C.—I buy LIBERTY to read the editorials.

Some day your magazine is going to "slip up" and print the name of the man who writes them, after one of his editorials. Then his many readers are going to learn the identity of the editor who has the brains and ability to set down *their* thoughts.—*D. K.*

The Fierce Frankness of Frank

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.—LIBERTY is "A Weekly for Everybody." The love affair of *Lil* and *Sandy*, no doubt, appeals to inmates of insane asylums.—*Vincent J. Frank.*

Kinder than Frank!

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.—I like LIBERTY. I think *Sandy* and *Lil* are the realest people any magazine cover ever boasted! I may be considered unusually dumb, but I welcome a change from the usual "beautiful damsel" cover design.—*Barbara Plews.*

Kinder and Kinder

BINGHAMTON, N. Y.—Three cheers for Leslie Thrasher! I think he deserves a lot of credit for the success of your magazine.—*A. J. Schweig.*

Getting Rough Again

NEW YORK, N. Y.—F'gossakes, wilya please have *Sandy* marry the gal and get some covers that have *sense?*—*J. J. F.*

Ask Lady Godiva

STEVENS POINT, WIS.—In your letter in LIBERTY, Miss G. F., you state that you can appear in public with skirts above your knees and still be

a lady. I suppose, were it the style to go nude in public and you did so, you would *still* be a lady.—*J. B. Nugent.*

Figuring Out an Excuse

MUNCIE, IND.—Your article, To Live Long Be—Not Dry—Not Wet—Just Damp, by Lin Bonner, must have been written by a drunkard wanting to excuse himself for drinking by quoting figures!—*Roger Nottingham.*

More About Prostitutes

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—I suppose it is a little late, but I can't get over Dr. Clarence True Wilson's remarks about smoking and prostitutes. He says now that he didn't say that only prostitutes smoked, but merely that men objected to women smoking because it was a habit indulged in by prostitutes.

Personally, I don't smoke, but I would like to ask by what right men object to the habits of prostitutes, since that unhappy sisterhood is a creation of their own. For every woman who lives that life there is a man, or men, urging her on. I suppose we women are being "protected" again from something or other. As far as the habits of prostitutes are concerned, we have a lot of them: we eat and sleep, and weep and laugh and die. So do they. So I suppose we must stop doing these things.—*A Woman.*

Actresses favor Resinol Soap for daily cleansing

They find that its Resinol properties tend to prevent dryness and roughness of the skin

"*It is very easy to understand why Resinol Soap is so popular since it has special properties to keep the skin soft and natural,*" says Viola Dana, much admired F. B. O. star who is now being featured in "Homestruck."

With every trace of make-up to be removed daily if she is to care for her skin properly, the screen star must decide what will accomplish this cleansing most thoroughly without injury to the skin's delicate texture. Resinol Soap offers a solution of the problem, and women in all fields of activity are adopting its use.

To daily increasing numbers of women the name Resinol means a product with ingredients of particular benefit to the skin. In the abundant, creamy lather of Resinol Soap these properties are carried deep into the pores, and they make possible thorough cleansing without the smarting, dry, red flaky condition of which so many complain.

Get a cake of this soap from your druggist now and use it regularly as directed, but note the softness, radiance and general improvement in your skin which follows the *first* treatment.

If you are at present annoyed by some skin irritation—a minor rash, a facial blemish, or one of the more serious forms of skin disorder apply a bit of Resinol Ointment. It relieves burning and itching promptly and rarely fails to clear the trouble away. Prescribed by doctors for more than thirty years.

FREE OFFER—Mail this coupon today

Dept. 5-C, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

Please send me, free, a trial size package of Resinol Soap and Ointment.

Name.....

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THEIR FIRST QUARREL

The Flaming Sword of Jealousy Smites Lil and Sandy

A New Adventure in LIBERTY'S Famous Cover Continuity

FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

By Leslie Thrasher

"OH, dear, it's raining!" Ma said. She and Pop were just leaving the house to play bridge with the Sumners across the street.

Lil watched them go. Pop carried the umbrella (a recent premium for soap coupons) and knocked Ma's hat every few steps.

The Sumners' door opened. A flood of light—then darkness. Lil stood at the window, thinking.

The past week had been an endless one of tragedy. She hadn't seen or heard from Sandy—and a daily phone call had been his custom since their engagement.

Seven nights ago she'd waited until 10 o'clock for him to come and take her coasting. That was the night Walter, her stepbrother, had suddenly arrived for a visit. But Sandy hadn't shown up. Why?

Lil had wandered through a labyrinth of worry. Finally feminine curiosity led her deeper into the maze. She bribed Junior with a quarter to be late for school; he was to spy upon Sandy outside his office at 9 o'clock.

"I seen him," Junior had reported on the phone at 9:05, "an' he looked mad. He hadn't shaved."

"Well, you get on to school," Lil said.

Then she had a little crying party. Having expected to call up the hospital, the police station, and perhaps the morgue, now she didn't know which way to turn.

Smashed wedding dreams—humiliation—the end of the world. Her few engagement gifts she would donate to the March missionary barrel at church. She had a horrid mental picture of her new blue-squared doilies sewed together to make three little heathens' undershirts!

As for the engagement ring, she would return it with a letter—one that Sandy never would forget, a masterpiece that would haunt him forever and ever.

Dramatically Lil went up to her room and got out her best note paper. The fatal ring placed in front of Sandy's picture acted as a brisk wind to fan her flame of humiliation. She blushed furiously when e-s-t slipped by mistake on to the tail of Dear in the middle of her edict; but she didn't erase it.

IN the meantime, Sandy had been pacing his room ever since supper. A lonesome, indigestible repast, it had left him in deep gloom.

Seven nights ago he had caught Lil spooning with some old lover. One look at them had been enough for him. That brief behind-the-scenes view of Lil's true character was a prologue to a looming tragedy. She had *foxed* him. Who had said "All women are liars"? Shakespeare—or Zane Grey?

"Well, no matter," Sandy muttered. "*I*'m sayin' it now!"

Should he kill himself? He could plunge head downward on to the stone court below the window. Or he could join the navy and slip overboard during a storm. He decided in favor of a sensational land suicide, the memory of which would burn out Lil's heart the rest of her days.

And the flaming sword of jealousy and hate smote first Lil, then Sandy. A typical lovers' quarrel—traditional through the ages!

(To be continued next week)

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

It Would Appear So

Frances, aged seven, having spent several years in the tropics, is thoroughly instructed in the danger of skin infections. A few days ago she was scratched by a cat and immediately rushed for the iodine. In applying the antiseptic, she spilled it all over the new dress she was wearing, and was severely chided by her mother.

With some surprise and much scorn, Miss Frances remarked, "Well, I suppose you would rather have a clean dress and an infected child."—Mrs. M. R., St. Petersburg, Fla.

What Do You Think of That?

Jean had been put to bed one evening by her father, as her mother was away.

The next morning Jean rushed downstairs and said:

"Mother, just guess what happened last night."

Mother, of course, had no idea of what had taken place, so Jean hastened to enlighten her.

"Why, somebody fell out of bed last night and woke me up, and when daddy turned on the light it was me."—J. L. K., Detroit Lakes, Minn.

A different Kind of Beauty

. . that only

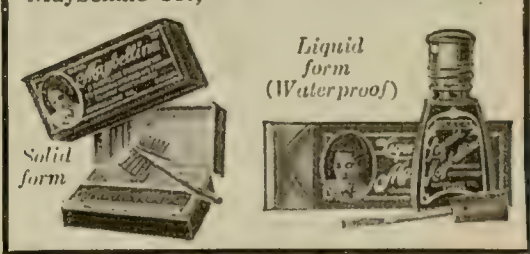
Maybelline

can give you

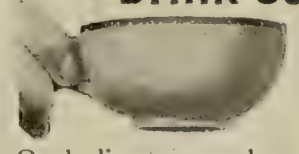
The alluring beauty of eyes veiled with long, luxuriant dark lashes would enhance your charm and attractiveness far beyond even your fondest dream. The only way you can satisfactorily obtain this effect is to use a little Maybelline,—either the solid form or the waterproof liquid form.

Obtain either in black or brown at all toilet goods counters—75c.

Maybelline Co., 4750-10 Sheridan Rd., Chicago



NOW Anyone can Drink Coffee!



Don't deny yourself the pleasure of coffee any longer. Or decline a second cup because it's late! Coffee can't keep you awake if it is the kind *without caffeine*.

Neither nerves, heart nor kidneys are in any way affected by this pure coffee—from which the caffeine has been extracted. And it is *real coffee*, full-flavored and full-bodied; nothing missing but the caffeine. The day you try Kaffee Hag is the day you settle the coffee question. At the grocer's, or clip coupon now!

KAFFEE HAG 10¢

1653 Davenport Ave., Cleveland

Send me postpaid, enough Kaffee Hag to make ten cups of real coffee; I enclose 10 cents (coin or stamps).

Name.....

Address.....

For More Beautiful Hair

What a Little Care Will Do for the Coiffure

An Article by EILEEN BOURNE

GIRLS who can wear straight hair have an advantage.

WHAT will happen if the short-haired mode changes, as it will if history remains true to its habit of repeating, is a speculation particularly enjoyed by those alarmists who view every vagary of the fair sex with trepidation.

Not long ago one of these well known joy killers insisted that the future held in prospect rows and rows of bald-headed matinee attendants. But the idea was successfully flouted by the quickly recurring appearances of the matinee girls at the hairdressing parlors for bobbing.

Again it was hinted that only the young would enjoy the privilege of entering the long-haired beauty contests on short notice. Science replied that the years when hair grows most quickly are those between thirty-five and fifty.

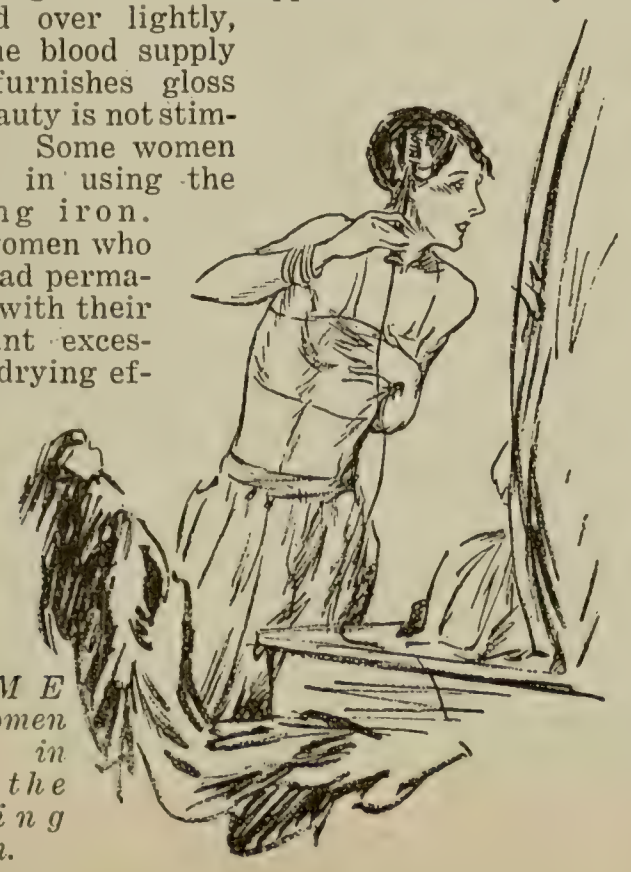
Then another broadside was hurled. In this one there is just sufficient truth to earn it an audience long enough to inquire if the care and treatment of a bob is such as to offset the possibilities involved.

"Women," the alarmist said, "who let their hair grow again are apt to find it has changed materially in texture. It very likely will be coarser, stiffer, dryer, and less lustrous."

The scarehead also throws in the possibility that because of its shortness, excess shedding of hair may be concealed.

One of the impregnable laws of nature is to exact a toll for neglect of any physical item. The hair is in nowise exempt simply because it is short. There is not only the possibility but the probability that women who have taken the "freedom from care" commonly associated with shorn tresses too much at its word may live to justify dire prognostications. But if evil befalls the feminine head on a future day, it will be only because of disregard for rules applicable to hair beauty and its preservation.

You and I know girls and women that go from one marcel to another some two or three weeks later, with the hair never disarranged by a single hairbrush application. It is just combed over lightly, and the blood supply that furnishes gloss and beauty is not stimulated. Some women overdo in using the curling iron. Also women who have had permanents, with their resultant excessively drying effects, who take no measures to counteract the damage.



SOME women overdo in using the curling iron.

In one respect short hair has concentrated feminine energy upon her hair as never before. But more often the interest is in relation to the beauty of the coiffure rather than to the quality of the hair.

As yet we do not see any marked movement in the direction of long hair outside of a debutante circle whose ambition may be to appear most awfully grown up. But for that day when history's clock does begin to turn the hands around again to an earlier starting point, it were just as well to be ready with a quality of tresses that will bear up handsomely under any long-haired mode. Or, even if one never returns to the old order, there is everything to be gained for the current abbreviated style by keeping the scalp toned, the blood supply underneath enriched, and the hair in exquisite health.

IT would be ridiculous to condemn the permanent wave.

Girls who can wear the straight-haired styles have advantages over those who require artificial softening waves to frame the face. They have them if they'll use them. There is no problem for them of combating the effects of the too-heated iron, the water-wave drier, or the permanent machine.

With nothing to interfere with the daily applications of the hairbrush, known definitely to be the best mechanical aid to scalp massage practiced, there is small excuse for a straight-haired bob not to shine with a gorgeous luster. Incidentally, another raid on man's hitherto advertised rights is being practiced by some of our smartest straight-haired girls. His military brushes are being usurped with excellent effect.

Hair must register distinctly a smooth, velvety gloss. Whether straight, or with an artificial or a natural curl, the gloss is imperative. Without it the straight cut is more often a liability than an asset.

A tendency to dryness may be offset by rubbing a little castor oil into the scalp before the brushing. Likewise two hairbrushes are considered better than one: a stiff one for working off the scales and stimulating the scalp and a softer one for smoothing and glossing the hair.

Whether you can convert women who pay good hard-earned dollars for marcel upkeep from their economical prejudice against disarranging the waves with brushes, I am a bit doubtful. But something ought to be done to increase the circulation in the veins that feed the hair roots. If it isn't, the hair will deteriorate in quality.

You may go for a short period, perhaps, without seeing or feeling any ill effects from the neglected scalp, but there surely comes a day of reckoning if it is prolonged for months. Reputable hair specialists tell me that women are showing more scalp disease, dandruff particularly, for no other reason than the failure to give the scalp its necessary daily brushing.

IT would be as ridiculous to condemn the permanent wave in this day and age as to condemn the radio. It is to many women the greatest comfort ever invented. The work itself is constantly being improved. But, unfortunately, not all operators are skilled enough to measure the heat pressure rightly.

The result often is that a permanent wave job calls for home corrective work to counteract excessive dryness. If the hair feels like sun-scorched hay, hot oil shampoos should be given it. A good quality olive oil is heated, the hair parted in strands, and the scalp well saturated with the oil. This should be left on a couple of hours before the shampoo, and, in cases of extreme dryness, it should be allowed to remain on all night, the shampoo following in the morning.

The best hair authorities are unanimous in the opinion that there is a great deal of poppycock about the fear of washing the hair too frequently. Retaining as it does dust and soot and oil secretions, the hair is probably dirtier than any other part of the skin surface.

Since no skin surface is healthy or beautiful unless basically clean, the scalp and hair should be washed often enough so that it is almost as clean as the body.

THE END

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page LIBERTY Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

LIBERTY'S Beauty Book,
247 Park Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

29

Please send me, for the inclosed 10 cents, a copy of LIBERTY'S Book of Youth and Beauty by Eileen Bourne.

Name.....
(Please print or write plainly in ink)

Street and No.....

City..... State.....

DAFFY rushed out to greet his old family.

The Man of the Woods

More Adventures of Emmy, Nicky, and Greg

A STORY *for* CHILDREN

By ALINE KILMER

Pictures by ROBERT A. GRAEF

"BUT where is Daffy?" Uncle Bunkle asked. He had driven out in what he called his "nickel ve*hic*kel" that he gave himself for a Christmas present. We had all run out to welcome him—Emmy, Nicky, Ben, Greg, Tony, and I. Pompey and Domar, too, were making a great fuss over him; but even in all the confusion he missed Daffy.

As we went up the path, leaving the children to play with the "nickel ve*hic*kel," I repeated to him, just to see how it would sound, what Emmy had told me, almost word for word.

"OH, I want to raise flowers — lots and lots of flowers."

"They gave him," I said—trying to make it sound, as Emmy had, like the most natural explanation in the world—"they gave him to the Man of the Woods who lives in the little handmade house; to be his watchdog, you know."

It didn't sound at all sensible, I realized, and Uncle Bunkle has an inquiring mind, so he and Tony set out that afternoon, with all the children, to pay a call on Daffy and his new master.

Our woods are not deep and dark and mysterious woods. They lie along the edge of Soundside, about two blocks away from our house. Though they are small woods they are quite wild and natural.

The day was mild. Sunny and full of water the day was. The woods squashed every time you put your foot down. But the party didn't have to put their feet down often before they came upon the little handmade house.

It stood all alone in the midst of the trees and rocks, with pools of water glistening at its feet and the sun shining on its head. Its stucco sides showed patches of wet and the roof was dark, wet, and gleaming.

"Oh, I know *now* who the man is!" cried Tony. "He's an Italian, and he designed the new bank down by the station."

"Yes!" all the children cried. "And he made this house all by himself. Isn't it lovely?"

The man stood smiling at his little gate as Daffy rushed out to greet his old family. There was a tiny garden behind him, with rocks and a shell-lined gravel path. His house was hardly taller than he, though he was quite short.

Tony introduced Uncle Bunkle and the Man, whose name—Francesco Fastiggi—it made Tony very proud to be able to pronounce correctly. Mr. Fastiggi was a small, dark, cheerful man, with a little beard and mustache that went up and down when he talked. His eyes were small and black and glistening under his bushy black brows.

WITH great pride he showed them his garden and the cleft in a rock that he used as a stove. They followed him into the tiny three-roomed house—hall, living-room, and bedroom. The hall had for furniture only an old coal range, which, Mr. Fastiggi said, he seldom used because he liked the one outdoors. They admired the three plaster ornaments on the living-room ceiling; two, he said, were early American, and one old Italian.

But the oddest thing about this odd little house was the decoration of the fireplace. Set in the plaster-like tiles, in neat patterns, were red and blue and green glass insulators from telegraph poles.

"What a be-you-tiful way to live!" sighed Nicky, when they were all home again, telling me about their visit. "Do you s'pose I could live like that when I grow up?"

"I LIKE food best, o' course," said Greg.

"That depends," I said, "a good deal on what you want to do."

"Oh, I want to raise flowers," said Nicky promptly; "lots and lots of flowers."

"But would you like, do you think, to live all by yourself?" Uncle Bunkle asked.

"I'd live with him," Emmy put in quickly. "Of course," she went on more slowly, "what I really like best in the world is taking care of babies. But till I have some babies to take care of I could live with Nicky."

"Sounds to me," said Uncle Bunkle, "as if soon you'll all be moving over to the handmade house."

"Not me." Ben spoke up for the first time. He had been very quiet all afternoon. "I'd like to live in a little house with my own mother. But if she didn't have a little house I'd rather live in a boarding-house with her." His lip shook a little, but he stiffened it up at once.

Nicky slipped over to me and whispered:

"WHAT I really like best in the world is taking care of babies."

"While we were in the woods Ben just went off and sat on a rock and grieved for his mother. C'm'on, Ben!" he shouted. "Let's go play with my hook-an'-ladder!"

We all felt a little depressed because of Ben's homesickness.

"Well, we've got them all settled in life," said Uncle Bunkle, trying to make things cheerful. "All but Greg. What do *you* like best in the world, Greg?"

Greg, who was hanging head down over the back of Uncle Bunkle's chair, suddenly righted himself and stood up. He looked at us as if he thought us all pretty foolish to ask such an easy question.

"Why, *food*, o' course," he said briefly and astonishingly. Greg, who never eats anything!

But here Nicky and Ben came tearing in with the hook-and-ladder, shouting that Uncle Bunkle's house was on fire. The hook-and-ladder had to serve as a fire engine, too. A ball of thick cord made an excellent hose.

Clouds of smoke came pouring from Uncle Bunkle's mouth and nose. He was sorry that he couldn't send smoke through his ears and eyes. Soon the ladder was planted against his shoulder and streams of water darted from the hose against his glasses—his windows.

"We should really break the windows first!" cried Nicky wickedly.

But, just in time to save Uncle Bunkle, Carlotta called upstairs that supper was ready.

Another children's story, telling about the adventures of Emmy, Nicky, and Greg, will appear in an early issue.

Woman's Greatest Hygienic Handicap

As Your Daughter's Doctor Views It

Because of the utter security this new way provides, it is widely urged by physicians—ABSOLUTE SECURITY, plus freedom forever from the embarrassing problem of disposal

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, *Registered Nurse*

SIXTY per cent of many of the commoner ailments of women, according to some medical authorities, are due to the use of unsanitary, makeshift ways in meeting woman's most distressing hygienic problem.

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Typewriters

A MACHINE FOR EVERY PURPOSE

Love's Greatest MISTAKE

The Story of a Girl Who Went Hunting in the Danger Zones of Romance

A Serial by

FREDERIC ARNOLD KUMMER

Pictures by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

"I'M of age," cried Honey McNeill, "and can do as I please! So I think I'll go to New York and look for a job."

"Doing what?" her brother sneered. "Maybe you figure you'll be a movie queen."

But in spite of Martin's taunts and her mother's tears, Honey was firm. What else was there for her? Her father had committed his first impetuous act. He had bolted into the next world.

The interest on his life insurance would barely support her mother. Her older sister Jane was married to a plodder, George Sommers, who sold washing machines. Conditions in the small Pennsylvania town were unbearable.

The week before, life had given Honey its gift of love.

In his high-powered car, Don Kendall, son of a rich New Yorker, had taken her and Jane to a party.

He had hunted out his host's secluded private study, had led her to it, had crushed her in his arms, bruising her lips with his kiss. She had torn herself free and, a moment later, was discovered by Jane.

Jane had warned Honey against Don, with his money, his good looks, and bad morals. But it was Jane who now monopolized him, and Jane whom he escorted home at five in the morning. Honey, stabbed by jealousy, was left in the care of Herbert Gibbs, a young New York architect, who tried to interest her in his work. But, with her mind full of the dashing Don, she had thought him dull and self-centered.

Now New York, the vortex, drew in Jane's husband. The drummer was transferred to the great city. Jane moved their belongings into an apartment in Eighty-second Street, and Honey went on to be a guest and to hunt for a job.

"THEY aren't diamonds; they're rhinestones." She drew the sleeve of her coat down over her wrist.

But on the way adventure began. Opposite her, in the chair car, sat a man of fifty, perhaps. He bore the stamp of wealth and breeding. Honey's charm and simplicity attracted him. He took her to lunch in the dining-car, gave her his card. It bore the name William Ogden. On the reverse side was written: *Admit Miss McNeill at any time. W. O.*

PART THREE

WHEN Honey caught sight of Jane standing at the head of the stairway in the Pennsylvania Station, she was amazed at the change that a few weeks in New York had made in her sister.

Jane had always dressed well—as well as

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[LOVE'S GREATEST MISTAKE
Continued from Page Seventy-nine]

her limited purse would allow—but now there was a new and noticeable smartness about her—the smartness of Fifth Avenue, of Broadway. Honey had not failed to observe this in the clothes of her chance acquaintance of the train, Mr. William Ogden, whose card now lay in her pocket.

"Why—hello, sis!" she exclaimed. "You're positively stunning. I love your coat. Oh—where *did* you get that dream of a wrist watch? George must certainly be making lots of money these days."

"George is doing very well," Jane replied, a faint frown around her cool gray-blue eyes. "He earns a good deal on commissions. But these things aren't as expensive as they look. Just—smart; in good taste. All a woman needs in New York, to look well nowadays, is good taste. The shops are wonderful—full of all sorts of bargains, if you take the trouble to hunt for them."

"That wrist watch doesn't look like a bargain," Honey laughed. "Platinum, isn't it? Or white gold? Set with diamonds, too!"

"They aren't diamonds; they're rhinestones. And it isn't platinum. Just a plated affair I picked up at a sale the other day." She drew the sleeve of her coat down over her wrist. "For heaven's sake, Honey, don't get so excited over a few bits of finery. New York women all try to look as well as they can. It's part of the game. Where's your trunk check? We'd better attend to that right away. Then we'll get a cab." She signaled a porter to take charge of Honey's satchel. "Have a pleasant trip?"

Honey nodded without mentioning her meeting with Mr. Ogden. She meant to speak of that later. At the moment she was regarding with astonished eyes the immense waiting-room, the hurrying crowds, as she followed Jane and the porter to the cab stand. A few minutes later they were on their way uptown.

JANE'S apartment was a modest one, and to Honey, accustomed as she was to the spaciousness of the old-fashioned house back home, the rooms seemed particularly tiny. The bungalow furniture, however, had fitted in well, and with some new rugs and curtains Jane had managed to make the place very attractive. Honey was charmed with the little extra bedroom which was to be hers during her stay.

By the time she had unpacked her satchel Jane came to the door to tell her that dinner was ready.

"I guess we won't be going out tonight," she announced, when they had finished their meal and straightened up the kitchenette. "It's raining. And no doubt you're tired. I know I am. Didn't get to bed until after three."

She threw herself listlessly on the living-room couch and lighted a cigarette. It seemed to Honey that there were new and rather sad lines around her eyes.

"I suppose George is away," Honey said, perching herself in an easy chair, her legs dangling over its arm.

"Yes. This new territory they've given him is larger and he has to make longer trips. I was out with—friends."

"I guess you've met a lot of people since you moved to New York."

"No, not many. Hardly any, in fact. You don't meet people in New York the way you do in smaller places. They all have their own friends and don't give a hang about strangers. If it hadn't been for Don Kendall—"

"Oh—you've seen him, then?" Honey's eyes grew wide.

"Of course I have. He's been very nice to me in lots of ways. If it hadn't been for him I'd have had a mighty dull time."

"I see." Honey felt a sudden pang of jealousy, and her eyes sought Jane's diamond-studded wrist watch, quite without reason.

"WHAT are your plans about finding work?" Jane asked suddenly, as if she wished to change the subject. "Or have you any?"

"Well," Honey said, "there's George's company, of course. They might do something for me. I wrote you, you know, to have him speak to them."

"He did—the last time he was in town. The office manager said they had been laying off part of their force because some efficiency expert was showing them how to save enough money to pay him his fee. Not much chance there, I'm afraid; although you might try."

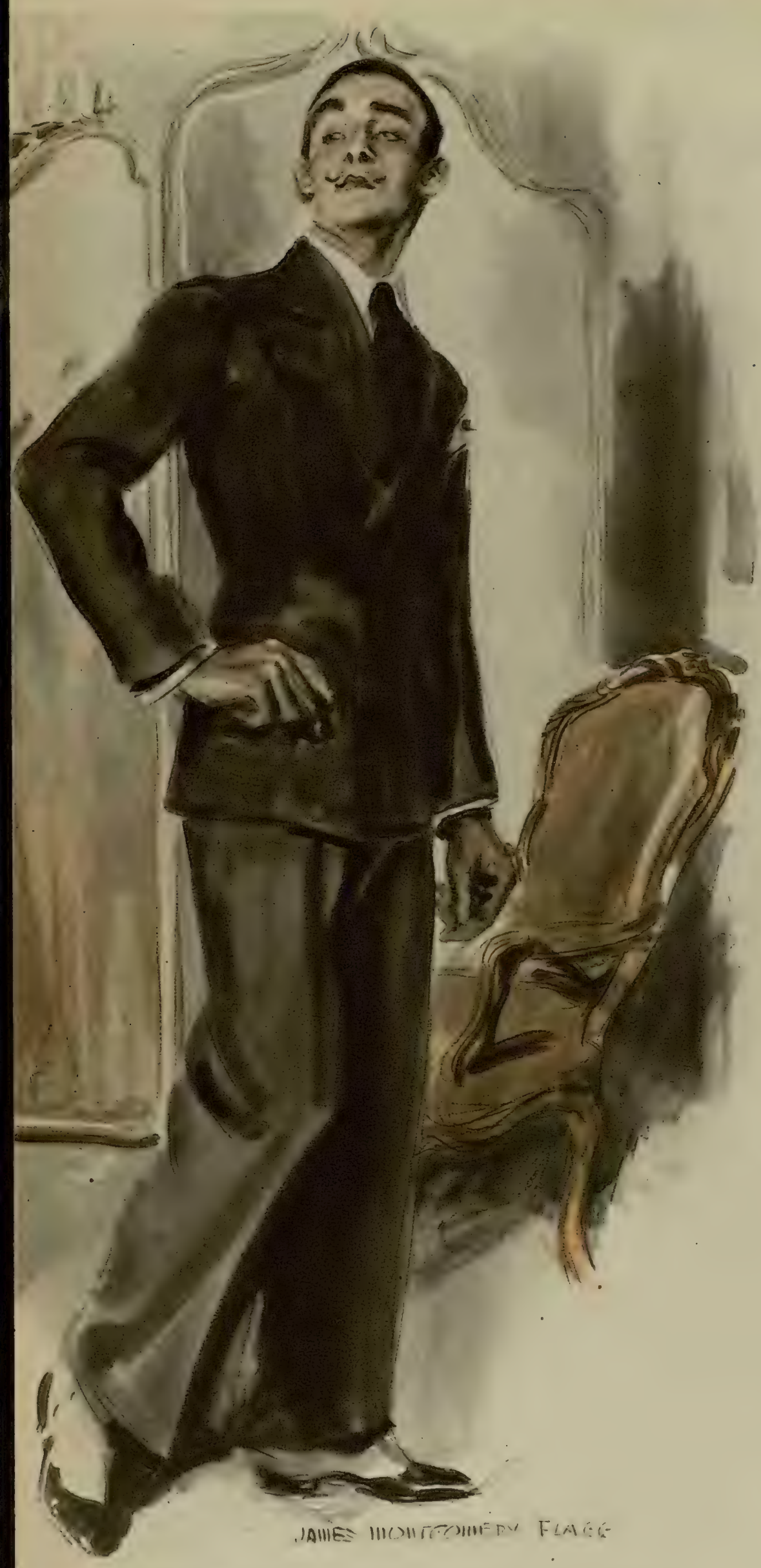
Honey indulged in a rueful grin.

"So that's that. Well, there's Herbert Gibbs—the architect, you know. And Mona Terry."

"I don't think Mona is likely to be of any use to you. Not any good use, at least. She's—crooked."

"Well—a lot of people do things they

"Say, François, forget the high-hat stuff when my friends call on me—see?



Go over in the corner and study your French dictionary."

shouldn't, I suppose," Honey said steadily, "but it's their business, not mine. If Mona Terry can help me find something to do, I'm not going to use a microscope on her morals. I don't have to be like her, do I?—unless I want to be."

"All right. Have it your own way. After all, you're in New York now, and must live your life to suit yourself. Nobody else can live it for you. I think it would be a mighty good idea to call up that Gibbs man in the morning. He's only a struggling young architect, but a girl can't have too many friends, if she wants to get anywhere in New York."

"Where's the telephone?" Honey asked suddenly.

"Over there." Jane waved her cigarette toward a small stand in the corner. "But you'd never be able to reach Mr. Gibbs now. It's half-past eight, and nobody in New York is ever in at such an hour, unless—"

"I wasn't going to call Mr. Gibbs," Honey interrupted. "I just wanted to look at the telephone book."

She came back to her chair with the heavy volume and began a careful search through the O's. Presently she found what she wanted. "William Ogden," she read, "Union Trust Building."

JANE was grinding the butt of her cigarette against an ash tray.

"Who's William Ogden?"

"A man I met on the train."

"Really! Somebody you picked up? I didn't suppose you went in for that sort of thing."

"Don't be silly, sis. Our seats were together and we just naturally talked. He's a rich man—and a very handsome and fascinating one—much older than I am—close to fifty, I should say."

"The worst kind."

"Maybe so. But, just the same, he has a lot of people working for him, and said if I'd come to his office he'd see what he could do."

"Of course he'll see what he can do. Better stay away."

"Then how am I ever going to get a position?"

"By going to office managers, people whose business it is to hire clerks—typists. Capitalists don't bother with such details, unless they have a reason. Take my advice and let Mr. Ogden alone. You won't get anywhere through him—not anywhere you want to get."

She spoke almost fiercely, as if Honey's morals, her virtue, must be protected at any cost.

"I appreciate the way you feel about me, Jane," Honey said gravely. "And I intend to take care of myself—don't worry about that. But, after all, while you're warning me against Mona Terry and Mr. Ogden, what about you and Don Kendall—"

"Don's just a friend," Jane interrupted sharply. "He amuses me. And I suppose I amuse him. Don't forget I'm a married woman, with a certain amount of freedom. You're not. And you never will be if you don't take care of your reputation. Once you've got a husband, it's different. And understand me: if I take dinner, go to a show, with another man once in a while—with Don, let us say—it doesn't mean that there's anything wrong about it, or that I love George any the less. But I'm human. I've got to have *somebody* to talk to now and then. If I didn't I'd go crazy."

"Does George know?" Honey asked.

"What? About Don?"

"Yes."

"No. Why should I tell him? It would only make him unhappy, and do nobody any good."

She spoke quickly, almost angrily, pacing up and down the little room—spoke as one on the defensive.

"My God, Honey, it was bad enough at home! Although I could run in and see you and mother—other friends—if I felt like it. But here—" She flung out her hands in a gesture of helplessness. "You'll find out too, before long, although you'll have work to occupy your mind during the day. I haven't—except to dust this little place every morning and fix myself something to eat. Ugh!" She shuddered. "Don't mind my ravings, child. I'm all shot to pieces tonight, as I told you, and I'm going to take a drink."

Jane took a bottle from one of the bookcase shelves, tilted it against the light.

"What's the idea?" Honey asked.

Jane found a glass and emptied the contents of the bottle into it.

"Well, I need it after dancing most of the night. You've got to take *something*, I suppose, here in New York, if you want to keep up the pace." She emptied the glass with a little shudder. "There; that will pull my nerves together—make me sleep. Shall we turn in?"

"I'm ready," Honey said. "I want to be full of pep tomorrow, when I start on the trail of that job. Good night."

She went to her room and undressed, but found, rather to her surprise, that she was not at all sleepy.

The window of her room faced the south, overlooking a sea of lights. Honey sat watching them, marveling at the glow that rose like a great white plume against the sky. The perpetual roar of the city seemed to stimulate her, to affect her nerves with a tingling sensation almost electrical.

Somewhere in all that maze of lights Don Kendall was no doubt pursuing his fascinating way. And Mr. Ogden. What had the latter decided to do, after her refusal to spend the evening with him?

She pictured him dining, going to the theater, perhaps, with some charming woman. He knew plenty, of course, in spite of his talk about being lonely. This atmosphere of New York was *his* atmosphere.

Would she thrive in it, or would it suffocate her, as it seemed to be suffocating Jane? Honey began to perceive that she and Jane and Don and Mr. Ogden, and all the rest, were just queer little figures, puppets, dancing vainly through endless days and nights while Fate pulled the strings.

The thought did not please her. There must be some real purpose in the game of life. With a feeling of determination to find it, she took one last look at the roaring, many-lighted city, and, drawing down the window shade, went to bed.

II

WHEN Honey telephoned Herbert Gibbs at his office the next morning, she knew from the sound of his voice that her call was a welcome one.

"Why, hello! This is great, your being in town," he said. "When did you get here? And how long are you going to stay?" Without waiting for an answer he went on: "What about taking dinner with me tonight—going to a show later? I've been working every

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[LOVE'S GREATEST MISTAKE
Continued from Page Eighty-one]

evening this week so far, and I need a holiday."

"I think it would be wonderful," Honey said, and gave him Jane's address. "What time shall I expect you?"

"Oh—about half-past six. I'll try to get some seats for The Verdict. Great show. I've been wanting to see it for some time. You'll like it."

"I'm sure I will. And it's mighty sweet of you—"

"Not at all. Pleasure's mine. See you about six-thirty. 'By."

Jane, who had been listening to the conversation, was immediately full of plans for the evening. Did Honey have a suitable dress? She would furnish her with a latchkey, since she might be late getting home. Mr. Gibbs would, of course, want to have supper and dance after the theater. Everybody did.

Honey sat staring out of the window while her sister rattled on. She was thinking of Herbert Gibbs—wondering why, on the occasion of their earlier meetings, she had not particularly liked him—at least, had not been enthusiastic about him.

Jane was putting on her hat.

"Come along, sis," she said. "Let's take a run downtown. I've got some things to buy, and it will give you a chance to look about a little."

Not until Honey had gasped her way breathless through a two-hour experience in New York's retail shopping district did she remember that Mona Terry, her former schoolmate, worked in an exclusive little specialty shop just off Fifth Avenue. Sally, Mona's sister, had given her the address.

"Do you mind, Jane," she asked, "stopping in for a moment to see Mona Terry? She works at Madame Valentine's. I know you don't approve of her, but she might help me to find something in the way of a position, just the same."

"All right." Jane glanced up at the street number. "It's five blocks up. Fortieth Street. Come along."

THE very French young man who greeted them at Madame Valentine's lost interest when he discovered that they were not customers, but had come to see Miss Terry, one of the models.

"Since Mees Mona ees not engage, she will be permit to see you in ze dressing-room," he announced.

But a door that stood ajar at the rear of the shop was thrust open, and a mop of red hair appeared, above a piquant, defiant face and a gorgeous dressing-gown.

"Why—hello, Jane! Hello, Honey!" Miss Terry cried. "Sally wrote me you were coming. Step into my parlor, won't you?"

She pushed the door wide.

"Say, François"—she flashed a look at the young man—"forget the high-hat stuff when my friends call on me—see? 'Mees Mona will be permit' nothing! Anyway, it's my lunch hour, isn't it? Go over in the corner and study your French dictionary."

Jane and Honey followed her into the small dressing-room.

"We can only stay a moment," Jane announced. She had never liked Mona and did not hesitate to show it.

"I stopped in to get your home address," said Honey. "Thought I might come and call on you some evening. Have a talk about the old town and all."

"Fine. I've got a dump on Madison near Thirty-sixth. Here." She took a card, scribbled the telephone number and the address. "Call me up any evening around six. Or drop in for a cocktail. How's the old burg getting along, anyway?"

"You haven't been back, have you?" Honey remarked.

"Not yet. But I'm going, some day. And when I do it'll be in a Rolls-Royce, you can gamble on that. They all said I'd go to the devil, didn't they? Well, I'll show them that if I do it won't be in a jitney. By-by. Look me up sometime, Honey."

She ushered them out, ignoring Jane completely.

"A bad egg," the latter snapped, when they were once more on the sidewalk.

"I think I'll go to see her, just the same," Honey said.

"Suit yourself. I wouldn't. It's getting late, and I'm hungry." Jane glanced at her wrist watch.

Honey was still wondering about that watch. Certainly the stones in it did not *look* like rhinestones.

III

THE dining-room of the big hotel was bright and fairly well filled with guests, but somehow Honey did not find it gay. The sweep of tables, the excellent music, the subdued chatter, left her with a feeling of disappointment.

She had imagined a cozy, low-lit corner, a place designed for intimate confidences, for flirtation, even for lovemaking. How could two persons be intimate over a table in a dining-room as large as a convention hall?

Herbert apologized for not having arranged for an intimate tête-à-tête; he had, he explained, been tremendously busy. The hotel, a new one on Park Avenue, was dignified, conservative—the sort of place to which a man could bring a "nice" girl. Honey reflected upon a certain sedate, old-fashioned quality in Herbert Gibbs, while he carefully studied the menu. An earnest young man—there was no doubt of that; but did he ever "break loose"? As Don Kendall might break loose, for instance?

He had come for her in a cab, and talked to Jane for a few minutes in the living-room while Honey put the finishing touches to her toilette. When she appeared, wearing a gown of white chiffon over satin, which Jane had taken from her newly stocked wardrobe, Mr. Gibbs gave evidence, in a typically masculine way, that he considered her a dream of beauty.

They did not talk a great deal in the cab. At least, not after Honey had announced her purpose in coming to New York. Mr. Gibbs sat in silence for some time. The idea seemed to displease him.

"Awful pity," he said at length, "for a girl like you to have her youthful bloom rubbed off by contact with the business world. When a woman works, especially in the—er—less well paid capacities, she becomes—hard. Simply can't help it. She must, to hold her own. You are so sweet, so lovely, so—may I say?—innocent. It seems a shame."

Honey, eager for life and its keen contacts, shivered. Was the man going to treat her like a stained-glass angel? During dinner he talked at length of his work.

"There's a competition on," he explained to Honey, "for a new church—a sort of cathedral—in Washington. A ten-million-dollar job. I'm working on plans for it—nights, Sundays. Have been, for months. If I should be lucky enough to win it I'd be made for life. Famous all over the country. Wonderful, wouldn't it be? I've got so I think about the thing all the time—in my sleep, almost."

He drew a pencil from his pocket and sketched a Gothic window on the back of the menu.

He sketched a Gothic window on the back of the menu.

Honey yawned. He had told her of this before. It was fine, of course, but—she wanted something else. Life. Passionate, throbbing life. To have dined in some gay place where one danced between courses. The sort of place to which Don Kendall would have taken her.

Well, there still remained the theater, with a possible supper afterward. One always danced at the supper places. Don had told her that. He had described the life of the night clubs in vivid detail.

"I COULDN'T get seats for The Verdict," Herbert explained, as he added up the dinner check. "Eight weeks in advance. And nobody with any sense will pay the prices asked by the speculators—except visiting cloak-and-suit salesmen. So I thought you might like to see a movie. There's a new picture on at the Metropolitan. Jack Arlesworth in The Buccaneer. All the papers gave it splendid notices. We could get seats, I think, if we hurry." He tipped the waiter, glanced at his watch. "What do you say?"

What *could* she say, Honey thought, feeling rather limp. Eager for adventure, she felt like a runaway gypsy being taken on a Cook's

tour. Everything seemed dull, flat, lacking in spice and savor. She followed Gibbs out of the restaurant in silence, got into the cab as if she were going to a funeral. Her companion, busy with his own thoughts, was unaware of her depression.

"I want you to meet my mother and sisters soon," he said. "I know you'll like them.

Honey yawned. He had told her of this before.

We'll drive up some Sunday. The place is right near the water. You swim, don't you?"

"Yes," Honey said dully. She wondered what her companion really thought of her.

Herbert Gibbs, tremendously old-fashioned and serious, was at the moment revolving in his mind the idea that, as a hard-working young architect on a salary, he could not afford to marry; but that as the winner of a nation-wide competition, with large fees coming in as the work of construction progressed, matters would be entirely different.

"I'LL have to take you home after the picture," he announced, "because the firm wants me to run up to New Haven tomorrow and I've got to make an early train. You won't mind, I hope. Next time we'll see a real show, and have supper afterward, and dance."

Honey's mind was far off—her feet beating to the throb of jungle music. "Next time?" She did not think there would be any "next time" for Mr. Gibbs and her. He was impossible, she decided; simply impossible.

She sat through the picture in silence, hating it. Hating him as well, which was quite unreasonable. Herbert Gibbs was not the first man to treat a woman as a saint and be thought a fool for his pains.

Yet Honey had no wish to be particularly unsaintlike. She was merely thinking what a different sort of evening she would have had with someone like—well, Mr. Ogden. Or Don Kendall. An evening of laughter—care-free, gay.

"I'm rather tired myself," she said truthfully. "And I couldn't think of keeping you up."

The sarcasm in her voice reached him.

"It's been a terribly dull evening for you, I know," he apologized, "but I'm not feeling well tonight. Been working too hard, I guess. Eight hours a day at the office—three or four every night at home—rather takes it out of you."

He gave her a tired smile, and Honey, glancing at his face, saw that it was pale and lined. A sudden wave of understanding came over her. Here was a man who was really trying to accomplish something big—something worth while. Perhaps the jazz-trotting youths of the cabarets might yet be working for him—asking him for jobs. She put out her hand, rested it softly for a moment on his.

A quick glow came into Herbert Gibbs' eyes as he felt the warm touch of her. The tension that had gripped him relaxed.

"Honey," he said eagerly, "I can't begin to tell you how much I—I like you. And I believe you *do* understand. I know the things you'd probably have enjoyed tonight. I've done them over and over. But somehow I can't exactly picture you in the fast atmosphere of the night clubs, sitting alongside of bootleggers, gold-diggers, crooks. You seem so different—so—"

"Oh, Lord!" Honey thought. "Does he think I'm about to grow wings?" What she said was, "Suppose we go."

It was not yet eleven. A taxi whirled them to Eighty-second Street in ten minutes—away from the gayety Honey so eagerly desired, into gloom. She would not let him leave the cab.

"You're tired," she said, "and must hurry home. I'll get in all right. My sister lent me a key. Stay right where you are. Good night."

Honey went heavily up the steps, opened the front door. What a pity he was so slow, so uninteresting. She climbed the two flights of stairs leading to her sister's apartment, taking care not to make any noise. Jane had spoken of a headache in the afternoon; of her desire to go to bed early.

With her latchkey Honey unlocked the door of the apartment, stepped into the tiny front hall. Voices came to her from the living-room—the voices of a woman and a man.

"Jane—you adorable thing!" the man's voice sounded—slow, lazy, caressing. "Don't you know I'm crazy about you? Why should I have to go now?"

Then came Jane's reply, uncertain, trembling:

"Oh, Don, you must—you must! I know you don't care for me! Not really. You're just—amusing yourself. It's wrong—your even being here. Please go. Suppose my sister should come in!"

Honey leaned back against the jamb of the front door, trembling. Don Kendall and Jane!

It was only her second night in New York, and already life faced her wearing a tragic mask—tragic, yet grinning.

On a sudden impulse, she started down the tiny hall. The curtains at the living-room doorway were not completely closed, and between them Honey caught a glimpse of her sister, struggling in Don Kendall's arms. He was whispering endearing words—brokenly—trying to force Jane to kiss him.

Honey retreated in a panic. She had only one desire—to get away. Anywhere! As far as possible.

She went out into the corridor, closing the door carefully behind her. Where could she go?

At the shadowy end she paused. The latchkey her sister had lent her was still clutched in the fingers of her hand. Opening her purse, she forced the key between the outer covering of leather and the silk lining. The purse was an inexpensive one and the silk ripped easily, tearing away from the stitches. This done, she went back to the door of the apartment and rang the bell.

NO one answered. Honey waited for a few minutes, then rang again. Suddenly the door was opened slightly and Jane's face, flushed and somewhat frightened, appeared. Her heavy, unbobbed hair was in disorder. She clutched a blue silk negligee around her.

"Honey!" she exclaimed, her eyes very wide, "what are you doing here? I—I didn't expect you for hours."

"We didn't go to the theater," Honey explained in a drab voice. "Mr. Gibbs couldn't get seats. We saw a picture instead. And he doesn't care for supper clubs, and had to get up early, so we came right home. I rang the bell because I've mislaid the key you gave me. It may have slipped inside the lining of my purse. It was too dark out here in the hall to see."

"Of course."

With a swift look over her shoulder, Jane stepped back, opening the door wide so that Honey could go in.

"I went to bed very early," she explained, her voice trembling. "You remember, I told you I had a headache."

"Yes."

Honey nodded. She had a heartache herself. Jane, who had preached to her these years, to be carrying on a cheap flirtation! With Don!

"Well," her sister went on, "Mr. Kendall—happened to be passing about ten o'clock, and saw a light in the apartment, so he came in. Waked me out of a sound sleep. You see, I'd asked him to get me a bottle of Scotch sometime, if he could, and he brought it with him. He's here now. Just going, in fact."

She swept aside the curtains and went into the living-room, with Honey at her heels. In the middle of the room stood Don Kendall, fingering his hat. He seemed entirely at ease.

"Hello, Honey," he said. "Mighty glad to see you."

His eyes swept admiringly down the girl's figure, exquisite in her white evening gown—so admiringly, in fact, that Honey blushed. Yet the admiration in his glance did not entirely displease her. There was no denying it, Don Kendall was an attractive man—a very attractive man. Honey remembered that she, too, had once lain helpless in his arms. He had told her, then, that he loved her, just as he had told Jane tonight. Would he ever say that to her again, she wondered—say it and mean it?

Honey stands before life like a child before a window full of sweets. Her back is turned to the dangers that are creeping up on her. Will there be a shout of warning? See next week's LIBERTY.

Crepe de Chine Stays Fresh and Charming

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WHATEVER the garment or fabric—crepe de chine, silk, georgette, laces, etc.,—you can keep your lingerie charming and luxurious by merely *Liniting* with LINIT, the remarkable starch which actually restores the original freshness and finish to all fabrics.

* * * * *

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IMPORTANT: Should you experience any difficulty in procuring LINIT, please use the coupon. Being a comparatively new product, LINIT is not as yet widely distributed.

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Twenty Questions

How Much Do You Know?

EVERY week LIBERTY asks twenty questions. *You* send them in, together with the answers. For each question and answer *published*, we will pay $5. Address Questions Editor, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

How many of these can you answer?

1—What pitcher has won five World's Series games and lost none?—*J. S. Dougal, San Francisco, Calif.*

2—What are the three free cities of the world?—*J. H. Sevier, Rogers, Tex.*

3—In what sport must all left-handed players be registered before being allowed to compete in a game or tournament?—*Wagner J. d'Alessio, Stanford University, Calif.*

4—What and where are the "Roaring Forties"?—*E. L. Poindexter, Los Angeles, Calif.*

5—What State paid the greatest cash bonus to its World War veterans?—*Ezell Pratt, Fort Leavenworth, Kan.*

6—Where are there four tides every twenty-four hours?—*David Edgar, Pittsburgh, Pa.*

7—Who originated the term "The Four Hundred," and when?—*L. O. Briggs, Norfolk, Va.*

8—What is the women's world record for swimming under water, and who holds it?—*R. Edward Cornell, Providence, R. I.*

9—What American actress received the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters?—*Mrs. George Wilson, Fresno, Calif.*

10—Name the poem in which the following familiar words are found: "Coming events cast their shadows before."—*Mrs. H. Y. Bernard, Washington, Ga.*

11—In what city is kept the block of metal which is the world's standard pound avoirdupois?—*Suzette Stuart, New York City.*

12—What tree bears fruit and flowers at the same time?—*Madge Wilkins, Rutherfordton, N. C.*

13—What is the oldest university under the United States flag?—*R. M. Springer, Oklahoma City, Okla.*

14—How did the Mammoth Cave aid the United States in the War of 1812?—*John M. Donnelly, Elizabethtown, Ky.*

15—Where is the oldest Masonic hall in the United States?—*E. R. Stanley, Birmingham, Ala.*

16—Who was the founder of the kindergarten?—*Sam O. Soffer, St. Louis, Mo.*

17—What was the first story printed in the English language and in book form?—*Hugo C. Schwartz, Milwaukee, Wis.*

18—The son of what famous poet is a member of the United States Supreme Court?—*Mrs. Walter Jensen, Rupert, Idaho.*

19—Why does Charlotte, North Carolina, observe May 20 as Independence Day, instead of July 4?—*M. P. Pressly, Charlotte, N. C.*

20—What city has the largest diamond-cutting factories in the world?—*Mrs. Irene Padgitt, Gallatin, Tenn.*

See Answers in Next Week's LIBERTY

Here are last week's questions answered:

1—What liquid conductor of electricity when solidified becomes a non-conductor?—*H E. Gumm, Ashland, Ky.*
A.—Water.

2—What is used to produce the smoke in skywriting by airplane?—*P. J. Searles, Boston, Mass.*
A.—Castor oil is ordinarily used.

3—What is the oldest regiment in the United States Army?—*Captain A. E. Duncan, Alston, Mass.*
A.—The Third United States Infantry.

4—When and by whom were the first cablegrams exchanged between England and America?—*Norma Huycke, Alpena, Mich.*
A.—On August 18, 1858, by Queen Victoria and President Buchanan.

5—Who originated the popular symbols of the donkey for the Democratic Party and the elephant for the Republican Party?—*Peggy Ewing, Waurika, Okla.*
A.—Thomas Nast, in a celebrated cartoon published January 15, 1870.

6—Who left a bequest to provide pensions for widows of ex-Presidents? Who was the first beneficiary?—*Rosalie Harris, Mount Vernon, N. Y.*
A.—(1) Andrew Carnegie. (2) Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt.

7—What United States battleship has the greatest horsepower?—*Loretta Woerth, Mansfield, Ohio.*
A.—The Florida: 41,810 horsepower.

8—What country has adopted compulsory voting?—*Nettie Stahle, Solon, Ia.*
A.—Australia.

9—What was the only American cavalry regiment in the World War?—*I. G. Brogan, Sgt., United States Army.*
A.—Second Cavalry. Battles as follows: Toul sector, Aisne-Marne offensive, St. Mihiel offensive, Meuse-Argonne offensive.

10—What lake in the United States has a tide?—*L. E. Weltmer, Hiawatha, Kan.*
A.—Great Salt Lake, Utah, has a tide of about six inches each twenty-four hours.

11—What Indian tribe practices a form of trial marriage?—*E. Lloyd, Greenville, Ill.*
A.—The Apaches.

12—Which dirigible holds the record for longest non-stop flight?—*Mrs. E. Haus, Spokane, Wash.*
A.—The Los Angeles: 5,066 miles from Friedrichshafen, Germany, to Lakehurst, New Jersey, in about eighty-one hours.

13—In what poem is found the quotation: "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise"?—*O. M. Smith, Binghamton, N. Y.*
A.—Gray's On a Distant Prospect of Eton College.

14—Where is the United States government conducting experimental work on rubber?—*Josephine Lowe, Newark, N. J.*
A.—At the U. S. Plant Introduction Garden at Chapman Field, near Cocoanut Grove, about twelve miles south of Miami, Florida.

15—At the Arms Conference in Washington, which nation refused to forgo the use of poison gas in warfare?—*Mrs. W. E. Constantine, Elma, Ia.*
A.—France.

16—What is the ice-skating record for the mile, and who holds it?—*Mary E. O'Brien, Charlestown, Mass.*
A.—Two minutes eight seconds, held by Norval Baptie and John S. Johnson.

17—When and where was electrocution first adopted?—*Mrs. L. G. Rogers, McGregor, Ia.*
A.—New York. The law was passed July 4, 1888, and became effective January 1, 1889.

18—Who wrote the first ten amendments to the Constitution of the United States?—*J. A. Morrison, Alpena, Mich.*
A.—James Madison.

19—What is the range of the army rifle?—*Dale D. Kier, A Co., 6th U. S. Engineers.*
A.—The .30 army Springfield rifle has an approximate range of 2,700 yards.

20—Who were the first and only men to be executed in New York for a political offense?—*Joseph R. Bolton, New York, N. Y.*
A.—Jacob Leisler and his son-in-law, Jacob Milbourne, hanged for taking unauthorized control of the city in 1690.

LIBERTY publishes the answers, believing them to be correct. But no one can know everything.

PAJAMAS Appear at PARIS Teas

By BETTINA BEDWELL

Paris, February 6, 1927.

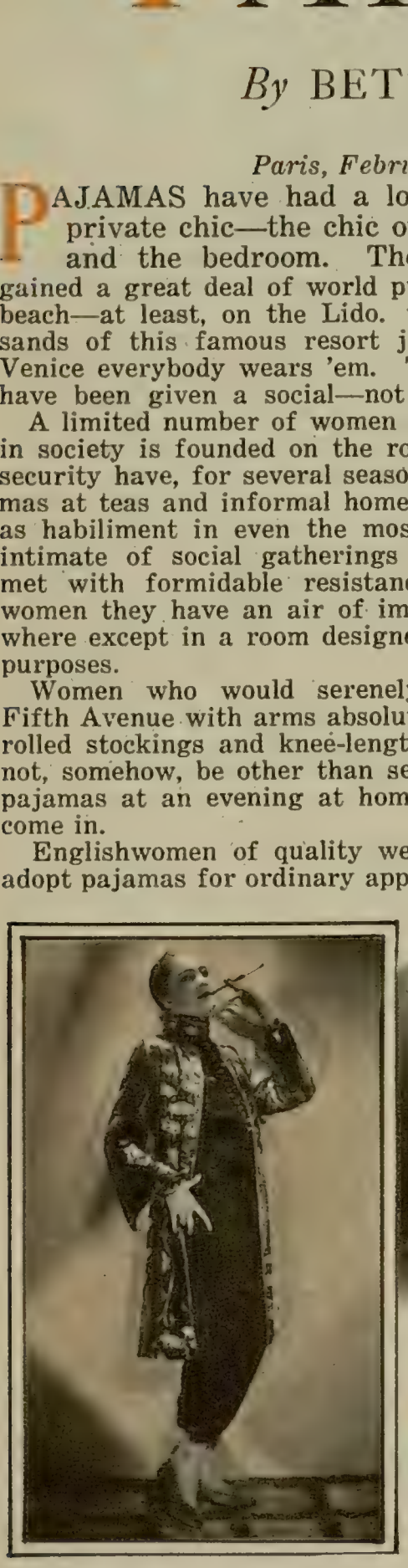
PAJAMAS have had a long period of private chic—the chic of the boudoir and the bedroom. They have also gained a great deal of world publicity on the beach—at least, on the Lido. On the sultry sands of this famous resort just outside of Venice everybody wears 'em. There pajamas have been given a social—not sea—baptism.

A limited number of women whose position in society is founded on the rock of absolute security have, for several seasons, worn pajamas at teas and informal home dinners. But as habiliment in even the most discreet and intimate of social gatherings pajamas have met with formidable resistance. For most women they have an air of impropriety anywhere except in a room designed for sleeping purposes.

Women who would serenely stroll down Fifth Avenue with arms absolutely nude, with rolled stockings and knee-length skirts, could not, somehow, be other than self-conscious in pajamas at an evening at home when callers come in.

Englishwomen of quality were the first to adopt pajamas for ordinary apparel, and Paris couturiers having impressive English clientele were the inaugurators of tea pajamas in Paris. They have grown in prestige and popularity, until now all French creators include pajamas in their collections.

THE pajama ensemble has actually made its appearance abroad in public—at teas, and even at the informal home dinner. Couturiers are vying with each other in creating attractive models. At the right is a Drecoll creation in black and white.



JENNY'S pajama ensemble has daring and distinction.

There never was any real cause for the oppressed condition of pajamas. They are as concealing as Oxford bags.

Their charm is found in the nonchalance and informality of their appearance even when they are made in brilliant lamés and satins, as they so often are. Any fashionably short straight skirt reveals more anatomy than the most daring pajamas do.

Pajamas of this season are invariably ensembles, made up of coat, blouse, and trousers. And these ensembles are so alluring that they are rapidly replacing the tea gown. Smart pajamas show the influence of Eastern countries—China, Japan, and Turkey—where women are kept rather secluded. A few claim descent from the riding habit, but very few. To be effective, pajamas must be a bit exotic. Our four models show you the preferred types.

One of these, a Drecoll creation, is an ensemble in black and white—ivory, to be exact. The knee-length coat is of black moire, crushed, knotted, and tasseled. Under the coat is a jumper blouse of ivory satin, with long, straight sleeves. The ivory satin trousers are gathered into fitted ankle bands. One could not be more discreetly clad in hoops and bertha.

Our Lelong model is particularly suited to the modern girl with a bit of the madcap about her. The coat and the trousers are in springtime green satin. The coat, cutaway in type, is banded with kolinsky. The baggy trousers have little slits at the ankles. The blouse is a long-hip surplice, of green-and-gold lamé, ending in a sash on the left hip.

Jenny's creation is an example of smart pajamas for the sophisticated. Black crepe satin is used for the blouse and the trousers. The collar is of lamé, and gold-and-blue buttons mark the center-front closing of the blouse. A wide Zouave sash is twined around the waistline. Over this is worn a more than knee-length coat of black lamé patterned in blue, rusty red, and gold. This coat is lined with black georgette crepe. The side seams of the black satin trousers are piped with the lamé.

LELONG'S ensemble is of green satin pajamas with a blouse of green-and-gold lamé, banded with kolinsky.

ONE of the most charming ensembles, from Drecoll. White satin is combined with rose, black, and gold lamé.

Another model by Drecoll shows how dainty and luxurious pajamas may be. The sleeveless blouse and the trousers are of white satin—the latter fitted from knee to ankle. A sash of satin with a large white silk tassel trimming marks the waistline. The coat is of rose lamé with a pattern of deeper rose, black, and gold.

Pajamas call for definite slippers. They are usually of satin in matching or harmonizing tones. Just plain pumps are best. Stockings should be in some tone of rose, mauve, or gold.

TIME for Winter CANNING

By ETHEL SOMERS

IT is gratifying to the housewife whose summer preserving for winter use is falling short to know that a variety of jellies and preserves may be made from winter fruits. Aside from the simple jellying of any appetizing canned fruit by boiling it up with commercial pectin, there are numerous conserve and marmalade possibilities with citrous and dried fruits.

A SIEVE of the mechanical type aids greatly in preparing the fruits for an appetizing conserve.

Apricot-Pineapple Preserve

1 pound dried apricots
1½ quarts water
½ teaspoon salt
1 large can shredded pineapple
Measured sugar

SOAK the thoroughly washed dried apricots in the measured water, then cook in the same water until tender. Press through a colander and add the canned pineapple. Measure and add the salt and half as much sugar as fruit. Cook until it falls in heavy drops from the spoon (218° to 220° F.). Pour into sterile glasses and seal or cover it with paraffin.

EACH piece of fruit must be thoroughly washed before soaking in the measured water.

DRIED and citrous fruits make it easy to fill up the gaps in your preserve shelves.

THE jelly test for marmalades is about 218°

Cranberry Conserve

1 quart cranberries
1½ cups water
¼ pound raisins
½ pound walnuts chopped
1 orange, juice and rind
1½ pounds sugar
½ teaspoon salt

PICK over and wash the cranberries. Add the water, cover, and cook until the berries burst. Rub through a sieve, add the raisins, chopped nuts, fruit juice, sugar, salt, and whole orange rind. Boil, stirring occasionally, until the mixture thickens and slides from the spoon in heavy drops (218° to 220° F.; this takes about 25 minutes). Pour into sterile glasses and seal or cover with paraffin.

Apple Jelly

Apples or apple skins Sugar Water

COVER the washed, quartered, cored apples or the apple peelings with water enough to half cover and cook slowly until tender. Strain through double cheesecloth. Measure and boil for 5 minutes and add three-fourths as much sugar as apple juice. At this stage, variety may be obtained by adding thinly cut lemon rind, mint juice, cranberry juice, or grape juice, etc. Stir the sugar slowly into the boiling juice. Cook as quickly as possible to the jelly stage—when the spoon is coated with a jellylike mixture that sheets rather than drips off the spoon (218° to 222° F.). Pour into sterile glasses and seal or cover with paraffin.

Orange Marmalade (Quick Method)

3 oranges
½ lemon
5 cups cold water
5 cups sugar

THOROUGHLY scrub the fruits and slice crosswise through the pulp and rind* in as thin slices as possible. Seedless fruit is preferable, as the seeds make slicing difficult. Add the cold water and allow to stand overnight. Boil until the rind is tender (several hours). Add the sugar and boil to the jelly stage (218° to 222° F.).† Pour into sterile glasses, cool, and seal with paraffin. The preparation of this marmalade may be further quickened by peeling the fruit and grinding the rinds through a food-chopper, adding them to the sliced fruit pulp.

Amber Orange Marmalade (Slow Process)

4 oranges
2 lemons
8 cups cold water
5 cups sugar

REMOVE the washed fruit peel in quarters. Slice the pulp in uniform thin slices. Scrape the white membrane from the skin with the point of a spoon, and cut the rind* in fine, uniform strips with scissors. Combine the sliced fruits and rinds and add the cold water. Let stand overnight. (This soaks out the pectin or jellying factor.) Cook slowly until the skin is tender and again allow it to stand overnight. Add the sugar and cook slowly over a low flame until the mixture jellies (218° to 220° F.).† At this stage the sample should be of the right consistency when placed on a cold dish and cooled. Pour into sterile glasses and cover with paraffin.

Carrot-Orange Marmalade

6 medium carrots
3 oranges
Sugar
1 lemon, juice, and grated rind

PUT the carrots through a food-chopper and cook until tender, using water to cover—about 3 cups. Slice the washed fruits in thin, uniform slices.* Add to the carrot. Let stand overnight, if desired. Measure and add two-thirds as much sugar as the fruit-and-vegetable mixture. Cook gently until the mixture drops in heavy, jellylike drops (218° to 222° F.).† Pour into sterile glasses and seal.

* Either all or half of the rind may be used, as desired.
† 218° F. makes a soft but highly desirable marmalade.

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3-5-27

WHERE IS THE Wandering BELTLINE?

By MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

SOMEONE has asked what I think the most important influence in the mode of the moment, and my answer is—the belt. Of course, we know that it is everywhere—in tailored form on evening dresses, and wide and soft and crushed on daytime tailored clothes.

The old middy blouse has stopped stringing much farther down the back on our American-made dresses than it should, and it does not end any more in the wide band that nobody took any responsibility for fitting.

That unkempt, unruly item of the mode has evolved into a carefully fitted belt. It catches the bodice, allows it exactly the amount of blouse that it should carry, and holds it firmly in the outline on which it was designed. In the present silhouette the belt is placed a little below the natural waistline, and above it blouses the bodice, so delicately and with such a nice feeling for where the fullness should fall as to show the delicate taper of the small of the back.

On skirts, the plaitings and the gathers and all of the other forms of fullness, in front or on one side, where they are now assembling, are kept away from the waistline by a neatly fitted yoke. When the skirt is thus designed, the bodice, as a rule, does not have the fitted band of the old middy blouse, although it sometimes does, making the effect of a belt from waistline to hip bone and even lower.

As a working generalization, the softer the dress, the wider the belt, and everything in the way of a girdle is sanctioned except sashes. So much for the belt.

A ONE-PIECE model in beige-colored satin, with a plaited skirt, bloused back, and front panel.

PLAIN green voile was used to make this blouse, to be worn with a skirt of printed green voile.

JERSEY was chosen for this model, with its blouse striped in three shades of blue.

GEOMETRICAL patterns in hemstitching trim this sleeveless crepe de Chine frock.

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by May Manton

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Of equal importance perhaps is the news that the American influence has once again imposed itself on European dictates, and skirts went up instead of down. Like the stock market, they are difficult to follow, and one should never buy on margin, for they fluctuate.

Even now the couturiers are thinking up ways and means to keep the evening dress short while making it appear long. The best known devices are panels front and back, fringes, and tunics the lower boundaries of which one can see through. Scarf ends are also drawn into the service of helping to lower in appearance skirts that are more than audaciously short.

Water green is a new color competing for favor with marine and night and sky blues. Fur stoles are replacing foxes for both day and evening. Unborn calf is showing its white and russet spots in gilets. Jackets are bound in lizard leather.

But, to mention something of wider significance, everything has a diagonal line across it. A great capital Y spreads itself from throat to hipline of coats, jackets, and tunics. When it is not worked in as a natural part of an outline, it is deliberately placed on with whatever material trims the costume. It is a part of the great, overwhelming movement for geometrical patterns accentuated with straight lines, and is so universal that anything curved looks old-fashioned.

Belts, straight lines, and an irregular length are what I should call the characterizing marks of the present. Movement is still the keynote of the styles. Two colors and two materials used together are agencies for getting animation and feeling into the costume.

A skirt of silk with a corsage of lace is excellent for evening. Fringe of a different color in the back from that in the front also plays its role of imparting life. In colors, black over sky blue or pink is interesting, and gray over yellow.

A LACK of symmetry is an important note of the moment and whatever form of expression it takes is massed either in the front of the skirt or on the right side.

There is a rage for three colors blended into one dress. Our model 5532 shows one of the interpretations of this. The frock 5533 is sleeveless, and has a V-shaped collarless neckline and geometrical pattern of hemstitching. It is the spectator's sports dress, made on the lines of the working model. Model 5534 is made of satin, which is a material bidding for high favor. This dress has a bloused back, and a panel down the front. The dress 5535 combines printed with plain voile.

Wash materials are going to be used more than they have been for many a long day.

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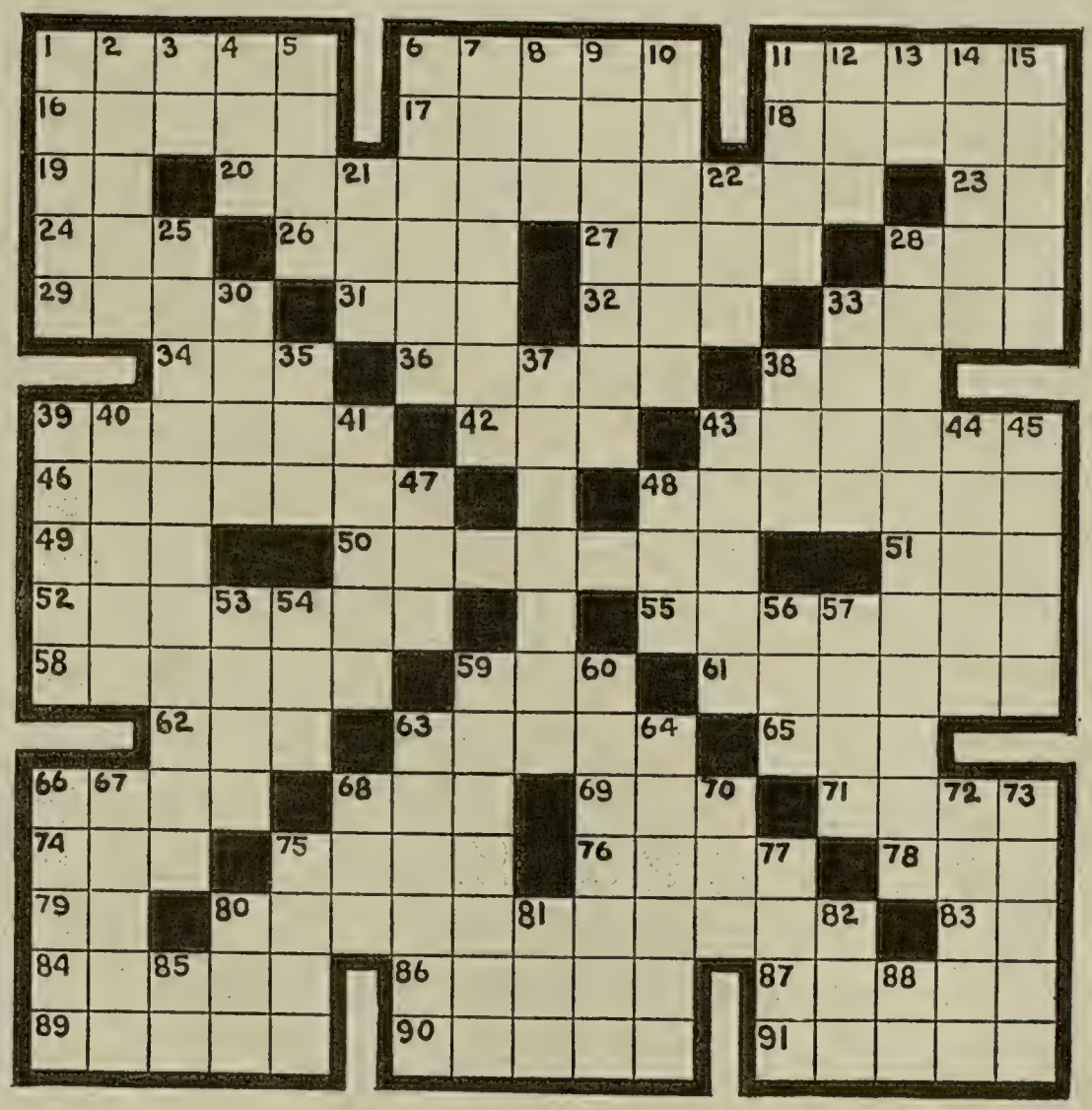


Prize Puzzle No. 26

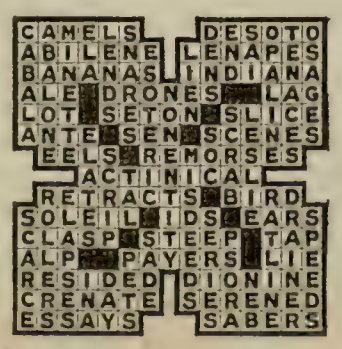
By ELIZABETH E. SMEAL, Los Angeles, California

HORIZONTAL

1 To bundle
6 Piles
11 Lacking distinctness
16 A coin of India
17 Brilliant show
18 Metric measure of capacity
19 Ancient Roman unit of weight
20 That which causes more rapid motion
23 Pass from one spot to another
24 A pronoun
26 Commotion (compound word)
27 Spruce
28 In behalf of
29 Example or pattern
31 Entreat
32 Free of charges or deductions
33 An inclosure for animals
34 A sheep
36 Governed
38 A tree
39 Sappers
42 Attention
43 Fleshy skin on a bird
46 To divest of hangings
48 Stokers
49 East Indian gunny cloth
50 Spirits of wine
51 Pismire
52 A son of Joseph
55 Atonement
58 To put to great stress
59 Wager
61 Classifier
62 Doctrine or theory
63 Roman household gods
65 A bond
66 Secure
68 Aglow
69 A murine animal
71 Given facts
74 Hovel
75 An expletive
76 Entreaty
78 Vase
79 Familiar word for a public notice
80 A group of islands
83 A preposition
84 A climbing plant
86 Senseless
87 Avoid
89 A hydrocarbon radical
90 Metal tag on a lace
91 Woman of station (plural)

VERTICAL

1 A characteristic
2 Corroded
3 Aloft
4 Billow
5 Faction
6 One who gives attention
7 Idyl
8 Beverage
9 Associate
10 Gazed
11 Beat
12 Melody
13 Pronoun
14 Blackamoor
15 A military unit
21 Male swan
22 Small bird
25 A prodigal
28 Traveling bag
30 Jug
33 To summon before a court
35 Epoch
37 Toiler
38 Distant
39 Silent letters
40 Inappropriate
41 A kingdom in Europe
43 Artifices
44 A spear
45 Penetrate
47 A tree
48 A dandy
53 To level to the ground
54 Intention
56 Negative
57 Barren
59 Laving
60 Oil of turpentine
63 Oxide of lithium
64 A light kind of helmet
66 Finely stratified rock
67 To examine, as an account
68 One hundred thousand rupees
70 An Oriental shrub
72 Commerce
73 Stakes at poker
75 Verbal
77 Old
80 One indifferently, out of a number
81 Comrade
82 Egg cells
85 An interjection
88 A form of to be



Answer to Puzzle No. 25

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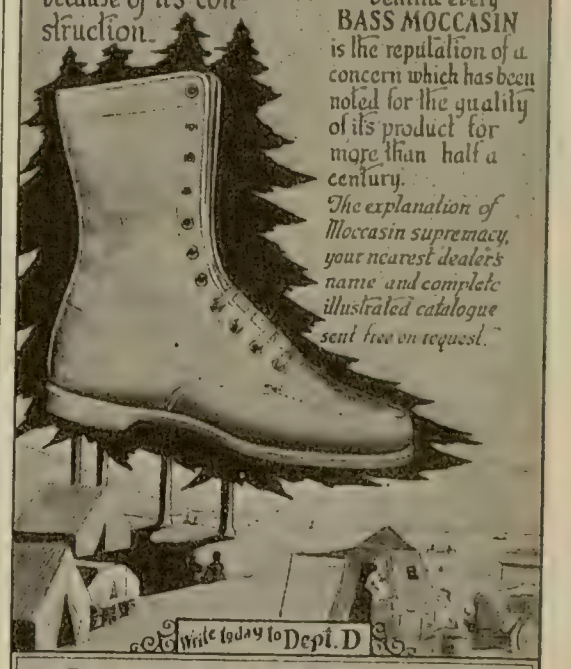

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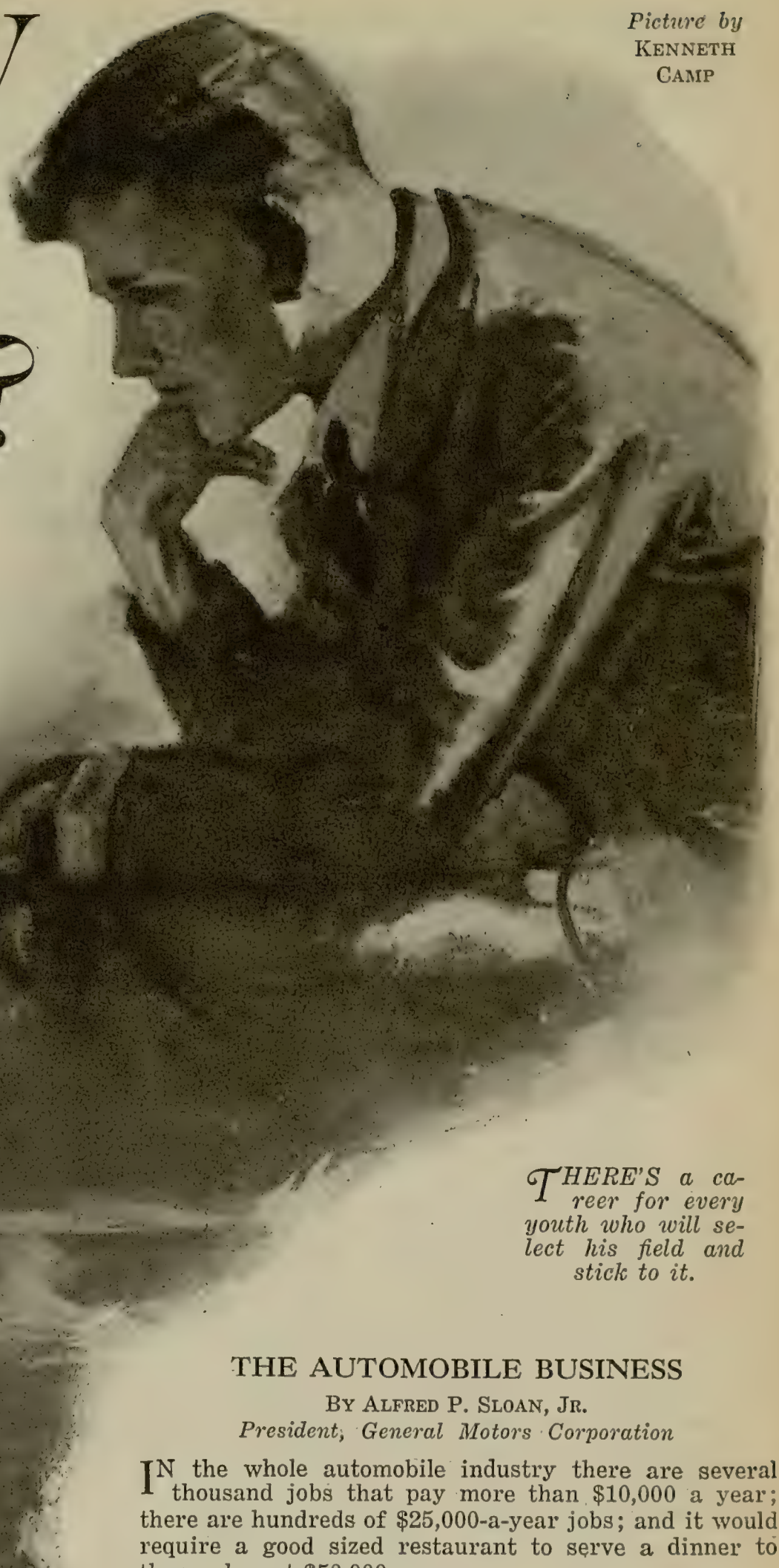
What are YOU Going to Do for a LIVING?

Four Noted Executives Tell the Chances of Making a Livelihood in Their Respective Lines

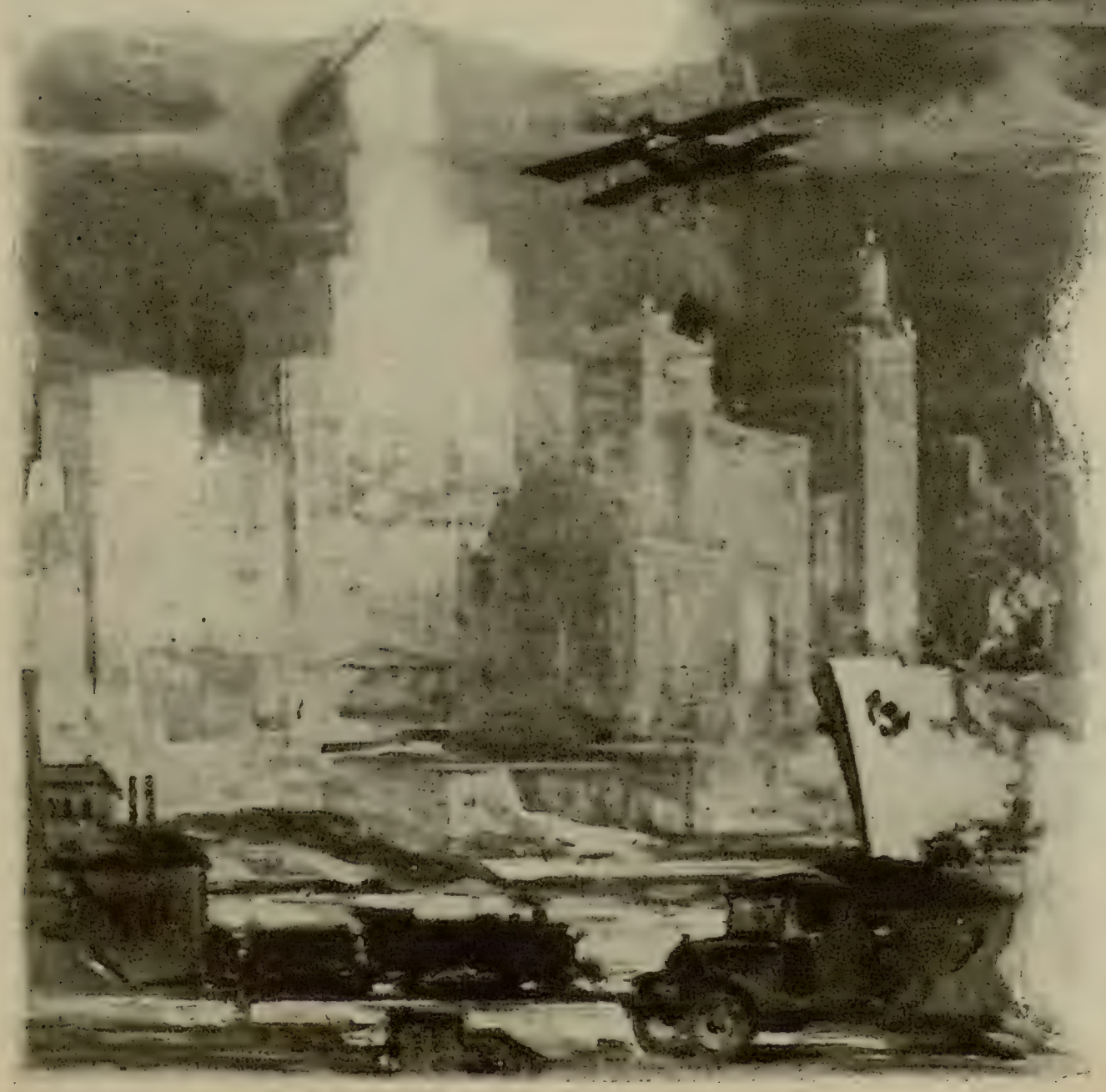
TAKE your pick of careers. There are all kinds—the slow-and-sures, the get-rich-quicks, the steadies. Here's one that will take you years to get to the top; it means hard work, low pay at the start, but it's sure for a lifetime. Here's another that pays more, advances you quickly, but isn't quite so sure.

Read what your chances are in four great businesses of the nation as told by men who have risen to the top. The four writers of this article are ALFRED P. SLOAN, JR., President, General Motors Corporation; JOHN G. WALBER, Vice President in Charge of Personnel, New York Central Railroad; LEWIS L. CLARKE, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the American Exchange-Pacific National Bank; and the President of a great department store who for business reasons prefers to be anonymous.



Picture by KENNETH CAMP

THERE'S a career for every youth who will select his field and stick to it.



THE AUTOMOBILE BUSINESS

BY ALFRED P. SLOAN, JR.
President, General Motors Corporation

IN the whole automobile industry there are several thousand jobs that pay more than $10,000 a year; there are hundreds of $25,000-a-year jobs; and it would require a good sized restaurant to serve a dinner to those who get $50,000 or more.

The youthfulness of these executives is astonishing. It used to be the rule that when a man reached the $25,000 mark he had put most of his future behind him. He could seldom look for much more in the way of raises. Today a man in the automobile industry who gets $25,000 a year may confidently look forward to a good many pay days and, quite likely, to a few more raises.

Rapid advancement to large numbers of young men can come only in a business which is expanding rapidly. As business grows new executive jobs are created rapidly—sometimes faster than men can be developed to fill them. In a growing business a young man will not have to wait for a chance to step into a dead man's shoes.

While I should hardly care to prophesy that the industry will continue to grow as it has in the past, it is entirely possible. Certainly it will continue to grow for many years to come, although perhaps at a slower rate.

It is estimated that one American out of every six now owns a car; but outside of the United States only one person in 600 owns a car.

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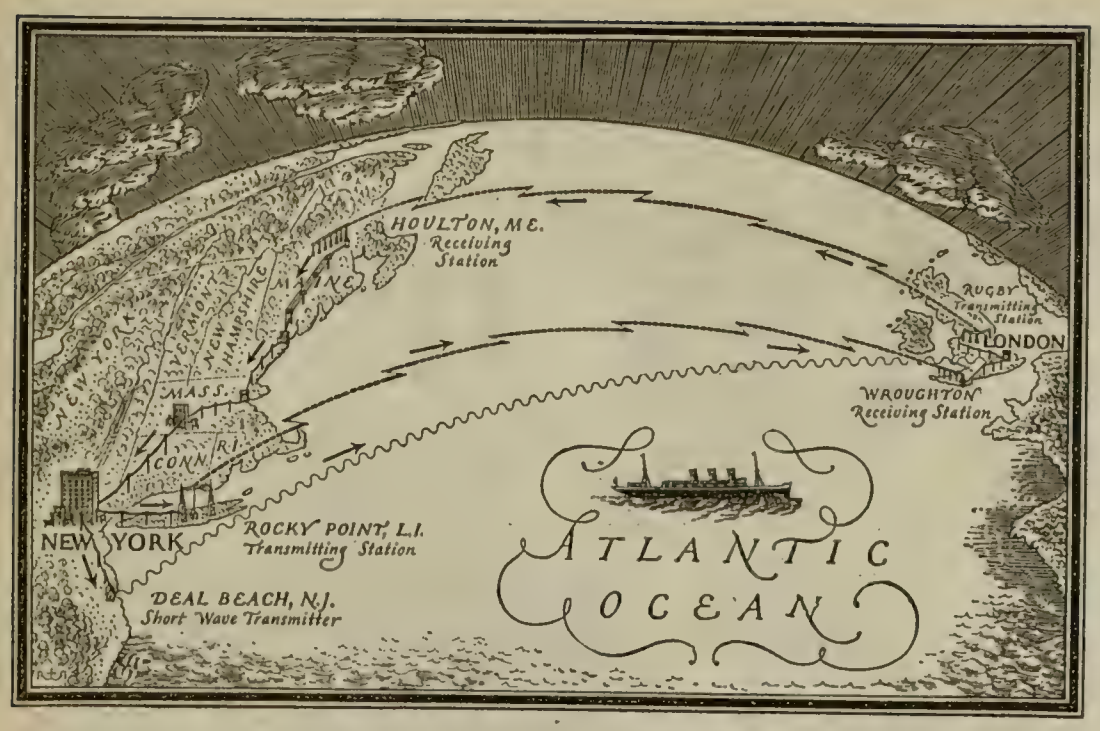

The Radiophone's Meaning

An Advertisement of
the American Telephone and Telegraph Company

AN ADVENTURE in communication was made last January when transatlantic radio telephone service was established between New York and London. There had been previous tests and demonstrations. Nevertheless, the fact that at certain hours daily this service was made available to anyone in these cities from his own telephone, created such public interest that for several days the demands for overseas connections exceeded the capacity of the service.

It was then demonstrated that there was a real use for telephone communication between the world's two greatest cities. It was further demonstrated that the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, with the co-operation of the British Post Office, was able to give excellent transmission of speech under ordinary atmospheric conditions.

In accord with announcements made at that time, there will be a continued effort to improve the service, extend it to greater areas and insure a greater degree of privacy.

It is true that static will at times cause breaks in the ether circuit, but a long step forward has been made towards international telephone communication and more intimate relationship between the United States and Great Britain.

[WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO FOR A LIVING? Continued from Page Eighty-nine]

If, as seems likely, the people of other countries ultimately make as general use of automobiles as we do, the business will continue to boom until the whole world is supplied—and to reach that condition will necessitate a lot of new, well-paid jobs, not only in the export departments but in all other branches of the business.

Right now, for a young man, the best opportunity is probably in the export side of the automobile business. It is expanding now and properly qualified men are not easy to find, for export work requires more than merely such business ability as would insure success at home.

WHEN we find a young man who seems to be fitted for export work, we usually start him in the export department of the New York office. His salary probably will be somewhere between $100 and $150 a month to start.

He is given a chance to move from job to job to get a broad knowledge of all phases of export work. In from two to three years he will probably be sent to one of our branch offices.

How quickly he rises will depend almost solely upon his ability. In that respect the automobile business is no different from any other.

Every business, regardless of its nature, rewards those in it only to the extent that the worker contributes to its success. A young man not only must fit into his given work, but he must prepare himself for greater responsibilities in the line he has adopted:

Where the automobile business does differ from some others is in the fact that new offices are constantly being opened and each new office means several more well paid jobs.

In the export branch there are

innumerable jobs at $10,000 a year or more.

It is a mistake for the man who hopes to reach an executive job in the factory to start at a machine or a workbench.

The young man who leaves school when he reaches the eighth grade would better start as a shop workman. He may hope to rise to a foreman's job. But the future executive would better start as a shop clerk in a small plant, keep his eyes open, and study.

If a man is fitted for our business he should quite certainly be making $10,000 a year or more

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Chase Pain Away with Musterole

When winds blow raw and chill and rheumatism tingles in your joints and muscles, rub on good old Musterole.

As Musterole penetrates the skin and goes down to the seat of trouble, you feel a gentle, healing warmth; then comes cooling, welcome relief.

Better than the old-fashioned mustard plaster Grandma knew.

For croupy colds, sore throat, rheumatism and congestion of all kinds, rub on Musterole. Don't wait for trouble; keep a jar or tube handy.

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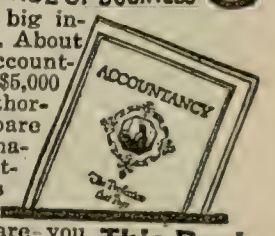

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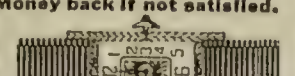

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Look about in any circle. Note how slenderness prevails. Countless people who once were fat have lost that handicap.

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Marmola has been used for 19 years. Year by year more and more people have learned its benefits and its efficiency. They have told the results to others. Now people are using it in a very extensive way.

You should know this method based on long scientific research. Diet and exercise often fail, and often do much harm. Learn the results and benefits of this easy, pleasant way. The way which has been tested for nearly two decades.

You simply take four tablets daily, then watch results. Reduction is never too rapid. Cease Marmola when you reach the weight desired, and note how much better you feel. Then, in kindness to your friends, tell others the effects. Start now.

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MARMOLA
Prescription Tablets
The Pleasant Way to Reduce

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE NINETY]

within ten years. And there are plenty of much more highly paid jobs to which he may still look forward with well founded hope.

RAILROADING

By John G. Walber
Vice President in Charge of Personnel, New York Central Railroad

IF you are impatient to get rich quick don't go to work for a railroad. Try Wall Street or the movies.

In every railroad company there are, of course, a few very highly paid jobs, and a considerable number ranging from $5,000 a year up; but the better ones are seldom reached until a man has considerable gray on his head and a great deal of knowledge of the railroad business in it. At thirty a really unusual man is only getting well started on his way to the top.

But, in spite of slow advancement, there is fascination in every branch of the business—in engineering, in construction, in moving the trains, in traffic. It is hard to tell just what makes the work so fascinating. Probably it is largely the necessity of overcoming the emergencies which pop up constantly. The business is one long adventure.

If reasonable earnings, which may become quite large, combined with a lot of strenuous fun, appeals to you, perhaps you will like the business.

If, in addition, you like to be reasonably sure that you will not be fired merely because business in general is bad, railroad work will attract you.

But if money quickly made is your only aim, railroading will disappoint you.

In some industries it seems to be necessary during business depressions to chop off the heads of nearly everyone from office boy to president. The boss always keeps a supply of discharge slips in his desk. The higher a young man's head sticks up on the pay roll the more danger that it will be lopped off without warning. And many a man has found himself out of a job because his concern went out of business.

But a railroad cannot go out of business, and there are as much office work and as many managerial problems in slack times as in rush periods.

It follows that any lay-off in the executive or office forces of a railroad is almost unknown.

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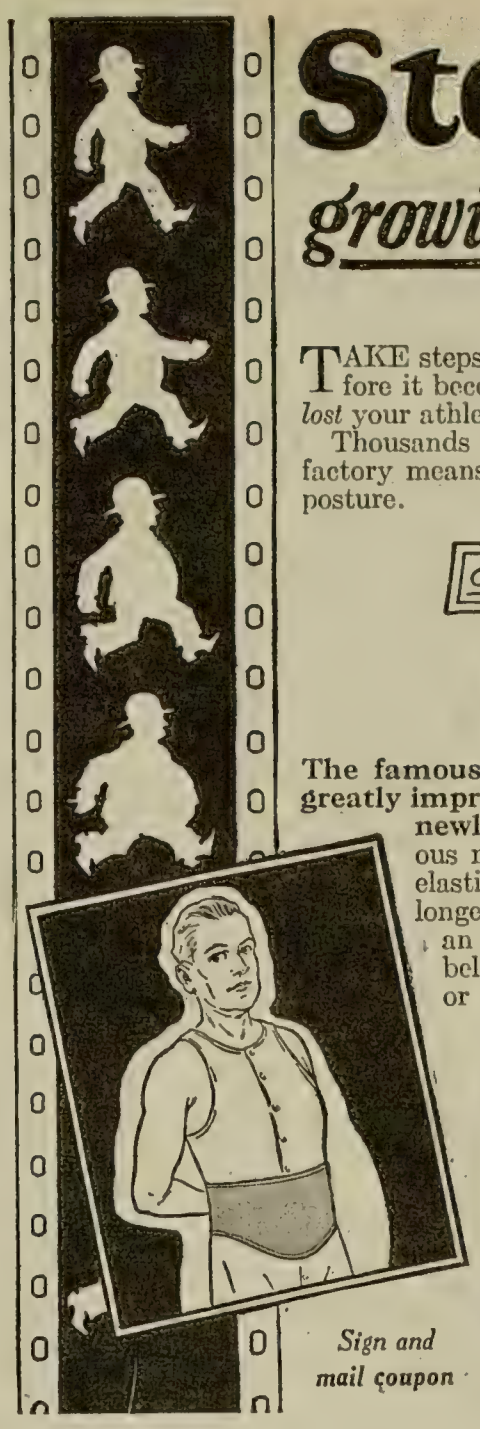

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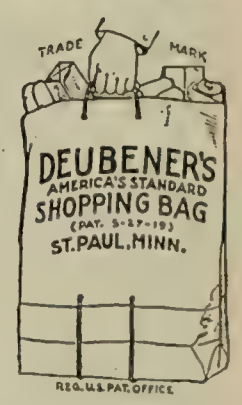

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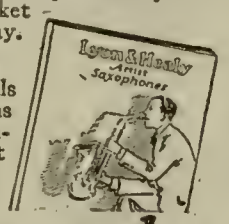

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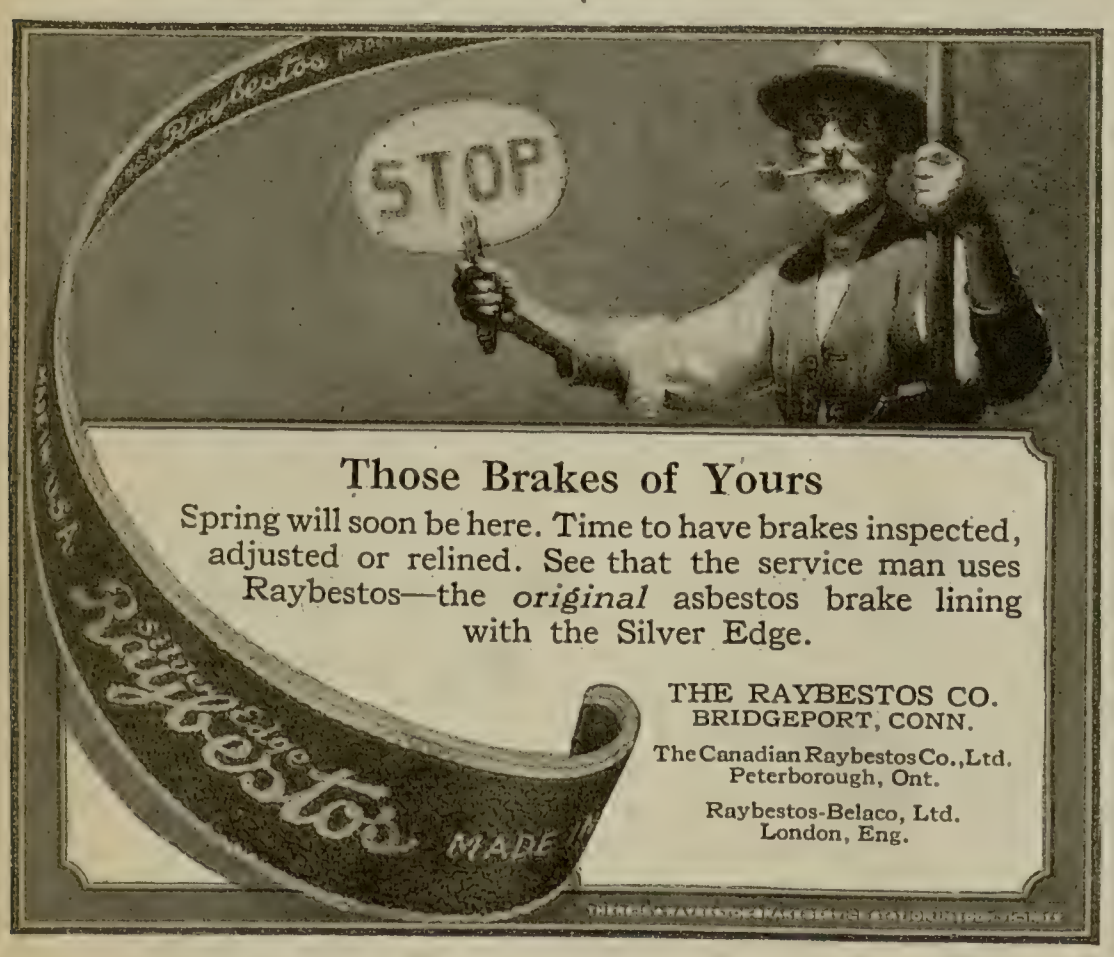

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[WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO FOR A LIVING?
Continued from Page Ninety-one]

Probably no other business provides so wide a variety of jobs, for there is practically no kind of work which cannot be found in a railroad organization. Therefore the business offers opportunity to persons with only a grammar-school education as well as to those having higher educations.

Brakemen quite naturally rise to be conductors and many become division and general superintendents. The mechanic in the shop may become the foreman, shop superintendent, or master mechanic.

A clerk may reach almost any of the executive jobs.

A college training is beyond a doubt a valuable asset to a man in railroading; but any man whose work is unusually good, and who shows that he has learned a lot about the business, is sure to attract the attention of his superiors and either be promoted or switched to a better department.

A young man need not fear that his ability will be known only to the man above him. That kind of a secret always leaks out. More than once I have had a valuable assistant lifted from me by another official who had a better job for him.

I didn't have to let him go and usually I hated to, but it is a sort of unwritten law in railroading that the only decent thing for the older men to do is to help the younger ones get ahead.

I have heard of mighty few cases where an executive, for selfish reasons, blocked the way of a subordinate.

I would sum up what railroading offers as a career like this:

THE college-trained man will probably get ahead, in a money way, faster in some other business, although continued success is apt to be more certain in the railroad business.

I do not believe that any other business offers the variety of opportunity to men whose education has been limited to grammar or high school.

There is work for every taste, and the practical certainty that no man will lose his job except by his own fault. He will not see the effort of years wiped out merely because business happens to run into a dull spell.

Many a middle-aged man who spent years in a manufacturing business has been forced to start all over at the bottom through no

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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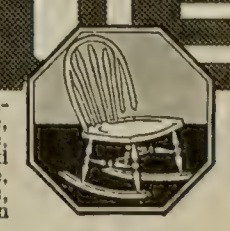

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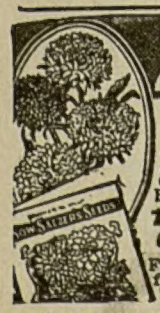

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE NINETY-TWO]

fault of his own. The advantages of a steady job, as long as you do good work, are worth thinking of, when choosing a career.

BANKING

By Lewis L. Clarke

Chairman of the Executive Committee, American Exchange-Pacific National Bank

BANKING is often said to be a career in which a young man forgoes a substantial portion of what he might earn elsewhere for the privilege of wearing that badge of caste—the white collar.

It is quite true that the beginner at some unskilled trade may get more than the man who starts at the bottom in a bank. But I submit that the chance for a ditch digger to rise very high in his profession is slight, while there is practically no limit to the heights which a capable bank clerk may reach.

However, the sacrifice which the beginner at banking is called on to make is greatly exaggerated. As a rule, a bank pays about as well for the same work as any other concern.

It is generally true that advancement is slower in a bank than in some other industries. The reason is that there is more that must be learned. The officer of a bank, besides knowing all about banking, must also know a great deal about the businesses with which he has banking relations. To learn all that takes time.

Salesmanship is a necessary qualification for success in banking. There was a time when a banker, as a mere guardian of the money sacks, waited for customers to come to him. Today it is necessary to go out and get business.

The young man just out of high school or college will get about $75 a month when he starts in a bank in New York or any other big city.

He may have to work in one department for a year or two before he is transferred to another where he will have an opportunity to broaden his knowledge of banking. He may expect raises of from five to ten dollars a month, once or twice a year. If he shows marked ability, the increases may be more frequent and larger in amount.

As a rule a man in a large city bank can expect to work from ten to fifteen years before he becomes capable of holding an important executive position. I have known of a few cases where the advancement has been more rapid, but they were exceptional.

In banking, as in every other business, some men are never able to reach high positions. They may do their work well but lack the essentials for an executive.

During the period of preparation a young man will earn an average of somewhere around $1,500 to $1,800 a year, but when he once breaks through and becomes an officer he finds himself in a class where large salaries are common. The lowest are around $5,000 to $6,000 a year and from that they range upward to $100,000—a sum paid to the presidents of several New York banks.

In some ways, I believe the ambitious young man does better to start in a bank in a small town than in a large city bank. He is bound to come in close contact with all branches of the business almost from the start and so is able to learn more rapidly than he could in the big bank where his work is apt to be specialized.

However, there is a danger that he will remain forever in the small bank, and that is where salesmanship will help him. He should learn to speak in public, so that at banking conventions he may express his ideas in a way to attract the favorable attention of city bankers. Many an invitation from a city bank has resulted from contacts which the country banker made at such gatherings.

Perhaps the quickest way to succeed in banking is not to start in a bank. I have known several men who, having determined on banking as a career, spent from three to five years in a manufacturing or mercantile business and acquired there the fundamental knowledge a bank officer must have. To start with, it is a distinct advantage.

Within a few years most of these men were receiving larger salaries than those who started their careers with the bank.

RETAILING

By the President of a Great Department Store

IF I were a kid, just out of school and looking for my first job, I would head straight for the employment office of some big retail store. I believe that retailing offers a better chance for reasonably quick advancement than any other business.

I do not mean that a retail store is a paradise where Lazy Louie or

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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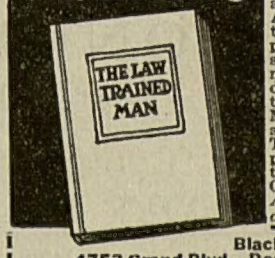

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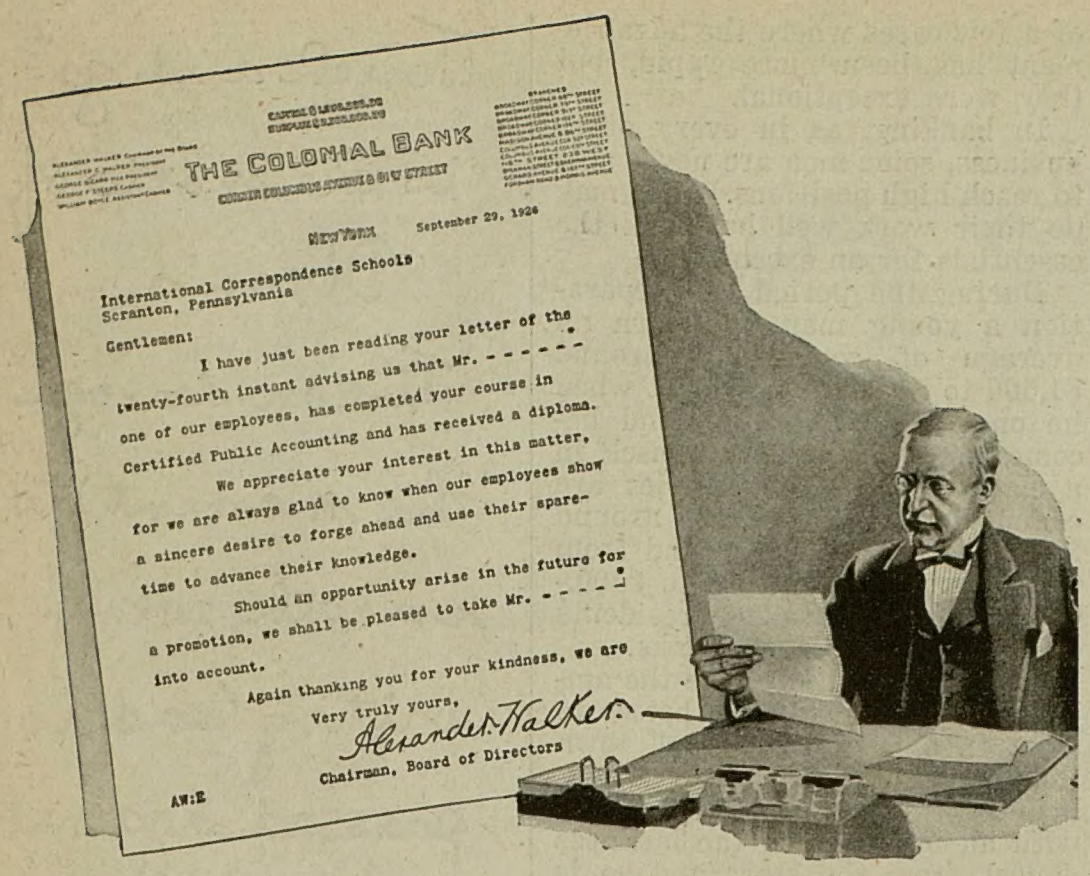

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THE letter reproduced above is just one of many similar letters received daily by the International Correspondence Schools.

These letters come in reply to letters sent to employers by the I. C. S., detailing the progress of members of their organizations who are studying at home in spare time.

The name of the student may or may not be familiar to the employer, but mentally, or in more definite form, he makes a memorandum to "keep that man in mind"—to encourage him—to give him, as opportunity offers, more responsibility and more money.

The very fact that a man cares enough about his future to study his work in spare time marks him as a man of ambition and steadfast purpose. He is the man who of his own volition is striving to make his services more valuable to his employer and to himself. He is, accordingly, a preferred man in every organization—the kind of man every executive is seeking to find.

More than 146,784 letters of Progress Reports were sent by the International Correspondence Schools to employers in 1926—a truly remarkable number when you consider that each one represented a definite achievement in training by some student.

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Name.....

Address.....

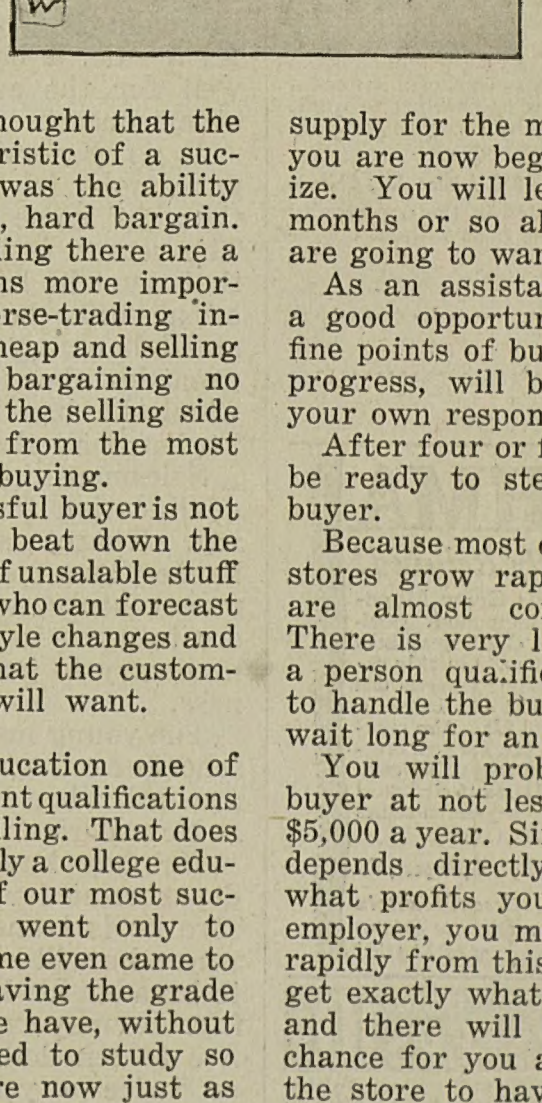
Canadian address—International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal

[WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO FOR A LIVING? Continued from Page Ninety-three]

Dumb Belle will have fat pay envelopes forced on them. On the contrary, retailing calls for hard work, a good education, and brains.

But some industries are so overcrowded that a man or woman may possess these qualifications and still have to spend many years climbing to a moderately good position.

In a big store there are usually more good jobs than people able to fill them. Most stores are growing larger all the time. That means there are new executive jobs to be filled.



In many department stores there are more than a hundred jobs which pay $5,000 a year or more. There are a lot that pay $10,000 a year, and several that pay more than $25,000.

The buyer for a department is usually paid a percentage of the profits he makes. Practically, he is in business for himself. He decides what to buy and how to sell. The owners of the business furnish the capital, hire the help, and supply the store space for each department. Aside from that, each buyer runs his own business.

It used to be thought that the principal characteristic of a successful merchant was the ability to drive a shrewd, hard bargain.

In modern retailing there are a lot of qualifications more important than the horse-trading instinct of buying cheap and selling dear. In fact, bargaining no longer enters into the selling side at all. It is far from the most important part of buying.

The most successful buyer is not the man who can beat down the price or buy a lot of unsalable stuff cheap, but the one who can forecast future price and style changes and correctly judge what the customers of the store will want.

I CONSIDER education one of the most important qualifications for success in retailing. That does not mean necessarily a college education, for some of our most successful employees went only to high school and some even came to work for us on leaving the grade schools. But these have, without exception, continued to study so hard that they are now just as truly educated as though they had gone through college.

If the boy who has to leave school early would apply himself to studies instead of to perfecting his pool game or to memorizing batting averages, he would have almost as good a chance to get a big salary as those who have gone through college or high school.

Granting that you have the essential qualifications, what will happen to you when you go to work in a big retail store? I'll tell you. You will be put upon the pay roll at from $10 to $18 a week.

You will spend the first few weeks in a training school where you will be taught how to sell goods and make out sales slips and how to treat customers. You will be taught the policy of the company and be given some idea of the organization of the company as a whole. If your teacher thinks you have special aptitude you will be sent to a department and spend several months selling goods. Then you will probably be put in charge of stock for that department at $25 a week, where you may stay a year or so, with perhaps a raise or two if your work is good.

THE next step upward will be to a job as assistant to a buyer or to a merchandise manager at $40 or $50 a week. Here you will get an intimate knowledge of markets, and of sources of supply for the materials in which you are now beginning to specialize. You will learn to judge six months or so ahead what people are going to want to buy.

As an assistant you will have a good opportunity to learn the fine points of buying, and, as you progress, will buy small lots on your own responsibility.

After four or five years you will be ready to step into a job as buyer.

Because most of the large retail stores grow rapidly, new buyers are almost constantly needed. There is very little chance that a person qualified by experience to handle the buying will have to wait long for an opening.

You will probably start as a buyer at not less than $4,000 or $5,000 a year. Since what you earn depends directly and solely on what profits you make for your employer, you may go ahead very rapidly from this point. You will get exactly what you are worth—and there will be mighty little chance for you and the owner of the store to have different opinions as to your worth.

I believe that a person who has the kind of ability and earnestness that would bring ultimate success in another business, will achieve an equal success more quickly and more certainly in retailing.

THE END

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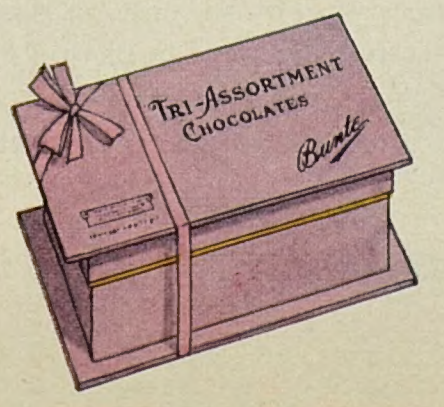

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